WEEK ENDING DEC. 1, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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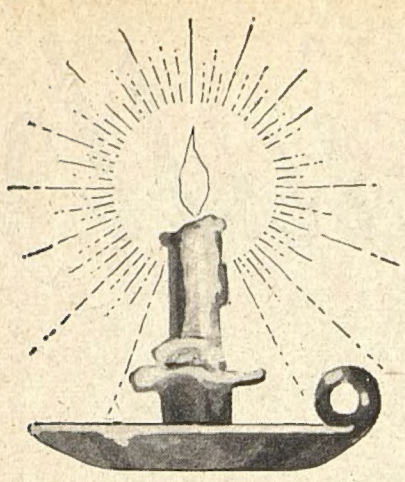
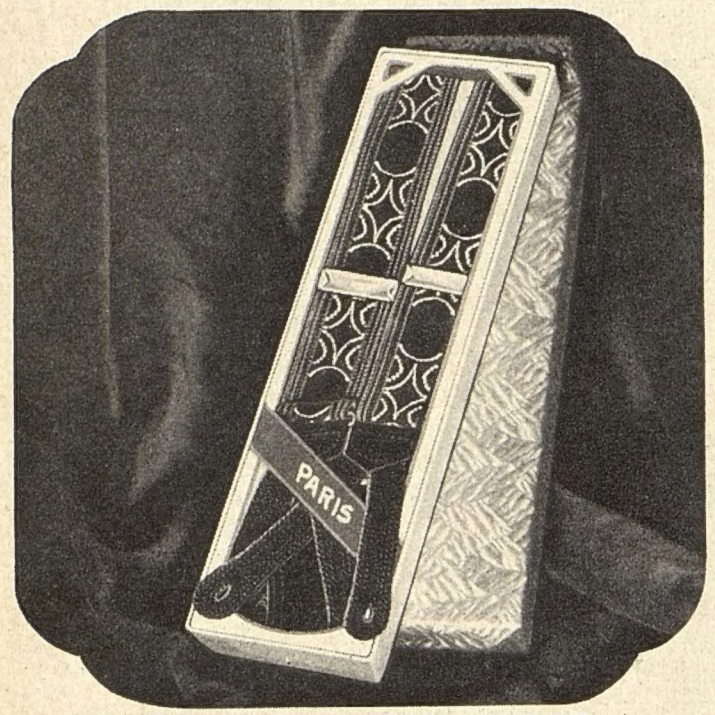
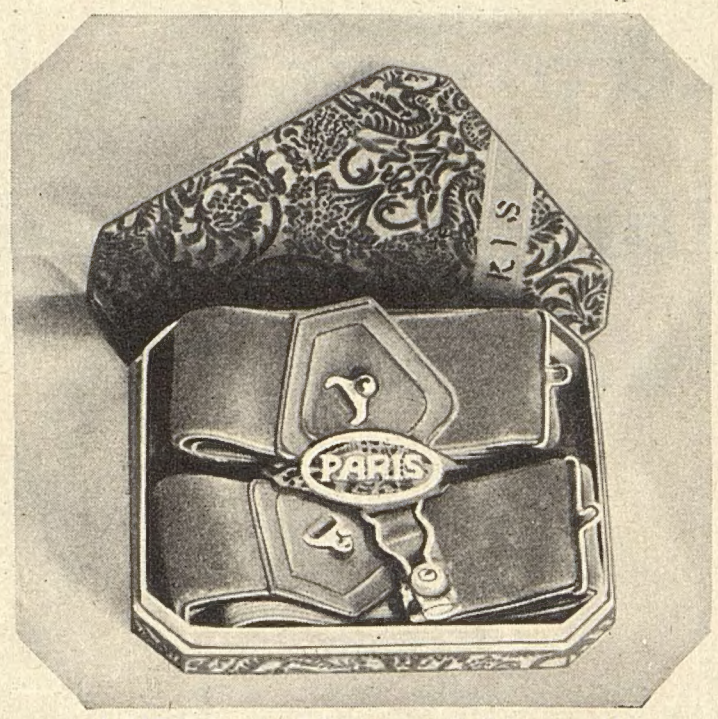


Presents from PARIS

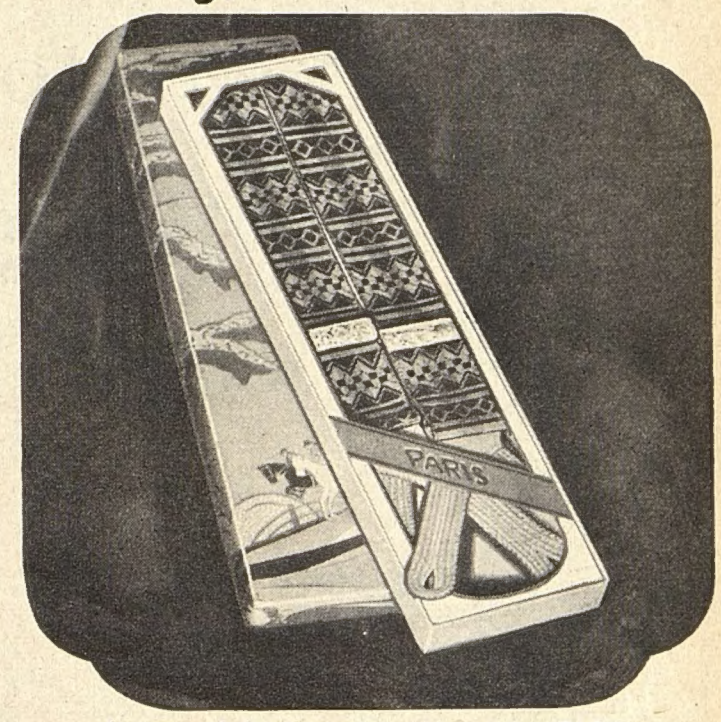
in beautiful holiday boxes



He will like this figured fancy fabric PARIS Suspender—it's quite modern. Matched braided ends and gold plated trimmings. A necessity for good dressers. $2



A PARIS Garter of distinctive velvet elastic, gold plated trimmings, packed in a distinguished box. It is the last word in leg luxury. Here is something he probably doesn't possess. $2



An extremely handsome pair of fancy fabric PARIS Suspenders. Modernistic webbing in three-color jacquard design. Trimmings are of hammered gold plate. A gift of quality. $3

Give him this set of Suspenders and Garters to match—the latest from PARIS. Both are of Rayon in striking colors. Suspenders are fancy fabric with leather ends. $1.50

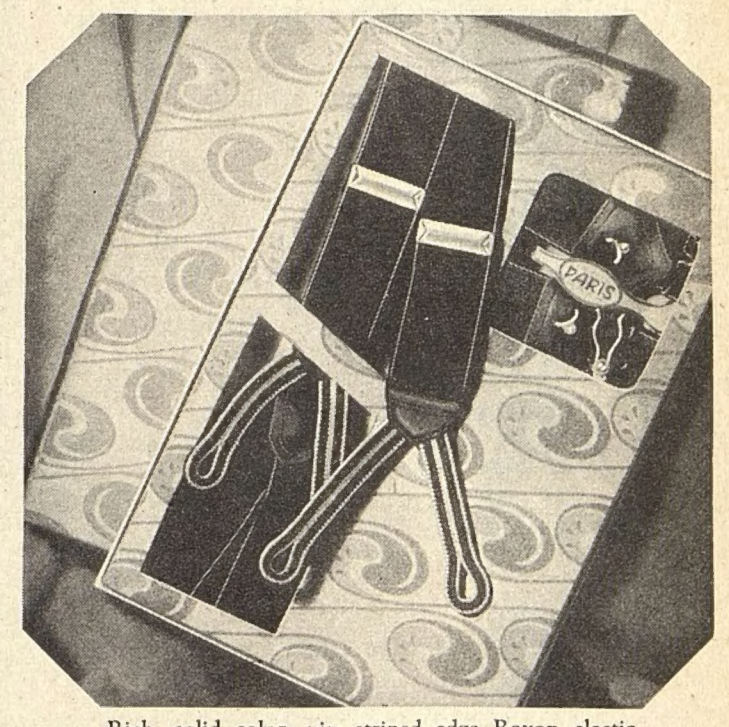
GIVE him gifts he can use. Paris Garters . . . Paris Suspenders . . . or Paris Combination Sets. Several are pictured here. They . . . and others equally attractive . . . all in distinctive Paris gift boxes . . . may be seen at a nearby dealer's. Make an early choice. He'll be *doubly* pleased when he notes the name "Paris," nationally-known symbol of quality, comfort, correctness. New popular Paris colors are particularly pleasing!

Look for the special displays of Paris Christmas Presents. If you do not find what you want, send in your order direct with remittance, mentioning your dealer's name. Address, Mrs. Ruth Stone, 1187 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

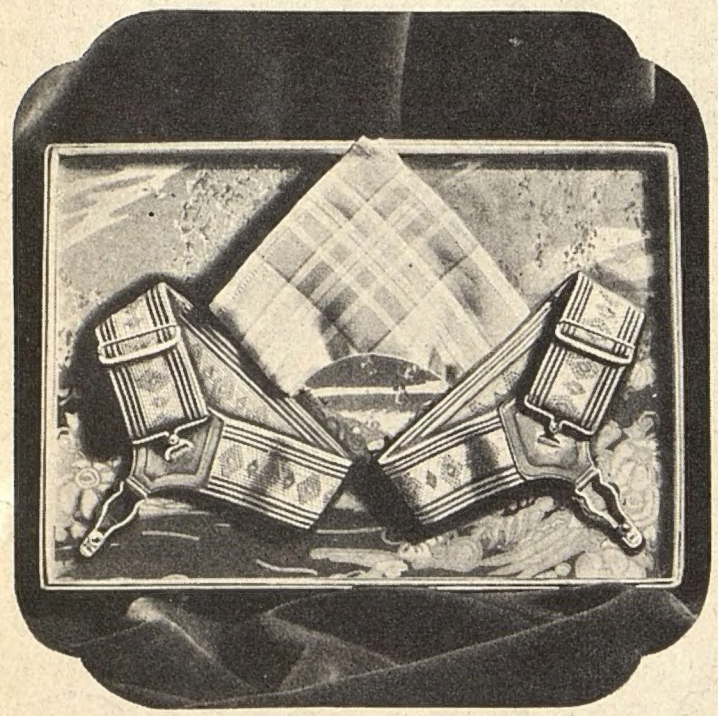
A. STEIN & COMPANY

CHICAGO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO

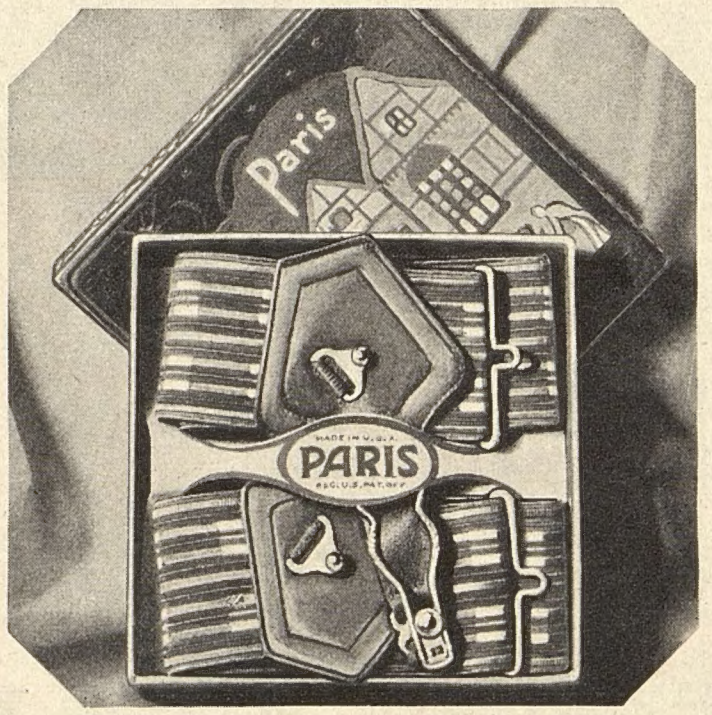
82X



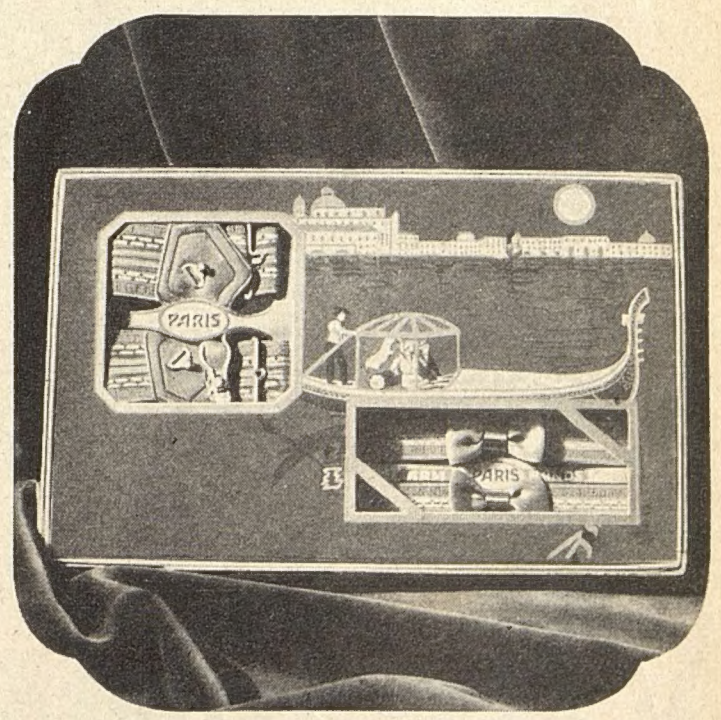
Rich, solid color, pin striped edge, Rayon elastic PARIS Suspenders with matching braided ends and Super-Quality PARIS Garters of same elastic. Trimmings all of gold plate. A beautiful set that reflects good taste. $2.50



You'll please him greatly with this PARIS Garter and Handkerchief Set. Garters are of fancy patterned Rayon elastic; hemstitched handkerchief of good quality lawn with striped border. $1



Something he can always use—a wide-weave, Rayon elastic PARIS Garter in striking color combinations. Satin shield. A very worthwhile gift. Every man can always use an extra pair. Only 50c—others $1 and $2



A remembrance of utility. Rayon elastic PARIS Garters in the newest striped color combinations; PARIS Armbands of matching elastic with patented covered shell and ribbon bow. $1—others 50c to $2

In winter time especially

you need this treatment to keep your hair from getting thin and dry

THE winter season is hard on your hair. Overheated houses have a drying effect on it. Extreme changes of temperature from outdoors to indoors are a shock to the scalp. Late hours and crowded days tax your nervous energy and leave your scalp tight and dry. Falling hair is the result. No wonder that the majority of people complain of thin hair and a dry condition!

The simplest way to avoid these risks is to give yourself regular treatment with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Thousands of people today are using this famous preparation to keep their scalps healthy and their hair thick and lustrous.

The treatment is very simple.

Part the hair, lock by lock, and apply a little "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp. Massage it in with the finger tips, using a gentle rotary motion. This stimulates brisk circulation (you'll feel your scalp tingle!). Relieves tightness (notice how your scalp relaxes!). Overcomes dryness by supplying valuable oil to the scalp. Helps get rid of dandruff. Keeps the scalp muscles exercised and your head in a generally healthy condition.

Leave the tonic on till its oil has thoroughly penetrated the pores. Then follow with your regular shampoo. If your hair is not in good condition—especially dry, or coming out badly, or troubled with dandruff—give yourself an extra massage with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic between your regular shampoos.

Right now, at the outset of winter, start this wise treatment. Buy a bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic today and use it before your next shampoo. It takes only a few minutes and will amply repay you. Women who use it regularly notice the difference when they go without it, even for a few weeks. Their hair becomes dryer, and there is more of a tendency to dandruff.

Many women, by the way, use this tonic also to help hold the wave in their hair and to keep their bob in the smart close shape. The correct way to do this is to dampen the hair slightly. Then spread a tiny amount of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic on the palms of the hands and apply it to your hair. If you have curly hair or a permanent wave, just dampen a clean brush and sprinkle a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic on the bristles and brush the hair. Then shape the wave with the finger tips. It will keep your permanent wave from getting too fluffy and dry.

Men, too, find it excellent for daily hair grooming, as well as for scalp massage. Regular treatment with this tonic is the best possible way to ward off premature baldness.

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is made by the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, 17 State Street, New York City.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., 1928

You'll find "Vaseline" Hair Tonic at all the leading drugstores. Sold in two convenient sized bottles with special shaker top that makes it very easy and economical for you to use.

Vaseline
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HAIR TONIC

DEC. 1, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 48

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.
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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

DON'T PLAY BRIDGE

In these days of hurly-burly—automobiles, movies, radio, and such—the old-fashioned pastime of reading rather tends to be squeezed out. We are moved again, as the year rolls round, to say a few words in praise of reading.

After all, most of our knowledge and education depends on reading. When we have left college or high school, or whatever it may have been, our education stops if we don't read. The best educated man we know is a man who simply has kept up his reading.

Among things to read, books should be placed first, of course. Non-fiction is best, and history especially, though some of the classics, such as Anna Karenina and Vanity Fair, must be included at the top of the list. And poetry should have its place, though it does seem that as the average man grows older he loses his taste for poetry.

The better the book, the better the reading. We advise books above magazines. The high-class magazines come next; then those of the more common kind. Magazines come before newspapers, if our newspaper friends will permit us to say so—though newspapers should be skimmed every day, for information.

Next to newspapers for occupying the mind we would place radio, and then the movies. Both are useful.

A long way after that, cards.

The writer of these lines has a wife with all the modern conveniences, including a profound conviction that if you are going to be anybody you simply must play bridge. This conviction she has voiced frequently and at length. We believe she ought not to object to our stating our side of the argument in public.

The finest of people do play bridge, and poker—mostly bridge. Between the two we prefer poker. It doesn't take so much intellect, and fills the bill better when we want to be amused.

But on the whole we believe the playing of cards is a waste of time and of money too, though few people make much money at it. We recall that in our youth (and this is a true story) there was a brilliant lawyer in our town, intelligent and capable, and with a promising career before him. He was the best whist player in the community and was known for his skill all over the state. Now he is remembered as a man who made $10,000 to $12,000 a year at bridge. If he had stuck to his profession he would have been probably one of the foremost lawyers of the country. At cards he made what, in his circumstances, was no more than a bare living.

It has been said that "reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man." Cards wouldn't come in under any of these things. They are not reading, talking, or writing.

Of course they are said to be amusement, and people love amusement. But we believe there are better ways of being amused. If the weather is good, take some exercise—at least a walk.

Getting back to the matter of bridge, we suspect that among all card games auction may be the most undesirable, because it is the most engrossing. It is a sterile use of the mind. The brain becomes better for bridge, but not for other things. You learn to remember sequences and plays, but the game you played in 1925 is of no benefit to you in your general living now.

The books you read in 1925, on the other hand, are a part of your life. You are the better for having read them, in all human relations.

So we praise reading and denounce bridge. If that be treason, make the most of it.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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December 1, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 48

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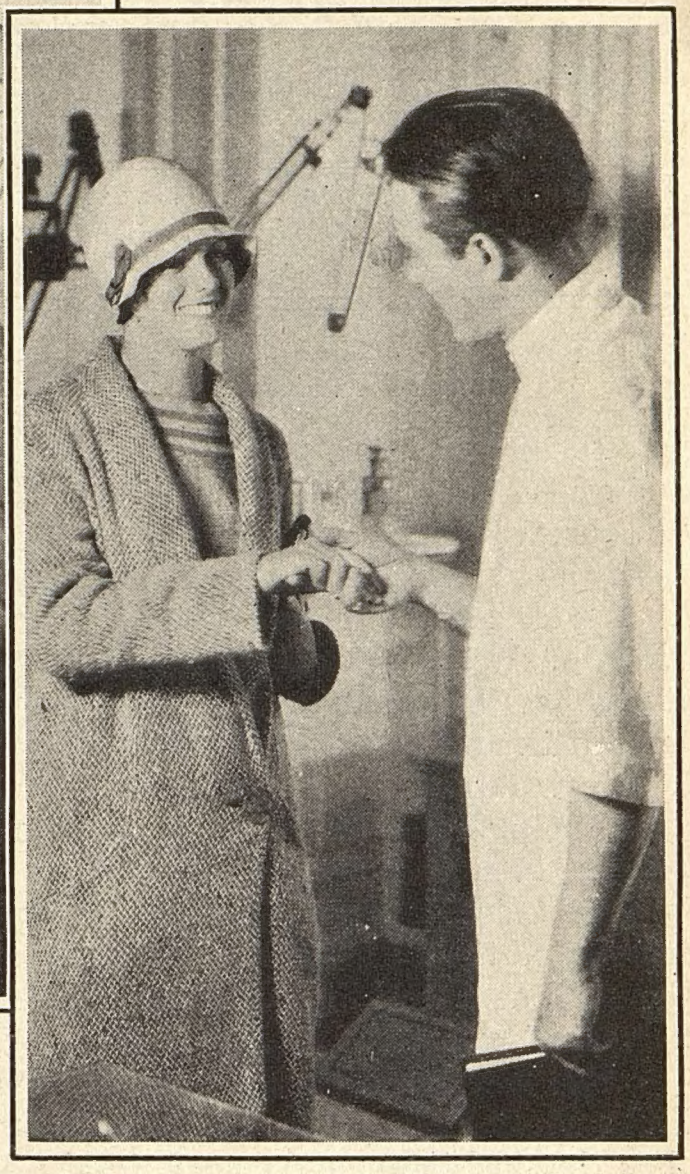
(Allow four weeks for change of address.)

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM DISPLAY in a recent Philadelphia flower exhibit charmed thousands by its beauty. No less charming is the smile of Miss Wilkins, kept bright and gleaming through daily use of Pepsodent.

ALTHEA BAINBRIDGE enjoys a successful trial flight in her new-type plane, in whose design she played a major part. It is Pepsodent that keeps her smile so white and gleaming. That is the dentifrice which 7 in 10 famous smiles depend upon for their brilliance and their sparkle.



DENTISTS KNOW THE SECRET of dazzling white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say. That's why the use of Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice, is so widespread today.

Finding the Sparkle in Your Smile

Dentists tell you why keeping smiles gleaming white also wards off tooth and gum disorders

ORDINARY brushing can never give the gleaming white teeth you envy nor the healthy teeth and gums you long for. Only an effective film-removing dentifrice can do that, for it is film that keeps both from you.

What film is

Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel that film; a slippery, viscous coating.

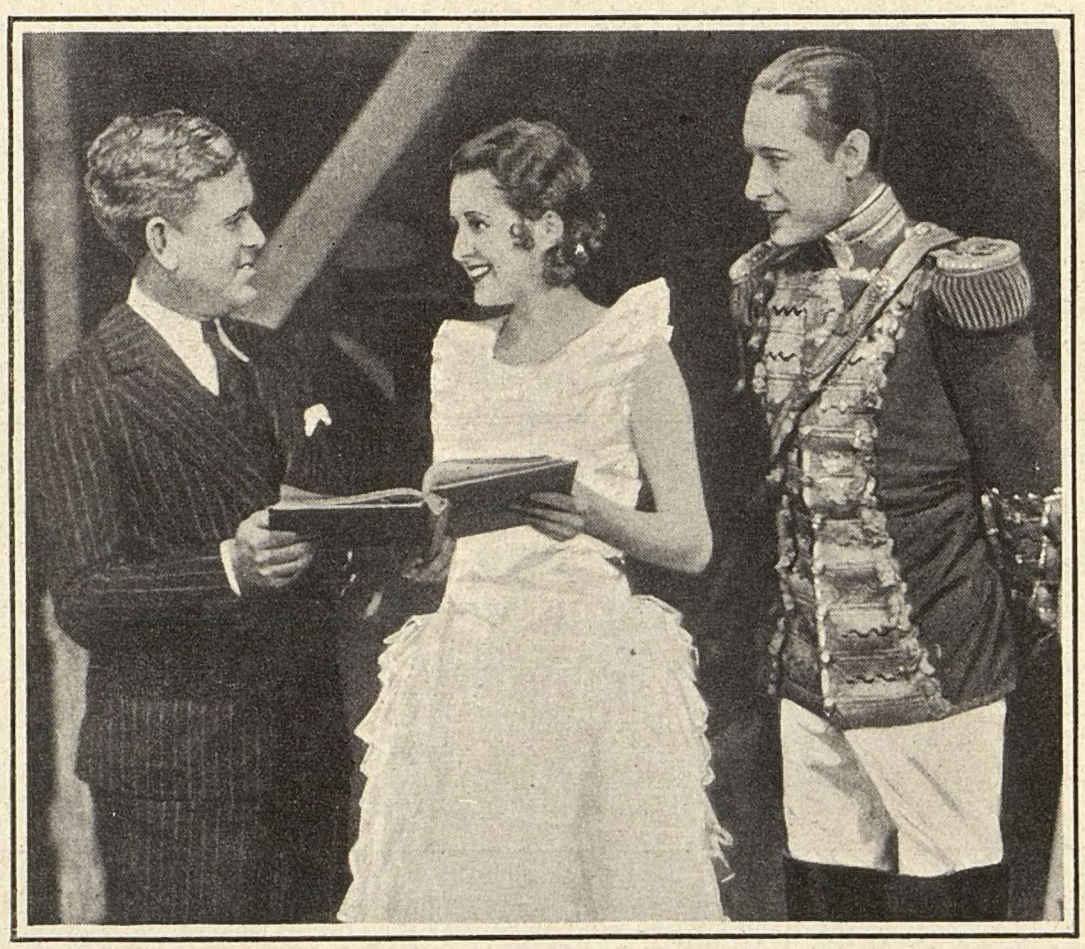
Film, present-day dental opinion has proved, is the source of "off-color" teeth and many of the common tooth and gum disorders.

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It is a fertile breeding place for germs by the millions.

Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar with germs is a prevalent cause of pyorrhea. It fosters, too, the quick-acting acids of decay.

A new way to remove it

Now on dental advice thousands are turning to the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent. A tooth paste different in formula, theory and effect from any other known. Pepsodent, compounded for the specific purpose of removing film, first curdles film, then removes it in complete safety to the enamel.



BILLIE DOVE, FIRST NATIONAL STAR, is hard at work. Her lovely teeth are entrusted to the care of Pepsodent alone. That is true of virtually every person on the stage and screen.

Pepsodent, by unique properties, goes further and acts to firm the gums. It multiplies the alkalinity of saliva, thus neutralizes the acids of decay. It brightens teeth and whitens them as no way has ever done before.

Dentists, in 58 nations, urge you to cleanse teeth this way. Its twice daily use is the utmost known in home care.

Get a large tube at your druggist's or write to address below for *free* ten days' supply. You will marvel at results.

The Pepsodent Co., 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.; 191 George St., *Toronto* 2, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., *London*, S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., *Sydney*, N. S. W.

Pepsodent
PAT. OFF.
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The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

The Life Story of Barbara La Marr

The Tragedy of an American Beauty

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Barbara La Marr: two pictures taken at the peak of her screen career.

PART ONE

THE life story of Barbara La Marr might well bear The Fatal Curse of Beauty as a subtitle. Melodramatic it sounds, I admit. But it is the naked truth about a great woman. I have read the old dime novels, the penny thrillers; have seen some of the East Lynne school of stage successes. I have studied the dramatic lives of such women as Cleopatra and Nell Gwynne and Emma Hamilton. But I defy anyone to match the life of Barbara La Marr for sheer melodrama.

Without that fatal beauty, without that devastating loveliness which literally drove men mad, as the facts of her life will prove, Barbara La Marr would still have been famous; famous for something other than screen success and sensational love affairs. And the story might have had a less tragic ending. To her, as to no other modern woman, may be applied the French term *allumeuse*. A woman who set men and events aflame—and was consumed upon the pyre she lighted.

Since her beauty always and inevitably controlled her destiny, let us estimate it, if we can.

I have seen many famous beauties, have known all the stars of the screen and most of those of the stage in the past ten years. I have seen many women of great beauty whose lives never brought them into the spotlight. Never has it been my experience to see any woman to compare even in the smallest degree with Barbara La Marr as I knew her at sixteen. Nor do I stand alone in this opinion. It is unanimous with those who came in contact with her at that time. Seeing her, you believed at last in a face that could "launch a thousand ships" and "change the map of empires."

No need for such vague terms as "it," or for the modern blatancy of "sex appeal," to describe her charms, though Barbara had those, too, far beyond the flaring exponents who depend for success upon them alone.

In Barbara was *beauty* so perfect, so all encompassing, as to seem an unattainable mirage. To look at her awoke some deep, burning hunger for beauty. Men desired to possess that beauty for themselves at any cost; and not one of them succeeded, since no man came into her life big enough to possess her.

Women abandoned envy in a strange feeling that anything so perfect glorified their entire sex.

IT is too bad that no Romney came along to immortalize this divine lady. No mere photograph can do justice to the bewildering blue black of her hair, the magnolia tint of her skin, the richness of her eyes.

Unfortunately, hers was not the sort of beauty that protects its owner from life's violence. Instead, it brought life to her in tidal waves.

Setting all that aside for a moment, Barbara had all the qualities of true greatness—save one.

Vision she certainly had. A mind as keen, as vibrant, as deep as any I have ever known. A loyal, generous, unselfish soul, free of greed and envy and pettiness. A spirit gallant and tireless in the face of obstacles. Courage and charity beyond the average run of women.

The thread of gold was there. Only the thread of iron, the set pur-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE LIFE STORY OF BARBARA LA MARR]
Continued from page seven

pose to resist and defy the destructive pleasures and temptations of life, was missing. There was no strength of will to harness and direct her genius.

Men—men—men. Wherever she went, whatever she did, they surrounded her as bees surround a honey pot. From the time she was fourteen she was never free of their importunities, their admiration, their desires.

And Barbara La Marr, like Michael Arlen's famous lady of The Green Hat, had "a pagan body," even though she likewise had "a Chiselhurst mind."

A brilliant man who knew and understood her has said to me of Barbara:

"There was in her that strange combination of mother and harlot that has been in so many great women of history. And one betrayed the other constantly."

The evil genius of her life was that she always loved the wrong men.

Priestess of love as she undoubtedly was, her brief days strung with five marriages and with innumerable love affairs, not one of the men to whom she gave her heart was her equal mentally, spiritually, or even in the ability to love.

Jack Dougherty was the last of her five husbands. The others who preceded him were Jack Lytell and Lawrence Converse and Phil Ainsworth and N. Bernard Deely, usually known as Ben Deely.

Headstrong, generous, emotional Barbara—priestess of love at tawdry altars whereon stood idols decked in purple and gold only by her vivid imagination and her tender heart. With a world of lovers to choose from, inevitably she passed by every offer to respond to the man who seemed to need her most. That was the one sure way to her heart—to need her.

If only once she could have loved—since love she must and needs must have an object—if only once she could have loved a man!

She gave of herself foolishly, prodigally, recklessly, and when the treasury was empty she died, in the prime of her gorgeous womanhood. She never realized that she had neither the strength, nor the wisdom, nor the balance to give without ruining herself.

Though she became one of the great stars of motion pictures, anyone who knew her well, as I did, cannot but feel that her life was wasted.

She made a great fortune by her own efforts, but she died penniless.

Many men loved her, but when she lay upon her satin bier, beautiful in death as she had been in life, few of them were present to weep for her.

Fame cost her more than it gave her and robbed her of the things that deep down she desired greatly—a home and children.

BARBARA LA MARR, sent away from Los Angeles at sixteen by the juvenile court authorities because she was "too beautiful" to live in a big city without disaster to herself and others, died at thirty of emotional indigestion.

But the tale of her years runs the gamut of every experience and feeling a woman can know, and when it is finished the most conservative, admitting a measure of inevitability in her tragic death, may yet secretly envy the fullness of her life.

Stories surrounding the birth and early childhood of Barbara La Marr have been legion and many colored. They were built to fit the exotic personality of the screen star. They were invented by press agents, by managers, by writers, and—the truth must be admitted—in the beginning by Barbara herself.

The dazzling veil of these tales shrouded her origin in mystery. The public fancy was caught by them. It seemed only natural that La Marr should not know whence she came, that she should be a love child, an outcast princess unable to prove or claim her birthright.

It was easy enough to believe her the illegitimate daughter of a French duchess, sent to America to grow up where her existence could not tarnish the great name of her passionately erring mother. Or that her birth was due to the fancy of some Italian prince who might stoop in love but not in marriage to a beautiful daughter of the people.

Dumas used such ideas with great success, and Barbara admired all his works.

She dramatized herself always—could not help dramatizing herself. No harm in these colorful and romantic fancies. Great writers created them about fictitious characters. Barbara wove them around herself.

But the truth was different.

I tell much of it here for the first time. Even the most intimate of her friends never penetrated behind the curtain of secrecy which she threw about her birth and ancestors. Though I knew Barbara well over the whole period of her public career, I always supposed that Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Watson, whom she called father and mother, were no blood relation to her; that they had adopted or taken charge of her in infancy. I always believed that she herself did not know where she was born or who her father and mother were.

I discovered the facts only when I began to seek information for this biography.

Barbara La Marr (then Reatha Watson) when, at fourteen, she tried unsuccessfully to get into the motion pictures.

When she was a ten year old actress in Western stock companies.

IN a neat little California bungalow, surrounded by a tiny old fashioned garden and overshadowed by the purple brown foothills, live an old couple who told me the plain and simple truth about Barbara La Marr. A white haired old lady gowned in black, with a gentle voice and eyes that fill easily with tears as she looks about at the many framed pictures of a face all the world knew.

A little old gentleman, very neat, very quiet, with a gift of words and a quiet sense of humor that has obviously helped him to bear a heavy cross. A little old couple who speak often of God and His mysterious ways.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson, who were Barbara La Marr's real father and mother, and who loved her with a bewildered admiration, not quite understanding this swan daughter of their middle age, but loyal and tender to the day she died in their arms, soon dispelled all the mystery.

The baby girl who was to grow up "too beautiful," who, as Barbara La Marr, was to become one of the screen's greatest stars, was born in North Yakima, Washington, on July 28, 1896. Her name was Reatha Watson and her parents were well known throughout the Northwest. She was the second and last child of their marriage, her brother Billy being ten years old when she was born.

There was nothing particularly thrilling, nothing unusual, about her arrival in the world. Her mother left the little apartment where she had been living and went to a small maternity home. Her father, then editing the town's newspaper, played the usual father rôle in such a situation.

Mrs. Watson thought this would be her last child—she was thirty-eight—and she told her sister-in-law, Mrs. Dade Lynch, who attended her during her confinement, that she hoped it would be a daughter. And just before midnight on the 28th of July little Reatha arrived, a tiny

dark infant who gave no evidence of the fatal beauty that was to be hers.

The birth is a matter of record in the state of Washington and there are many people living who remember the event. I have talked with a number of them, including Mrs. Lynch, who was in the room at the time, and also with relatives and family friends who knew Barbara from year to year as she grew up.

And so fades forever from the picture the erring French duchess and all the romance and mystery with which Bobby loved to surround herself. She had plenty of it in reality later on.

THERE was good blood in the family of William Watson and in that of his wife, who was born Rose Countner. It was American blood and had been for generations. Heredity will not explain the peculiar exaggeration of Barbara La Marr's character. The picture emerges startlingly, like some rare orchid blooming in a peaceful and well cultivated garden.

On both sides we find solid American stock, a little above the average, law abiding, respectable, decent, honest; citizens who went to war when their country required it, carried on their business, belonged to churches, held office, and took part in the social life about them.

No wonder Barbara felt such a background incongruous to her whole personality, to a life that fitted more harmoniously into a Louis XIV setting.

But that clear strain of American forebears was in her blood and it showed itself in many ways, for all the incense and diamonds, purple and subdued lights, fame and excitement that became so much a part of her life.

It showed, for one thing, in her determination to *marry* the men she loved, even when time proved that she had no right to marry them. It showed in her passionate devotion to children and her secret yearning for a "big family"; in her ability to work hard and loyally for those who paid her enormous salaries; and in her final turning to the God of her fathers upon her deathbed.

In view of the strange contradictions of her nature, of this contrast between her ancestry and her appearance and personality, it is interesting to know a little of her forefathers.

A typical rôle of the seductive actress, from Heart of a Siren, made in 1925.

William T. Watson, the grandfather of Barbara La Marr, moved from his father's farm in Indiana to Illinois in the early '50s, married Jane Mitchell of Iowa, and settled down to cultivate his land and raise a large family of children. He was a quiet, hardworking man, devoted to his children and anxious that, in spite of the necessity for hard labor on the farm, they should have the best education which the time and place afforded.

C. B. Watson, his eldest son, was later Presidential elector for Garfield from Oregon and afterward collector of internal revenue for the same state. He has recently completed a history of the Indian wars in Oregon. A daughter became the mother of Judge Orr, at present the youngest judge on the superior bench of Illinois.

William W. Watson, the second son, was born on this Illinois farm, March 15, 1857. From very early childhood he showed a great fondness for books and determined to be a writer or a teacher instead of a farmer. But the outbreak of the Civil War changed the course of events for the Watson family, as it did for most of America.

Little Reatha, at four, already showing promise of her future beauty.

The father entered one of the Illinois regiments and in 1865 was so severely wounded that for a time his family despaired of his life. He survived, but he was never able to work again, and the maintenance of the farm and the support of the family fell on the shoulders of the two boys. They buckled down with a will, and it was not until 1876 that they were able to leave their duties and venture into the Far West, where fortune beckoned so many young men in those days.

Once in Oregon, William Watson abandoned farming and turned his attention to the professions which had always intrigued his imagination. For a while he was an editorial writer on the Portland *Oregonian*. In 1881 he published a paper in Lakeview. During a period of residence in Ashland, he was at different times editor, clerk in the land office, and professor of English in the college there.

While he was editing a daily paper in the town of Hillsboro, he met a beautiful young widow with two children, who had come back to live with her family. On June 11, 1882, they were married.

ON her mother's side, Barbara La Marr came of a family in which the beauty of its women was traditional. On the little table in Mrs. Watson's living room is a family album full of pictures of aunts, sisters, cousins, all of whom merit the title the world was to confer upon Barbara. These women were noted in Kentucky and Virginia for their good looks and the tradition was to crystallize in a modern Helen of Troy.

Barbara's maternal grandfather was Henry Countner of Virginia. Her maternal grandmother was a Miss Charlotte Brown of Louisville, Kentucky. Charlotte Brown's grandmother was a Miss Davis, and Miss Davis' father and Samuel Davis, the father of Jefferson Davis, were brothers. Thus those interested in family histories will see that some of the best blood in the old South was handed down to little Reatha Watson.

Henry Countner brought his bride West in 1855 and they arrived at Rogue River in time to take part in the terrific battle of that name. It was a baptism of fire for the young Southerners, which they endured with daring and fortitude, and for the first three years of their residence in Oregon they were in the path of the Indian wars then raging. Peace came then and Henry Countner became a merchant tailor in the town of Corvallis, where first a son and then a daughter, Rose, were born.

Little Rose Countner grew up in a country that was rough but clean.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE LIFE STORY OF BARBARA LA MARR]
Continued from page nine

Her girlhood was simple and natural and she knew little of the world. She displayed the traditional beauty of her family and her hand was sought by many young men throughout the countryside. Married before she was twenty and soon widowed, she found the real love of her life in the quiet, intellectual, unworldly young editor—a love which has lasted now for nearly fifty years and which consoles her in the evergreen sorrow for her darling daughter.

The Watsons had enjoyed fourteen years of peaceful married life when Reatha was born. There, in all simplicity, is the background of the exotic Barbara La Marr, favorite for years of motion picture audiences and headline writers. A background identical in most essentials with that of the majority of young American women.

Little Reatha grew up an imaginative, spiritual, sensitive child, readily moved to both tears and laughter. When she was four she saw little fairy visions at night and would call her mother to come and see the sprites who filled the garden outside her window or danced in the moonlight shining upon her bedroom floor.

Laughter was her habit, but tears came swiftly when anyone she knew was sad or anything she loved was hurt, and when she was five she cried herself sick over the death of her pet dog.

Things made too deep an impression upon her. It was necessary for her mother, who apparently realized without entirely understanding that this last child of hers was different from the others, to protect her from her emotions.

One of Reatha's childhood joys was to gather the other children of the neighborhood and tell them stories, stories of her own weaving, bright and shining little tales filled with fairy colors, magic jewels, and beautiful princesses.

And neighboring mothers soon learned that their offspring preferred Reatha's inventions to any well tried book story. And they learned, too, that the little Watson girl, with her enormous eyes, whose color it was so difficult to determine, was a competent nursemaid who could be intrusted with six months old Johnny and eight months old Susan for an afternoon.

Reatha collected babies, puppies, and kittens indiscriminately, to the distress of her family, who were always coming home to find strays of all kinds occupying the best bed or enthroned in the best chair. The showers came when the borrowed babies had to be returned to their mothers, and little Reatha was forever searching for a baby who didn't have to be taken home.

AT six she had her first love affair.

The little boy next door was the man in the case. A sturdy little boy with freckles, hero of the neighborhood baseball nine and not at all the sort one would expect to be bothered with such inferior creatures as girls. Mrs. Watson, glancing out the back window one afternoon, saw Reatha standing on the steps, her eyes fastened on this youngster with an expression of extreme concern.

"Reatha," said this nine year old Romeo, "I love you. Will you kiss me?"

"I'd rather not," said Reatha.

"But I want you to so much," persisted her wooer.

"All right, then," said Reatha and kissed him gently.

A strangely prophetic incident, had the mother but known it. How many men, in the years to come, the alluring, tender hearted Barbara kissed when perhaps she would "rather not," just because they wanted her to so much!

Her first school was St. Mary's Academy in East Portland, where her mother had been educated before her, and where she was entered as a day pupil when she was seven. Mr. Watson was working on the *Oregonian* and the family had moved their home to Portland.

This school appealed greatly to Barbara and she never forgot it. In times of great mental anguish she used often to say, "Oh, if I could only get away from everything! If I could only find peace such as there is in a convent!"

Had she lived a few centuries earlier, there is no doubt in my mind that Barbara La Marr, at certain times in her life, would have followed the course of many historical women who sought refuge in the walled seclusion of a nunnery.

The lives of these holy women touched her childish heart and aroused the spiritual yearnings that were never far beneath the surface of her mind. For a time she determined to become a nun, to renounce the world. But she was a mere baby and no one paid any attention to her thoughts on this subject.

And then the Watsons moved to Tacoma and a new vision dawned upon her—the theater.

THIS was the thing for which she had been waiting. Here was the answer to her unformed longings. Here was the world of make-believe, the storybook world, come true. Breathless, trembling, she watched the progress of the Shakespearean plays to which her mother first took her. And returning home she acted them, scene for scene, with a fidelity that was amazing in so small a child.

Her imitative faculty was of the highest order—how often I have seen her reduce a roomful of severe critics to helpless laughter with it in later years—and she seized unfailingly the essentials of every scene.

Now she knew—though she was only eight years old—that she wanted to be an actress!

It was, in many ways, astonishing to see the response and determination of her young mind. At an age when most youngsters are following a groove, are reacting normally to childish things, she had already begun to live in her deepest emotions, and to live intensely.

Friends of the Watson family who saw her and recognized both her talent and her growing beauty urged the father and mother to allow her to go on the stage at once. Reatha appealed with all the fervor at her command. And Mr. and Mrs. Watson, always in awe of this beautiful, vibrant little creature, regarding her, as almost everyone did from the beginning, as one who could do no wrong, decided it would be a splendid thing for her.

To see their little Reatha upon the stage, enthralling audiences in a theater as she had so often enthralled their friends in the Watson parlor, was a dazzling dream. That might be the first step of the great career which they had begun to build for her.

So, when she was eight years old, Reatha Watson made her first appearance upon the stage.

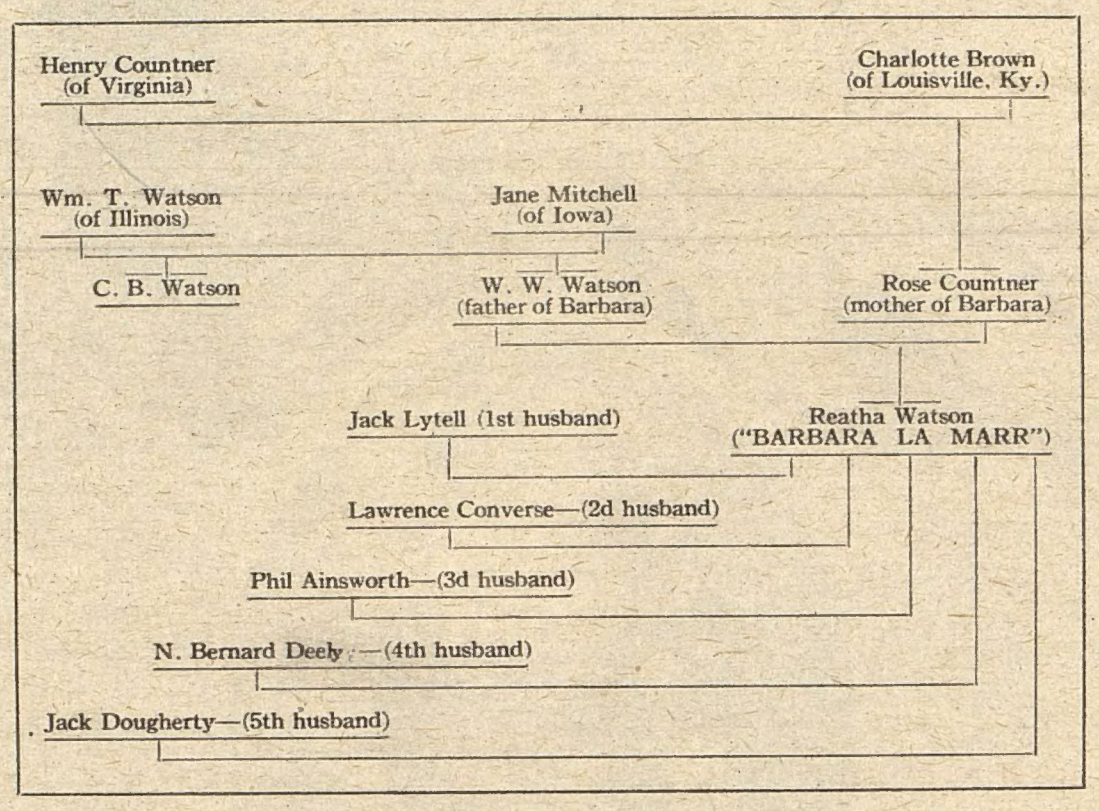
She played Little Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin with the old Daddy Allen stock company in Tacoma. And such a Little Eva! Everyone agreed that there had never been anything like it before. No child had ever played Little Eva with such beauty, such pathos. The audiences were dissolved in tears, the newspapers sang her praises, adulation poured in upon her from all sides.

Her success seems really to have been enormous. One newspaper critic who saw her at that time says that she had, as a child, the power to create an illusion far beyond that of most mature actresses. And so for the next two years she played child parts in the theaters throughout the Northwest, including a performance of the little boy in The Squaw Man in Spokane with the Jesse Shirley stock company which won her fresh laurels.

It was all very fine, all very gratifying. Many wiser parents than the gentle, simple mother and the quiet, studious father of Reatha Watson have yielded to similar enticements. Often, too, early stage training such as Reatha received has been of inestimable value to great artists. But, looking back now, it is easy to see that it was the last thing that should have happened to this particular girl.

A girl with Reatha's temperament, her impressionable mind, her love of pleasure and excitement, should have been kept quietly at her studies instead of living the hectic life of a child actress. Her love of applause should have been ruthlessly crushed instead of daily encouraged. She should have been given no early taste of the spotlight.

But the Watsons were deceived then, as they were to be deceived all her life, by the fathomless sweetness of their daughter's personality. Many things may be said of Barbara La Marr which you would not wish said of your own daughter. But not one word can be truthfully said concerning her disposition that is not all good.



W. W. Watson, the father of Barbara La Marr.

Her first picture. She was eighteen months of age.

Mrs. Rose Watson, mother of the famous actress.

Above, Barbara La Marr's family tree and the record of her marriages.

She was the sweetest, the kindest, the most generous girl I ever knew. This sweetness, combined with her beauty, always made it impossible to see what was actually happening where Barbara was concerned. She completely overshadowed her surroundings at all times. Even in death, you could not believe her dead.

So her father and mother saw, then, only the happiness, the docile sweetness, the ecstasy of their idol.

The situation changed when Reatha became too old to play child parts and was still too young to take ingénue or leading rôles, though the stage directors in every company in which she played assured her mother that in a few years she would be ready to start a real stage career which would surely lead her to great heights.

Also, the Watsons moved again. They were always moving. Mr. Watson was at heart a rover. A colonization company just outside of Fresno started a paper and the editorship was offered to Mr. Watson. That was sufficient to start the family for California, and they arrived there in the summer of 1908.

Nothing very eventful happened during the next few years. Reatha and her mother lived in Fresno and Reatha went to school there, while Mr. Watson spent most of his time in the little town of Turlock where his paper was published.

Reatha's health was not particularly good at that time, and so she did not go out a great deal with the youngsters who besieged her. Perhaps she showed then, and outgrew, a touch of that disease which in the end carried her so swiftly out of this world. Reatha spent her days reading and writing little poems. She had a gift for poetry, but those girlhood sonnets have been lost.

FAITH in the doctrines of a new church which claimed to restore Christ's lost art of healing had done much to overcome her physical weaknesses and had again awakened her craving for spiritual things. She spent hours with her Bible, studying, interpreting, writing little articles that were in the nature of sermons. For a time she wished to give up everything and become an evangelist of this belief. Members of this cult encouraged her in the desire and told her that she had all the necessary qualifications for this work.

Russell Ball photo

Miss La Marr in the luxurious home which she occupied at the height of her success.

But again the pull of the world was too strong. Young, once more in perfect health, the desire gradually faded.

The papers were beginning to speak of motion pictures. The theaters were showing the early screen efforts. Hollywood was something more than the name of a suburb near Los Angeles. It was the cradle of the motion picture industry. And Hollywood was only a few hours' ride from Fresno.

Reatha persuaded her mother to take her there.

A picture of her at that time, taken in one of the big hats of the period, shows something of her young beauty. She was only fourteen, but she looked eighteen. Her hair was a soft blue black. Her eyes changed from gray to blue, from blue to violet, from violet to a clear hazel, and even into the intense black of fully expanded pupils, under the shifting of her emotions. I have never yet found two people who described Barbara La Marr's eyes in anything like the same words. And they were long, cozening eyes, set in a forest of black lashes. Her figure was filling out with all the curves of a young goddess. It is an actual fact that people on the streets of Fresno used to stop and stare at her as she passed, and when she went into shops the salesgirls stopped their work and fought for the privilege of waiting on her.

In 1910, when she was fourteen, she and her mother arrived in Hollywood for the first attempt to storm the citadel of motion pictures.

It is strange that twice Reatha Watson made valiant efforts to get into pictures and did not succeed.

For some quite unexplainable reason, this first effort was a total failure. Reatha worked in one or two pictures, it is true. But she was not successful. Photography was indeed in its infancy. Though it seems difficult to believe now, the perfect features that were to become worth thousands of dollars a week to producers did not register. Also, for all her beauty and development, she was at a somewhat awkward age.

An incident occurred which undoubtedly didn't help her any.

It is not necessary to give the name of the man here. But it is too significant of Barbara's life to leave unrecorded the absolute fact that she lost her first chance in pictures because—at fourteen—she slapped the face of a famous director who tried to kiss her.

PERHAPS his intentions held no evil. Perhaps it was intended merely as a fatherly kiss. But little Reatha Watson had an aversion to being touched. She resented this advance with such vehemence that she was told her services would no longer be required in the picture in which she was to have played a small part.

Had the chance to be the greatest screen actress in the world been offered her in return for that kiss—and three of the girls in that picture eventually became stars—still Barbara would not have given it. Never in her life could anyone buy anything from Barbara La Marr.

She would reject the most flattering offers of position, advancement, jewels, presents, from great men, to bestow her favors upon some good looking youngster without a dime in his pocket. Perhaps she gave too freely. But, at least, she *gave*. The crown jewels of Russia couldn't have bought one of her smiles.

Reatha cried out this first disappointment on her mother's breast. At that time she had never spent a night away from her mother in her life. A certain sweet childishness had persisted. She stared out at the big world with longing and yet with timidity, as though something deep within her warned her of the many tragedies it held in store for her.

Outwardly she was a woman, ready to enter life as women know it. Inwardly she had still much of the fourteen year old girl, a girl who had been sheltered, had lived in small towns, who adored her father and mother as they adored her.

A more unsophisticated girl never lived. Had she known more, many of the things which happened could not have happened.

Not long was such a state to endure.

Barbara La Marr did not get into pictures at that time. But she had come to a big city where her beauty was to be instantly seen and recognized. The honey pot had begun to call, innocently but strongly.

And so, though the screen rejected her for a time, life did not. Within a few months she was plunged into a maelstrom of adventures unequaled by any of the scenarios she was later to write and play. Kidnaping, marriage, bigamy, death, the law, separation from her mother, the hideous glare of publicity, were some of the things that she was to encounter before she was eighteen.

Love was to take her by the hand and lead her into some very dark places, from which only a great woman could ever have fought back.

Barbara La Marr's first three marriages and the hectic first years of her career are described in next week's installment of her life story.

BILLY-ALL-ALONE

A Story of the Little Things for Which Men Die

By

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Pictures by MARSHALL FRANTZ

THE eighteen shutters were open, all in a row, so that the blue Pacific seemed to fill the gallery. Rocks fell away just beneath; and now, in the northwest weather, there came a continual hushing of warm, restless water round the ankles of the house.

It was a small, stark island, this of Luala: only a bit of beach, and a height of cliff, and palms.

Billy-all-alone had been there for fifteen years. His real name was Michael Benison; but only the shipping people, who had nicknamed him, and the bank people in Sydney, who looked after his affairs, knew that.

The people who remembered Michael Benison, or cared what had become of him, were gone. In fifteen years the memory of kings, captains, beauties, millionaires becomes mere dust of thought, blowing about the windy corners of men's minds.

Who, then, would recall an elderly bachelor escaped from the world when the current generation was still in pinafores? Who would have cared to know that Michael Benison had built a stone house upon Luala, and gone to live there by himself, simply and solely because he liked it?

The bank knew. The bank had handled the money for building; arranged to have a store ship call at Luala yearly; for fifteen years had paid the bills of the shops that sent out groceries and draperies and other things. And Michael Benison, who for fifteen years had done as he damn pleased, continued to do so.

NOW, it happened one year that the northwest rains were very heavy, and the weather side of Benison's big house became undermined. Benison, through one of the six-monthly steamers, sent for a mason, who was to be dropped, at considerable expense, by a boat going to Iquique, and afterward expensively picked up again by the same.

So, on this blue afternoon of a hundred blue afternoons, the island that had known no change for fifteen years saw the arrival of a stranger, Bert Wills.

They had joked with Bert a good deal on the cargo boat. He was easy to joke with, being a simple minded fellow, born and brought up "out back" in western Queensland.

Everybody on the Ranandi knew that Bert was engaged to be married to the aristocrat of his home town, a publican's daughter, that he was simply "fit to be tied" about her himself, and that he hadn't the chance of a celluloid (Bert called it cellular) cat in hell of ever marrying her, unless he could get two or three hundred together.

To these star crossed lovers had come the incredible chance of Bert's engagement to go out and patch the seaward wall of Billy-all-alone's at amazing wages, with all expenses paid. People in Bert's home town had talked about the romance of it. Bert said he didn't know anything about romance—he was no book hound.

He was a young giant, six feet four, with arms like a gorilla's and a savage head of hair. He had sticking out teeth, and the kindest smile in the world. The Ranandi officers missed him, after they were hull down on the horizon, and Bert, baggage on shoulder, had mounted the long stairway in the rock, criticizing its style and make as he went, and reached the arched, medieval looking door that led straight into the hall.

It was a sturdy door, lined with steel and fitted with an excellent lock. All the more odd that it stood wide open to the Pacific breeze, with never a soul in sight.

The red and blue Turkey rugs that lay on the hall floor flapped in the wind. Spears and shields from the islands moved with a rattling noise on the walls. But there was nobody there.

Bert dumped his baggage on the hall floor and went out again. He knew where his "job of work" was; he had noticed it coming up. It interested him more than the social deficiencies of the owner. There was undoubtedly seepage and loosening under the wall that surrounded the building on the seaward side. A one man job—for a man like him—but it would take him all his time. There were materials for his work in an outhouse; he noticed lime and cement alongside of several big barrels that probably held salt beef.

"Good-o," said Bert. "Now, I wonder where the bloke himself is?"

He returned to the hall. A number of rooms opened off it. One was filled with books, arranged in order on long shelves. Bert looked at them woodenly, and tried another door. Here was a bedroom, simply furnished, with clean linen on the bed.

"That's meant for me," he thought, and opened a third door. There was a better room behind this, with a large bed and handsome wardrobe. "That'll be the boss'," he thought; "but where in —— is the boss?"

A GREAT, gaunt figure, with savage hair blowing into his eyes, Bert stood in the handsome bedroom, staring about him. The wind from the sea slammed a shutter to and fro. He listened. Was there any other sound? Was that the shutter creaking, or was it somebody, somewhere, making a curious noise?

He opened another door. This was the kitchen—a clean white room with an oil stove and saucepans that shone silverly on the walls. A smell of something singed and cold. A noise—undoubtedly curious.

Bert took two steps into the scullery adjoining, and saw his boss.

Michael Benison, an old man with a yellow

THE slithering of feet upon a loose Turkey mat; a pair of airman's boots hitting the sky between two open shutters; a shout from the woman: "You've killed him!"

face above a trimmed white beard, was lying on the scullery floor. He was breathing in an extraordinary and interrupted way. His eyes were open, but they did not seem to see anything. A cooking spoon was tightly clutched in his hand.

"Hi, mister!" said Bert.

Billy-all-alone did not stir.

"I think you're sick," suggested Bert.

Not being contradicted, he sought for water, found the tap, and threw a cupful into Benison's face.

It had no effect. Brandy, discovered inside the dresser and forced into the sick man's mouth, simply trickled out again.

"I think you're going to wink out," said Bert, more to himself than anyone else. But, strangely, the old man seemed to hear him. There was a flicker of the purpling eyelids, a slow movement of the lips.

"Eh?" said Bert, bending down his ear. He was sitting on the floor now. He had taken one of Benison's withered, limp hands in his own hot fingers, and was trying vaguely to chafe some warmth into it.

Benison made a movement that might have been an attempt to shake his head.

"Key," he breathed rather than said, his eyes looking down at his belt. There was another word; it sounded to Bert like "Wa—," but it trailed away uncompleted as the old man's head rolled over and his face turned dark.

BERT waited. The scullery had become very still of a sudden. He didn't know why until he realized that the curious jerky breathing had stopped. It did not go on again. And Bert, slowly beginning to understand what all this meant, rose to his feet.

"I'm on me lonesome for two months," was his first thought. It did not dismay him; but another did:

"People might say I done him in. I got to do something about that."

Half an hour later all that remained of old Billy-all-alone was headed up in a cask of preserving brine, and from the beams of the outhouse hung a number of pieces of wet salt beef.

"No use throwing them away," thought Bert. "They'll keep a bit yet."

He had emptied the dead man's pockets. There was nothing much in them but a bunch of keys, a pipe, and a bit of rock crystal, prettily cut. In a small secret pocket of the belt there was another key, a little flat Yale key. "That'll be the key to the 'wa—' —whatever he meant by that," said Bert unemotionally. "I reckon I'd better go and clean that burned saucepan in the kitchen before it gets all stuck hard."

He was pleased to find the place well provisioned, and everything in decent order. "I can do with a few weeks of this," he thought.

Then suddenly his heart gave an unpleasant kick. What effect would the death of Michael Benison have upon his, Bert Wills', hopes and wishes? Who was going to pay him for his journey and his work?

Probably no one. At best, Benison's executors, after long disputing and bargaining. Years ahead, maybe. As good as never—for the fiancé of Dorrie Riordan.

Bert Wills, alone in the spotless kitchen, threw down the saucepan and swore at large.

By and by he recovered himself. He'd have to be caretaker here till someone came. Was not that worth something? His oath, it was. There'd be no end of cleaning to do, besides the mason work that he could not possibly abandon, paid or unpaid. He'd get the price of a little home out of them yet—whoever They might be. Bert was vague about that.

THROUGH the long blue days he gardened in the quarter acre patch. He cleaned and tidied withindoors. He labored faithfully, part of every day, at the damaged masonry of the wall. And of an evening, time hanging heavy on his hands, he explored the house from corner to corner, looking for something or other —he knew not what.

"It wasn't drink that kep' him here," Bert argued, with the curious shrewdness of the uneducated. "There's only enough for sickness. It wasn't drugs; there's none. As for girls—" Thinking of the parchment faced, white bearded figure on the floor, he had almost smiled. But you didn't laugh at the dead. "He hadn't a dog or a cat. He must have had something to amuse him, like. Bit of a geologer, by the crystal he had in his pocket; but that wouldn't be—"

He was standing in the long, shuttered gallery, looking aimlessly at the table that stood in the middle of it—a big table, fit to dine a dozen at least of those visitors whom Billy-all-alone had never invited. This table was covered, not with tapestry or baize, but with velvet, plain black velvet, fastened to the edge by ornamental nails.

Bert had admired it more than once. It seemed, to his crude taste, a handsome and agreeable way of covering your furniture. "If only it was a bit gayer," he thought—"crimson or blue, like."

He leaned across to feel the texture, and out fell the crystal that he had found on the dead man. He had put it in his pocket. It seemed a pretty thing—doubtless a bit off a chandelier.

It was 3 o'clock. The sun poured fiercely through the open shutters. The crystal, rolling across the table, was caught in the full flood of that unbearable splendor, and instantly became its focus and its flame.

"My golly!" said Bert Wills.

He stood for a moment or two, staring at the wonderful thing before him. No strayed chandelier crystal ever sent forth such rays of orange, green, and blue. Perfected by the setting of velvet, caught at its amazing best by the flood of westering sun, the royal gem shone confessed. A diamond!

Bert wasn't staggered by it. No small thing staggered Bert.

"Good-o," he said. "Good-o. This seems a little bit of all right. Now we'll find the rest of them, or bust.

"I bet," he thought, as he took the bunch of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BILLY-ALL-ALONE
Continued from page thirteen]

keys and started, like Mrs. Bluebeard, to hunt through all the house, "them were the little things that kept him from going balmy. Well, I reckon they'll keep me from goin' balmy too, if I can find them."

At the end of a day and a half of hard work he had found the "little things." Bert, who was "no book hound," made up for it, like most of his kind, by a catlike sharpness of sight and apprehension. He observed that the Turkey mat before the wardrobe was worn by the constant tread of feet; told himself that "a bloke who looked like that bloke wasn't going to wear out no carpets before no mirrors just to stare at himself," and swung open the door with a clear expectation of what he was going to find.

The back of the wardrobe, as he swiftly discovered, slid sideways, exposing the steel door of a safe built into the wall.

The small curious key that Benison had kept in his belt opened the lock of the safe. And instantly Bert forgot all about the mysterious half spoken word that had been on the lips of Billy-all-alone, when, not quite alone, he had died.

The safe, a small one, was full to overflowing with flat leather cases. Opened, each one displayed, on beds of cotton wool, jewels that made Bert Wills catch his breath.

He had no idea of the value of the bigger stones; but even the small ones, matched in his mind with rings that he had longed, unavailingly, to purchase for Dorrie, seemed to mount up to incredible price.

With hands and pockets full of the leather cases, he strolled—Bert never hurried—out to the long sea gallery, where again the sun of afternoon blazed in through eighteen open window shutters.

Out on the black velvet covered table he spilled the whole collection of gems, and stood amazed. "My oath," he said, "fireworks!"

IT was the only possible word, but it fell short of reality. No starry rocket, no Catherine wheel, ever sent forth such live and many colored flames as did these handfuls of rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and diamonds massed together in the full blaze of tropic afternoon.

"Blimy!" said Bert, "they're shootin' at me. And the big fellow's the best."

He had added the diamond found in Benison's pocket, and saw that it surpassed all the others.

"This one was his pet," mused Bert. "He must 'a' carried it about with him to look at; meant to stow it away before I came, and didn't have time when the fit took him."

Bert remembered talk round a camp fire in western Queensland one night, before he had gone to the township to learn a trade.

"All big diamonds are red with blood, if you could only see it," a mate of his had said. "There's not one of them that hasn't had murder done for it time and again. There's bad in jewels, anyhow. Seems to bring out everything bad in the people that has them. Who's the women that's craziest about diamonds? And who's the men that buys most? What's sent the burglars to prison? Jewels. They're the prettiest things in the world—and the worst."

"Too right they are," agreed one or two men who had never owned as much as a garnet. And Bert, less talkative than the rest, and more critical, told himself that half of that was nonsense and half of it spite.

Now, handling the gems that had made up the life of Billy-all-alone, he almost wondered. It was almost with fear that he turned over the jewels now. But he could not figure himself becoming a hermit of the islands on account of them. "Besides," thought Bert, with a pang of regret, "they aren't mine, anyhow."

Something seemed to catch him by the throat. Something suggested devilishly, "Why not?"

He wouldn't be really robbing anyone if he took the things and set himself, at one blow, beyond want or anxiety for all the fifty years of life to come; made himself certain of Dorrie and solid with Dorrie's parents.

"I could pitch a yarn of some kind," he thought. "I could make it look all right. And as for old Billy-all-alone, everyone knows he hadn't chick nor child nor next of kin. I'd only be taking it from the guv'ment." This did not appear a serious sin to Bert. "They're worth a lot," he thought. "I dare say five thousand pounds wouldn't buy them. I couldn't earn that in all my life, not if I worked the nails off my fingers."

HE took an emerald in his hand and held it up against the setting sun. "This would be worth a hundred," he thought, poking with his finger the flawless five carat gem. "And all to go to the blanky guv'ment."

He set the emerald down, and rubbed his knuckles across his eyes. Could you hurt your eyes looking at jewels? He was seeing black spots in the sky—no, one black spot—no, a black line—

"Spare me days," he begged, "if it's not an airplane!"

He acted instinctively now, without need for thought. In two minutes he had collected all the gems and stuffed them, unsorted, into their leather cases. In two more he had opened the safe in the wall, slung them in, and locked it up. At the last moment he saw something like a long white envelope inside. He snatched it, put it inside his shirt, and strolled out again on to the sea gallery. The plane was well in sight now, flying toward Luala.

She hovered over them, claws outspread, like a bright parrakeet suddenly turned vulture.

He knew now, by the droning roar that swelled, sank, and died in a ducklike squattering below, that the plane had arrived. A curious humor seized him. Tiptoeing into the gallery, he peered through closed louvers.

It was a long way down to the blue level water within the jetty, but Bert had excellent eyes. He could see quite clearly the pilot, who had just finished opening up a collapsible dinghy. He could see a passenger—a passenger—a—

"Strike me pink," demanded Bert of powers unspecified, "if it ain't a skirt!"

That he remained unstruck was surely a miracle; for the passenger in question was clad in flying cap, coat, and trousers. But there could be small doubt about the essential facts of the case, once the passenger's cap came off, setting free a marvelous bob of sparkling curls.

Annoyance and excitement not unpleasurable fought each other in Bert's mind. Perhaps the latter won. At all events, he grinned as he seized an old soft hat of Michael Benison's, crammed it down on his head, and disposed himself in a long chair, with a magazine held up to cover his face. He wanted to see just what kind of entry that girl with the dazzly hair would make—how she'd be surprised when she found he wasn't Billy-all-alone, after all.

It was the inevitable gesture of the male animal made playful by the approach of the female of his kind. But it had nearly been Bert's last action in this world. For, just as he was beginning to wonder if it wasn't time for those two to make their appearance, to listen for the sound of footsteps coming in, a blow like the kick of a horse descended, glancing, on his head, and knocked him out of his chair.

If Bert had been what, in that moment, he was supposed to be—an old man, slow of movement and hard of hearing—he would never have risen again. But he was young, and keener in all his senses than the average civilized being. He heard the quick intake of breath behind him, knew that it was the unmistakable deadly sound a man makes before he strikes to kill, and leaped just in time.

There had been a day when Bert Wills hoped to win fortune in the ring. That had faded; but in full force certain prize ring instincts survived. He was off the floor almost as soon as on it—off, and striking out. A slim thing with black legs and yellow head rushed between.

"If she hadn't, I wouldn't have; I never meant to," was what he afterward thought.

There was no thought at the time—only the sharp impact of his fist striking a man's chest, as the two of them dodged and fought, hampered by the woman; the slithering of feet upon a loose Turkey mat; a pair of airman's boots hitting the sky between two open shutters; a shout from the woman: "You've killed him!" Short, horrible silence, and, down below, a splash in the sea.

BERT wiped his wet forehead with one wet hand, stared at the woman, and answered her stupidly, "Who?"

"Charles Cardigan!" she screamed. "He's dead!"

Bert, looking from the window over her shoulder, saw that she spoke truth. Charles Cardigan was floating near the plane, his head sharply twisted over one shoulder. Even as they looked, the body sank.

"Is him the airman who was flying from Sydney to New Zealand?" asked Bert, still a little dazed. "And what right had he to be wiping me one over the head with a monkey wrench?"

"It was he," said the girl—he saw now that she was quite young. She sat down on the floor and began to cry.

"Look a-here," Bert said, sitting down on the floor beside her and applying consolation. "I done in your man, but he tried to do me first, and I never meant it. Were you dead nuts on him?"

"He was taking me on his trip, and I'd have got an awful lot of publicity," she explained, through sobs. "I'm in the pictures. But I lost my job—I mean, I'm resting."

"That's not all of it," suggested Bert. "Cry on my shoulder, if you like, but tell me the truth of it when you're done."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

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A MEAL SOUP BELONGS
IN THE DAILY DIET

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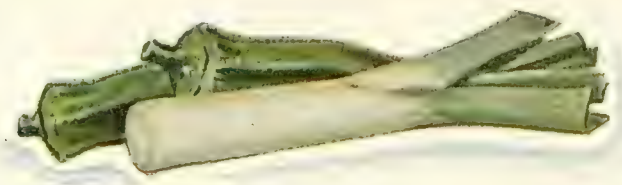

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

She sat up, pulled a vanity case out of some recess in her trousers, and began to repair her face.

"I'm feeling better," she stated. She looked at him appraisingly. "Have you got a cocktail anywhere?" she asked.

Bert found the brandy, and mixed, under her directions. He was appalled to see how fast and how much she drank.

"That's how you lost your job, I'll lay," he told her plainly.

She was seated at the table, a wonderful small figure, cheeks flushed, hair softly ruffled like the fleece of a little golden lamb. She looked so innocent that Bert, who was no fool with women, knew her to be quite the reverse. "There's more to come out of this," he thought, and deliberately plied her with drink, until he had the whole tale.

Part of it she told, laughing feebly, over her seventh cocktail; and part of it he guessed; and part of it was never known to any but the Sydney manager of the Bank Antarctica, who, when he heard the story long after, recalled a dismissed clerk called Cardigan, put two and two together and found that they made four.

Cardigan had told her (because he loved her very much) about a scheme he had been keeping up his sleeve ever since he took to flying—a scheme that was to enrich him forever.

"There's no real money in flying," he had said. "But about this— Just listen to me! I know where we can pick up jewels like pebbles on the beach."

He and she were to lose themselves on the trip across—not to be heard of for a day or so; to turn up at last, well and sound, with a story of a forced landing, far at sea. And some day, months ahead, it would be found that Billy-all-alone was missing from his island. And if Messrs. Cromwell & James, the famous jewelers and gem importers of Sydney, whose name had been on so many of old Benison's checks, thought to take alarm and make inquiry —why, it would be too late to find out anything.

As much of this as suited his purpose Bert got out of the girl. She told him further that her name was Lily Delafield, and that she had been in trouble of various kinds, but she never did any of it. Bert drew his own conclusions: he had voyaged through Sydney's underworld, escaping not quite unscathed.

WHILE she lay back in a long chair, carnation cheeked, unnaturally bright of eye, one hand clasped loosely round her newly filled glass, Bert Wills went over to the windows and looked down. There was not a sign of the pilot. Small wonder. A man with his neck broken would sink quickly.

Bert did not blame himself. He knew there had been no murder in his heart when he gave the blow that sent his assailant down to death. But he felt a little worried about the plane. There it floated on the water, seemingly ready to take air and fly; yet it was as useless now as a moth with a broken wing.

"All that property gone to waste," he thought; "and me and the girl—"

Somebody's hand, unsteady, but soft as snow, fell on his shoulder. Somebody laughed behind him. She had a delectable laugh, this Lily Delafield, who drank too much and talked too much, who had been in prison—probably.

"Looking at the bus, are you?" she said, with a certain thickness of accent. "What d'you think if you and I fly away with her?"

"Don't think anything. I can't fly," was Bert's not very encouraging answer.

"I can," said Lily amazingly. "I got my license in Los Angeles last year. I've flown all the coast of Lower California. That's why he took me on the trip across, instead of any of the other girls that were crying their eyes

She had a delectable laugh, this Lily Delafield, who drank too much and talked too much, who had been in prison—probably.

out to go. Think I couldn't hop across to New Zealand from here? Why, it's more than halfway, and the weather's perfect, and the bus running like a watch."

Bert was discouragingly silent. She went on: "They don't know him in New Zealand, and with his spare helmet on you'd pass for him anywhere. Why shouldn't we go? We could kid them you flew the bus and just let me do the landing."

She had got both arms round him now. She pulled his head down and kissed him.

"You tell me where the jewels are," she murmured. "That's all. I'll do everything else. And we'll go halves. I like you, now I look at you."

This was nothing new to Bert: women had always liked him. But the thought of the jewels with this golden girl thrown in was not a little tempting.

He was not, in his thoughts, unfaithful to Dorrie or to honesty. Nevertheless, he temporized.

"You go and sleep off the drink," he told her, somewhat roughly. "We'll talk more when you're fit to be talked to."

Of course, he thought, he didn't mean to turn down Dorrie. Of course he wouldn't do anything dishonest. But would it be dishonest, according to his own code? Whom would he be robbing? No one; if there'd been a family, a will—

Like a sudden stab came the thought of that long envelope with its seals. He had not thought of it till now. It looked like the kind of envelope that might hold a will. But the old man had had no family, was notoriously opposed to charities of any kind. It couldn't be a will.

Bert bit the side of his finger. This matter held special difficulty for him—difficulty which he was not inclined to confide to anyone, least of all to Lily.

HE locked himself into his room before he opened the envelope. It contained a sheet of thin parchment covered all over with black characters. For a long time he studied it, holding it to the light and going over and over every word. Then he drew a sigh. "Bad," he said, folded up the parchment and put it away. The world had suddenly grown darker, problems more difficult.

Lily Delafield was considerably more sober when he returned, and by that more dangerous. She had smoothed and tidied herself, got into a light frock (Bert saw her scant baggage in the hallway), and was fully prepared to lay siege to her sole companion. She began, harmlessly enough, by asking questions about Billy-all-alone and what had become of him. Bert's answer seemed to interest her immensely. She questioned him on the manner of Benison's end, the disposal of the body, the time that had elapsed between death and the stowing away of the corpse.

"You're all right," she assured him. "They can't do a thing to you. Way I take it, he died of a heart attack, unexpected, probably never knew he had it, and a P. M. would tell that. Tell the minute he died, and how long it was before you put him away in soak. Circumstantial evidence all in your favor. You're lucky."

She seemed to take it for granted that he was going to need the help of circumstantial evidence, some time or other. That chilled him, and, almost more, the plain inference that she was familiar with trials for murder and their proceedings. Nevertheless—

She was a woman, and he was a man who had seen no woman's face for weeks. She was a fascinating woman, and he was a man easily fascinated, even against his judgment and his will.

Before sundown he had capitulated. Half unwillingly, he got out the safe key and opened the safe. She followed him, watching every step of the proceedings with greedy keenness. When the gems were out of their cases, tumbled forth on the empty bed where Billy-all-alone had been wont to sleep, she let out a shriek of amazement.

"Oh, gosh! Oh, gee! Oh—there's a hundred thousand pounds of them—maybe more!"

She was hardly affected at all by the beauty of the wonderful things. She hovered over them, claws outspread, like a bright parrakeet suddenly turned vulture.

"That's an awful lot of money," objected Bert. "Are you sure?" He was almost frightened by the magnitude of the prize—if it was a prize.

"Sure? D'you think no one's ever given

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BILLY-ALL-ALONE
Continued from page seventeen]

me jewels and I've never hocked them? Sure? Rather. Didn't he leave any list or anything? How can one know they're all there?"

She had seen the parchment in its envelope. She pounced on it suddenly.

"Look-a-here," said Bert warningly. "You be careful of that; it's something valuable."

She did not seem to hear him; she had suddenly become very quiet.

Over at the window, with the parchment held up to the full light of late afternoon sun, she studied its contents for at least five minutes. Bert was growing impatient, when she came to an end, replaced the document in its envelope, and said coolly:

"Have you read this?"

"I hadn't time to go all through it," he answered.

She was watching him, now, like a cat watching a mouse.

"I'll keep it for the present," she said, with her eyes on his. "I'll go over it some time or other." She put it, crumpled up, into her pocket.

"I want it," he told her, touched by some vague suspicion.

"You'll have it." She was smiling deliciously. "We'll go over the whole thing together—tomorrow morning."

Something made Bert declare, "I'm as good as a married man, dearie."

Her eyes grew dark with feeling unnamed, ugly. "And I'm married, and divorced, and married again; how do you like that?"

He knew she was thinking of shadowy men in the past; he disliked those men.

"I don't like it at all," he answered, as he was meant to answer. And the recollection of Dorrie grew pale.

LILY DELAFIELD seemed to understand her victory.

"You go and sit in your chair, like a man should sit," she told him, "and I'll go to the kitchen and make dinner for us both. I'm so hungry I could eat my boots."

"I'll come along and help you."

"You won't." She seemed curiously determined about this. "I can't do with men bothering about my kitchen. I want to make a real good dinner. If you and I are going to start off with the bus for New Zealand at sunup, we'll need something inside of us. I get that hungry, flying."

Bert, wondering a little why she should think it necessary to make all these explanations about a very simple thing, went off to the gallery. He amused himself, for a while, hanging out of the windows and looking down at the plane. It was in a secure place, well anchored; and the weather, as Lily had said, was perfect.

Was he going with her? Would they two, at sunup, rise from the water and head away for New Zealand, Luala a blue speck on the ocean far below them, poverty, anxiety left far behind? Would a day come when he could send for Dorrie to join him, in America or elsewhere, with a fortune in his hand to offer her?

The parchment stood in the way—the will. Benison, in dying, had tried to form the word with his last breath—had barely failed to do so. That will left the stuff to somebody. If one went away with Lily Delafield and the jewels, one wouldn't be merely depriving the (adjectived) government of something it oughtn't to have: one would be robbing quite concrete people, widows and orphans maybe.

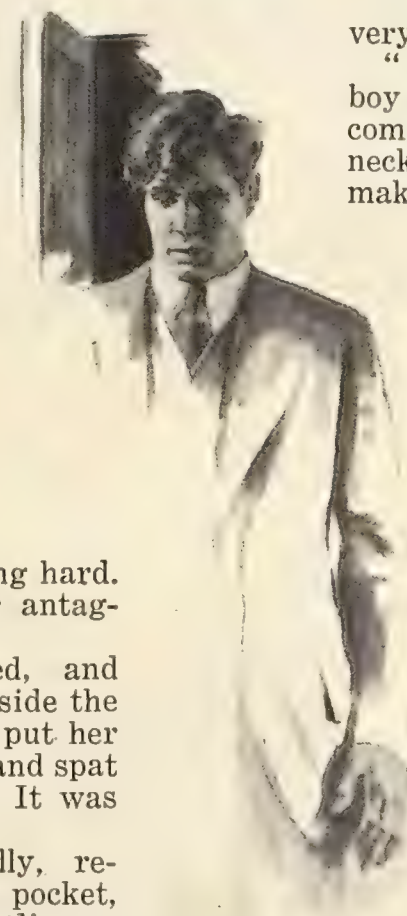
That was more than Bert Wills, mason, heretofore honest man, was prepared to do. As for the little hell kitten in there, with her hair and her eyes and her lies and her ways, she couldn't help being what she was, and no doubt she had taken a fancy to him; plenty of women had done so before.

He was beginning to feel hungry, and powerful smells of something cooking in the kitchen added to the feeling. Lily was frying onions; one couldn't mistake that powerful reek. But she was not the cook she claimed to be, or Bert was seriously mistaken. For there was another smell, half masked by the onion, yet unmistakable—a smell of animal matter burning.

It occurred to him that he would steal in and catch her, laugh at her, kiss her, pretend to punish her for her carelessness. She was a taking little creature.

Shoeless, Bert Wills crept into the kitchen—and stood still.

Lily had filled a pan with grease and onions, and set it on one burner of the oil stove. Over the other she was holding something that caught fire, smoldered, stank, and refused to make a satisfactory blaze. What was she trying to do? Was she—by hell, she was!



Bert, though a powerful man and a quick one, was almost too late. Lily Delafield heard him come up behind her, and frantically stuffed the burning parchment down the chimney of the oil cooker, risking explosion.

He caught her hand, and thrust his own into the blazing chimney. The parchment came up, torn, scorched and blackened, but practically whole.

"What did you do that for?" he said, breathing hard. They stared at each other antagonistically.

"Find out!" she cried, and bolted from the room. Outside the doorway she turned round, put her head back into the kitchen, and spat a curious epithet at him. It was "Dunce!"

Bert, very philosophically, returned the parchment to his pocket, and busied himself cooking dinner. It was dark before he had done, and more than once or twice he found occasion to go and look out of the windows, even after the sun was quite down and the sea had turned from indigo to soot. What he saw seemed to interest him a good deal.

Michael Benison was lying on the scullery floor.

He ate by and by, and, when he had finished, put food on a tray and took it to the door of the bedroom.

"You'd better stop performing," he said equably, "and have a bite to eat."

There was no answer, except hysterical and, he thought, exaggerated sobbing. He waited for a minute and tried again:

"Besides, I've something very important to tell you."

The door opened, and Lily, red eyed but quite self possessed, stood in the light of the lamps.

"You're a liar," she said, "but let's hear your lie." As if absent mindedly, she took the tray.

"If you'll look out of any of them windows of yours," declared Bert, "you'll see the lights of a steamer coming in."

She set down the tray and flew across her room. "So it is," she breathed. "What do you—is it—"

"I reckon it'd be the gunboat Dandelion out on survey. She wasn't expected just about here, but I lay she seen the plane come down this afternoon, and thought she'd better make inquiries and pick up corpses, if any."

"What do you mean to say to them?"

She was very watchful now, very much mistress of herself.

Bert, in a flash of intuition, knew that she had before now faced representatives of law with no clean conscience—had learned to steel herself. "And she no more than a kid," he thought pitifully.

"I'm going to hand them over the jewels and this," he said, tapping his pocket.

"Yes?" She did not move. Her eyes were very blue in the lamplight.

"And I'm going to tell them how the old boy winked out, and you and the other chap come down in the plane, and how he broke his neck. Pilots do break their necks sometimes, makin' what they call forced landings. Eh?"

Her answer was a strange one: "I wish *I* had broken my neck," she said; and afterward, "I suppose you'll go back to her!"

And Bert was not so ignorant of women and their ways as to ask unkindly, "Who?"

THE commander of the Dandelion shut up the last leather case, snapping its elastics neatly home.

"A magnificent collection," he said. "Curious that old Billy-all-alone should have turned out to be a miser. Misers are out of fashion, rather, one thought. What's the paper you say he left? What's in it?"

Silently Bert handed over the scarred, blackened, but perfectly legible parchment.

"Someone tried to destroy this?" snapped the officer.

"I dono," answered Bert woodenly.

"Well, whoever it might have been, it couldn't have been you," remarked the commander, "since it makes you—if the story you told me turns out to be correct—it makes you legatee."

Bert Wills was silent for about three seconds. Then he said:

"Would you mind just reading it over again? I want to hear how it sounds read aloud."

The commander shot a shrewd glance at him—a glance with considerable kindliness in it. Very slowly and carefully he read Michael Benison's holograph will. Benison had been a solicitor's clerk in his youth, and the document was sound.

It left the jewels to whoever should attend him in his last illness—a final gesture of scorn from a man who despised humanity, yet one that seemed to suggest, strangely enough, some faint aspiration after pity.

"I shall die alone," it whispered, between the lines. "I know that. But I want you all to see what would have been the lot of any creature, no matter who, that gave me help and kindness at the last. . . ."

In the event of his dying without witnesses (the will concluded) his possessions were to go to the crown.

How much the shrewd naval man knew, how much he guessed, of the various happenings on Luala, was not, at that moment, told. He took charge of the jewels, in the name of the crown; ordered a certain barrel to be brought down for shipping; offered Bert and the girl passage to Sydney; and, as they were going down the long rock stairs for the last time, remarked to the former:

"I should get something done, if I were you, as soon as you land."

"I know," said Bert. "Get me hair cut."

"No. Get someone, quietly, to teach you to read."

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Then get the full pleasure of *Face Fitness* by finishing with Aqua Velva. No haphazard concoction this, merely labeled "for after shaving". But, *made expressly for this purpose,* it's a perfected, tested formula for face care, blended from 88 years of study of what newly shaven skins are like and what they really need.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY.
GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREAL, CANADA.

Aqua Velva starts with a brisk, stimulating tingle . . . . gives a feeling of buoyancy, wide-awakeness. Then it cares for tiny nicks and cuts, protects from dust and germs, wind and weather; keeps the skin flexible by conserving its natural moisture, pliant to the touch, well conditioned all day,—just as the Williams lather *leaves* it.

Watch your face respond to this Williams service—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. Pleasure, comfort, good appearance! All these things come from face grooming the Williams way. Try it!

WILLIAMS HOLIDAY PACKAGE—For a Man's Christmas.

Just the thing for the man you like best!

A big tube of Williams Cream; a big bottle of Aqua Velva; a big can of Men's Talc and a choice cake of Jersey Cream Toilet Soap—all contained in a Christmas box brilliantly lithographed in red and green and gold. A sensible and very welcome present for any man. All dealers have it. Price, $1.

The articles in Williams Holiday Package bought separately cost considerably more than one dollar. It's a special and beautiful holiday bargain. Ask for it by name. *Williams Holiday Package.*

A tip to the Executive: Distribute Williams Holiday Packages among your salesmen and office force. Your men will remember you gratefully for many a long day.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM --- AQUA VELVA

Liners of the AIR

What the Dirigible Means to Commerce

By Rear Admiral
WILLIAM A. MOFFETT
Chief of the Bureau of Aëronautics, U. S. Navy

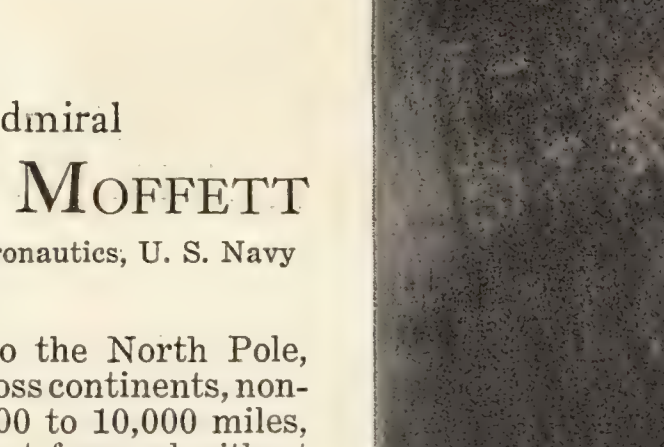
WEEKEND trips to the North Pole, casual flights across continents, nonstop tours of 5,000 to 10,000 miles, voyages over oceans without fuss and without delay—and all reading like an aviation dream of the future.

The average man who has not collected the scattered achievements in present day aviation would find it hard to believe that these things are possible today.

So much attention has centered on the heavier than air machine that the dirigible, or lighter than air ship, has been left to go its unheralded way to perfection. Yet, neglected though it has been in its development, the rigid airship has to date far surpassed in performance anything ever done by an airplane.

Recently we have witnessed the arrival in the United States of the first commercial airship to cross the ocean—the Graf Zeppelin.

Some months ago the naval airship Los Angeles sailed from her hangar at Lakehurst, New Jersey, and, after a thirty-eight hour run, dropped to her mooring station in the Panama Canal Zone. Little notice was taken of the event. No headlines proclaimed it. It was a routine affair, exacting no comment. Yet the first nonstop flight by air to our vastly important commercial and strategic outpost—the Panama Canal—had been made. Its significance and importance were entirely overlooked.



The Shenandoah flew majestically in and out of the passes—a composite photograph showing how the great ship appeared flying through the Rocky Mountains in 1924. At left, the route of the cross country voyage from Lakehurst and return.

The Los Angeles carried a complement of forty persons and made the voyage in about one-fifth the time required by steamers.

In the spring of this year two Germans and an Irishman hopped off from Ireland, flying westward, and, astounding a waiting world, alighted safely on an island on this side of the Atlantic. It was the first successful flight made by a heavier than air machine from the Old World to the New without a stop. It was an achievement that brought fame to the daring trio who had blazed the hitherto supposedly impossible trail.

Yet four years before, when the German nation completed the building of the Los Angeles at Friedrichshafen for the United States government and time for delivery arrived, the builders of the huge dirigible ordered the crew on board, fueled up, and sailed 5,000 miles across the Atlantic, mooring at Lakehurst eighty hours later without fuss and with-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LINERS OF THE AIR
Continued from page twenty-one]

out much glory. The British airship R-34 had crossed and recrossed the Atlantic in 1919, but this achievement seems to have been forgotten.

While the Los Angeles was making this epic flight, the American built airship Shenandoah was crossing the continent to San Diego, sailing up the Pacific coast to Tacoma, Washington, and returning to Lakehurst, covering 9,000 miles in a single cruise.

I was on that cruise of the Shenandoah and it was during that flight that my firm belief in the future of the lighter than air ship was more than fully confirmed. My experience on that flight and what I saw convinced me that rigid airships were practicable and would be popular for passenger carrying voyages across the continents as well as across the oceans.

There will be a long waiting list of passengers desiring to leave the bleak climate of the east coast, fly over the plains, mountains, deserts, and prairies in comfort and absolute cleanliness, and arrive amid the orange groves of California in less time than it takes by railroad.

The attitude of the public toward the rigid airship seems to be that it is extremely unsafe. As Senator Bingham of Connecticut pointed out in a speech before the Senate early this year, the public is too apt to forget the great feats of the dirigibles and remember only what happened to the Shenandoah on its last ill fated trip to the West.

Int. photo

The Graf Zeppelin, first commercial airship to cross the Atlantic, arriving at New York.

Senator Bingham asserted then that, for transoceanic travel at least, the dirigible had proved itself far safer than the airplane.

OF all the attempts made to fly from Europe direct to America in heavier than air machines, only one has succeeded, and only the superb skill of the pilots saved the crew of the Bremen. In the other direction, more than half the attempts brought death to pilots and crews.

In the light of this, the records of dirigibles are outstanding. The round trip voyage of the British R-34 to our shores in 1919 remains as one of the greatest of aircraft feats. Since that time the safety and reliability of airships have been constantly improving. Already the Los Angeles has made more than 100 successful flights, totaling more than 1,600 hours in the air. She has remained moored at her mast, at the mercy of every wind that blows, for about 650 hours.

The cry is sometimes raised that the airship cannot perform in rough weather. What airplane can? Yet the Los Angeles in her cruises to Porto Rico and to Bermuda encountered bad weather and rode through it, and made the voyage to Panama and return as a matter of routine.

While there may be as yet no positive evidence of the practicability of regular transoceanic travel by rigid airships, there is no evidence against its coming in due time. Certainly all things point that way.

PERHAPS the greatest argument in favor of the rigid airship for commercial use is its weight carrying capacity over long distances. The heaviest airplanes built today have a lifting power seldom greater than 10,000 pounds. The Los Angeles has a gross lifting power of 179,240 pounds, and larger airships are already approaching completion having a lift of more than 350,000 pounds.

Many trying years must intervene before the airplane can be trusted to carry valuable cargoes across oceans. It is questionable whether heavier than air machines will ever be able to transport goods in paying quantities over the Atlantic. Where loads will be light they must of necessity be valuable, and the willingness to take the risk will be less as the value of the cargo rises.

Not so with the airship. The giant ships can now transport cargoes of moderate value in sufficient quantities to warrant the prediction of a profitable future for them. For human freight the best answer lies in the British project of flying 100 paying passengers across the Atlantic in the airship which, at this writing, is almost ready to undergo preliminary tests in England.

Way back in 1911 the Germans built airships for commercial service, and more than 1,500 trips—profitable ones, too, from a financial standpoint—were made between Berlin and other German cities without any mishap involving injuries to passengers. Immediately after the war, an attempt was made to resume passenger service with two small airships. From August to December, 1919, one of these airships made 103 flights in ninety-eight consecutive days, which I believe to be almost a record for consecutive operation of any type of aircraft. The airships which were used in the passenger carrying operations just outlined were primitive examples of the large, rugged, comfortable air liners that would be built for such purposes today.

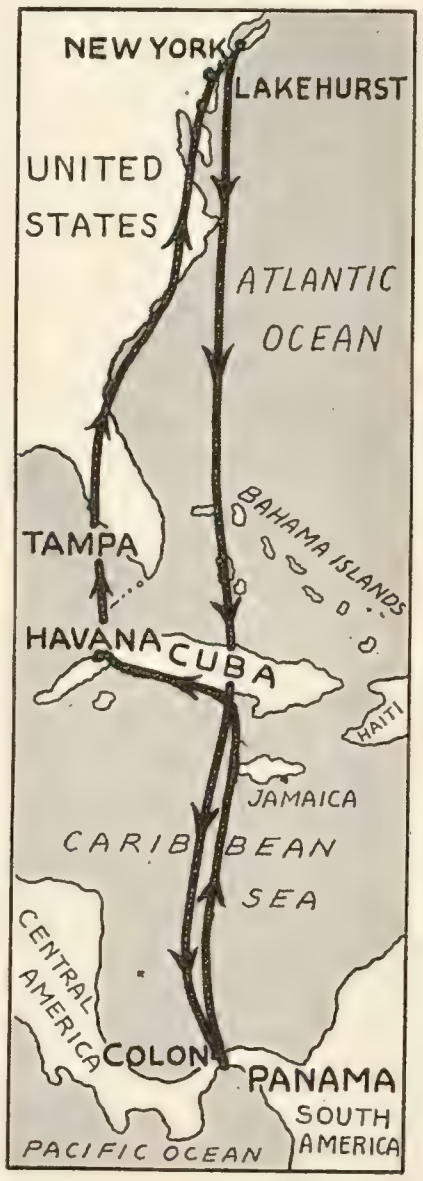
The latest type airships, such as the British are now testing, are

fitted with elaborate accommodations for the comfort of passengers, with staterooms, promenade decks, spacious dining rooms, and sleeping quarters—conditions that will not soon be equaled by the airplane, if ever.

Remembering all this, bearing in mind that the rigid airship has been comparatively successful from the time of its inception, it is rather surprising to think that the United States at present possesses only one, the Los Angeles.

It seems to me that we have not carried on with this great medium of swift, capacious air transport as we should have done. The loss of the Shenandoah undoubtedly is responsible to a great extent. That disaster took the heart out of the enterprise for some. Yet I cannot see why it should. Certainly it would have been disastrous for progress if the first airplane crash had stopped the development of the heavier than air machine.

This country has not advanced through timidity. We have had pioneers in every age. The covered wagons that plowed through the trackless prairies did not stop because Indian bands murdered the hindermost.



The air path to Panama covered by the Los Angeles in thirty-eight hours.

THE rigid airship today fills a gap in transportation needs that can be filled by no other means. It is not, nor can it ever be, in competition with the airplane. In a recent article in LIBERTY I stated my belief in the great future, my faith in the present development, of heavier than air machines. In this article I wish only to call attention to what I believe has been the neglect of another great servant of mankind, the large rigid airship, frequently referred to as the dirigible.

Airplanes are essentially proper for short flights. The great feats of Colonel Lindbergh, Commander Byrd, Chamberlin, the crews of the Bremen and the Southern Cross have served their invaluable purpose. But they have not shown that airplanes are suitable for long distance flying, especially when that flying involves the spanning of oceans.

Actually the airplane has shown its worth as a weight carrying machine on flights of from 100 to 500 miles. Much beyond that the hazard is still too great to permit commercial success.

I said that I was on board the Shenandoah when that airship made its 9,000 mile cruise. Without qualification I can say that I have never before or since so thoroughly enjoyed an air voyage. And I have covered many thousands of miles by airplane.

IT was with a certain concern as to the complete success of the voyage that I climbed on board the airship as it swayed from its mooring mast at Lakehurst. Then I, too, gave thought to the difficulties to be met in spanning the continent, flying through mountain ranges, for I knew the Shenandoah would have to fly through them, not over them.

Some of the officers on board were even more concerned than I was. It was the concern that comes with a new venture—more the anxiety for accomplishment than any fear of danger.

We cast off on October 7 and headed the ship's nose toward the south and west. We climbed immediately to around 1,500 feet. There was no rolling or bumping. The ship sailed more smoothly than an ocean liner on a calm sea. There was no vibration whatever; no noise. The ship was steadier than a railroad train. There was no sense of great height such as the novice gets in an airplane. The motors did not blast their nerve racking din into one's ears. The ship moved on in utter silence, sedately, steadily, powerfully.

We were headed for Fort Worth, Texas. We walked the decks, played bridge in the cabins, listened to the ship's radio—behaved, in fact, as one does on an ocean liner. And all the while we were eating up distance as no ocean liner could. We had not thought, when night came, of the necessity of landing, as would be the case in an airplane. This is one of the great advantages of the airship—ability to fly as safely at night as during the day.

After about thirty-five hours of flying, and having slept comfortably in our bunks during the night,

The path followed by the Los Angeles in flying to Porto Rico.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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NOT A MEDICINE

A Food Discovery From Switzerland Doctors The World Over Are Advising

Here is sleep a few minutes after you go to bed . . . without the use of drugs or soporifics! Sound sleep, natural sleep; eight or nine hours of it.

Then a wonderful day tomorrow . . . new energy and new life! For, besides inducing sleep, this new way builds up your depleted tissues while you sleep. It is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink.

Do you wonder, then, that nervous, restless people are flocking to its use? Mail coupon below for a 3-day test.

What It Is

It is a scientific food-drink called Ovaltine . . . the discovery of a Swiss scientist of world-fame. It contains no medicine; no drugs of any nature.

New to America, it has been used over 30 years in Europe. Over 20,000 doctors advise it. Its use has spread over 50 different nations.

You take it before going to bed. Soon you fall asleep. And while you sleep, new energy is developed.

For, note particularly, *it does more than induce sleep*. Its unique dietetic power resupplies your system, during the night, with the energy you lost the day before. You feel like a new person all next day.

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Thus you can take it night after night, year in and year out. And not only not

Doctors everywhere advise this drugless food-drink—for nerve-strain, sleeplessness, "run down" condition. To build health without medicine.

form a habit, as with drugs, but build your health as well.

20,000 Doctors Advise It

Rated as one of the most important

Because Ovaltine is not a drug, but a unique food-drink; because it brings instant, all-night sleep that builds up tremendous energy for the next day—over 20,000 doctors endorse this natural way to healthful sleep.

scientific findings of the day, Ovaltine is being advised, by doctors, and used in hospitals, not only for sleeplessness, but for nerve-strain, malnutrition, nervous, underweight children, nursing mothers and the aged.

Its standing in the scientific world is unquestioned. Ovaltine is different from all other food-drinks known. Widely different from "Malt" or "Chocolate" drinks in this country that may strive to imitate it. Watch out for this.

Accept 3-Day Test

Sleep will be yours. Your days will take on new vigor. Your whole appearance will show the results of sleep obtained in this natural way.

Obtain Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Also served at soda fountains. Make the test for your own sake. Clip the coupon now before you forget.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

Make this experiment. Drink a cup of Hot Ovaltine before retiring for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day. Mail coupon, with 10c. for a 3-day introductory package.

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BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(*Print name and address clearly*)

Address.....

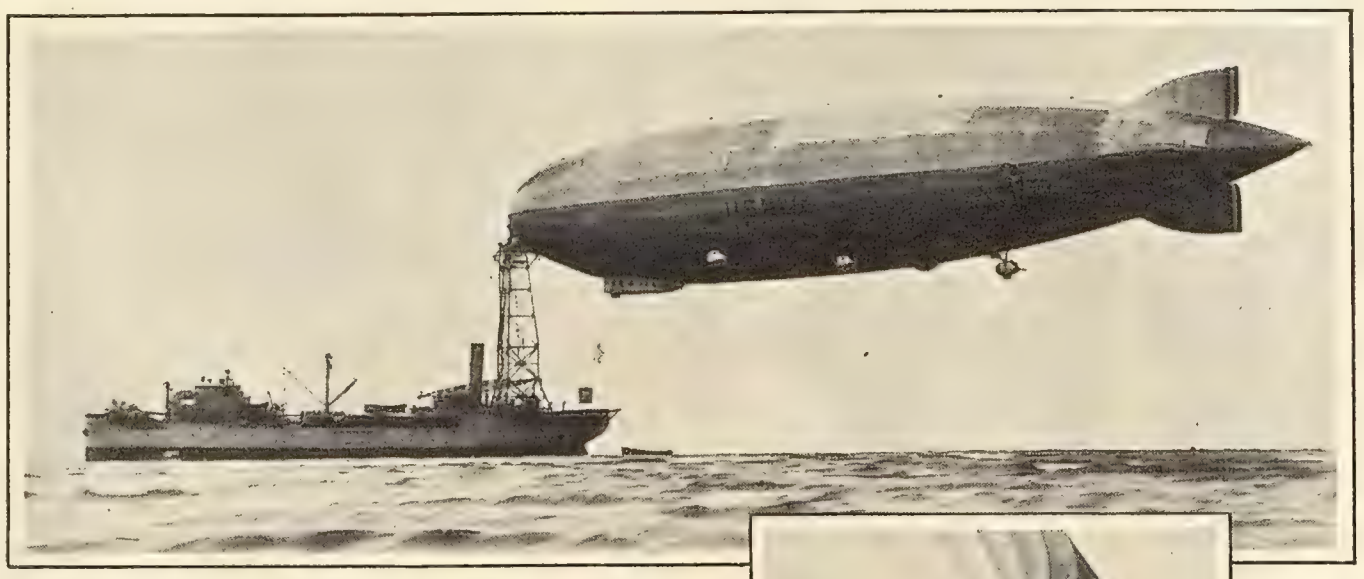
City.....
(One package to a person)

[LINERS OF THE AIR
Continued from page twenty-three]

we descended without incident at our first landing place, Fort Worth. Here we took on more helium gas and gasoline. The next day we took off for San Diego. It was night when we reached the Rocky Mountains. Here began the most thrilling adventure of my voyages on rigid airships.

The Shenandoah was not a large airship, as large airships are built today. She was but half the size of the latest British airship; much smaller than the new German craft. Helium gas is not so light as the hydrogen used in the foreign ships; consequently the lift is not so powerful. It is a price we pay for safety. We could not sail over the mountain peaks, as will be entirely practicable with the new airships.

It was early night when we nosed our way into the first mountain pass. We could not fly above the peaks, and maneuvering through them was ticklish work. At times we were so close to them one felt he had but to put out his hand to touch them. Commander Lansdowne kept his ship under perfect control, however, and the Shenandoah flew majestically in and out of the passes.



The Los Angeles moored at sea to the U. S. S. Patoka.

At this time, while we were passing through the mountains, the engineer officer went into one of the engine gondolas or cars. He found the door on the outboard side closed, and as the night was warm he asked the engineman why he had shut the door. The latter replied, "Well, sir, I thought I'd better shut it to keep some of those mountain goats from jumping aboard."

Junius B. Wood, the newspaper correspondent, was aboard to write the story of the trip for all the newspapers. The crew looked on him as a landlubber, and during the trip told stories when he was within hearing to "pull his leg."

When the mountainsides were looking pretty close, early in the evening, and Wood was with some of the crew listening to yarns, one of the mechanics came in and said, "Well, I got out on the elevator rudder just in time to shove her off from that last mountain—this certainly is close work!" Wood turned in soon after, and the men believed they had got *his* goat, even if they did not get one from the mountains.

IT was late in the night when I reluctantly turned in. Most of the time I had spent forward in the control car. My own bunk was about amidships, and to reach it I had to walk along a narrow gangway, called the cat walk, not more than eight inches wide and with thin ropes for handrails. The outer cover for about 100 feet had been taken away under the cat walk for ventilation, and the valley lay more than 5,000 feet below. But I, like everyone else who travels on airships, had become completely accustomed to the altitude, and looked down thousands of feet to the ground without conscious thought.

I had hardly prepared myself for sleep when the nose of the ship pointed up at an unusually steep angle. I made my way back hurriedly to the control car. Commander Lansdowne, the helmsman, and the engineer were standing with heads together. Something was wrong. Landsdowne pointed ahead.

We were running straight toward a mountainside. There was no way around. The mountains now were on all sides of us. It was a ticklish moment. The huge ship was straining upward as she neared the mountain. Would she make it? Commander Lansdowne turned to the helmsman.

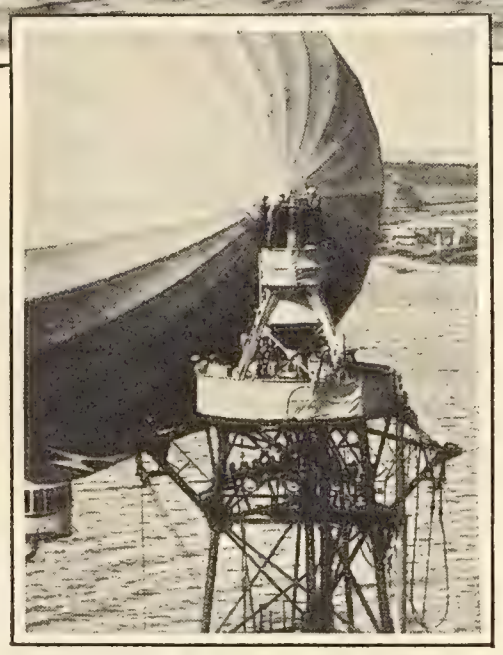
"Give her all the elevator she's got."

"She's got all she's got now, sir," said Allelee, the helmsman.

The motors roared as the dirigible's full ascending weight shifted on them. Now we were almost on top of the mountain. It was a tense moment. We held our breath as it passed, seeming to be only a few feet under our tail. Lansdowne nosed the ship over to a level keel, she settled back into position, and I went peacefully to bed.

At sunrise there was Tucson and the desert beneath us; soon the Salton Sea and Riverside, California; and that evening, October 11, we arrived at San Diego. No further incident enlivened the trip, except that while over Riverside we ran into a snowstorm and descended suddenly 5,000 feet, coming so near to the ground that we lost our lead antenna fish which was attached to a 500-foot cable.

From San Diego we went on to Tacoma, stayed at Tacoma a few days, and returned again to San Diego. On October 23 we started for home, passed through the mountains without trouble, and, after a stop at Fort Worth, sailed into Lakehurst on October 25. We had been eighteen days on our cruise.



How the giant dirigibles are anchored by their noses in the air.

Now, it is hardly necessary to say that no airplane could perform such a feat, but I did not go into the details of the trip to establish that fact. Rather was it to convey an idea of the traveling comfort afforded by the dirigible.

To me, of course, as a naval man, the possibilities of dirigibles for use in war are of outstanding importance, but I have always kept in mind their great commercial use. The flight of the Los Angeles to Panama taught us many things. Here was one of our most vital strategic bases brought within about thirty-five hours of the homeland. In other words, we have now established swift personal contact and communication by air between this strategic point and the home bases.

And the Los Angeles is not a modern airship. What we may accomplish with larger and faster ships of greater weight capacity is yet to be proved, but undoubtedly the time can be greatly reduced. Congress has authorized the construction of two rigid airships, each of approximately 6,000,000 cubic feet lifting gas capacity. The contract for these new airships for our navy has just been placed. The new ships, while having three times the capacity of the Los Angeles, will be only about 15 per cent more in length, and about 50 per cent greater in diameter.

Let us assume these airships will be used for carrying transoceanic passengers. The actual dead lift will be approximately seventy-two tons. It would take quite a number of passengers to weigh seventy-two tons. There are, of course, a certain number of fixed weights, such as crews of thirty-five for each ship, their effects, provisions, and minimum ballast. With all these deducted there still remain fifty tons disposable for fuel, passengers, and paying cargo.

The maximum speed of our 6,000,000 cubic foot airship will be about seventy-five knots, requiring some 4,000 horsepower. Cruising speed will be at about sixty knots an hour, or more than twice as fast as the fastest ocean liners. The cruising radius, under favorable conditions, will be, with paying load, about 6,000 land miles. Thus transoceanic travel becomes practical and is within reach.

TO handle these big ships we have Lakehurst, and have already provided mooring masts and greatly improved them.

The new mooring masts, designed by naval officers, have eliminated one of the greatest hazards encountered by the dirigible—handling on the ground. So far have we progressed in this direction that the Los Angeles recently successfully landed on a ship under way at sea, the aircraft carrier Saratoga. The value of this accomplishment will not be realized fully until the need arises in war.

In my own mind there is no question of the vital part the large airship will play in the next war—provided that we, in this peaceful world, should happen to have a next war. The ability of these giant craft to carry loads safely over long distances, to remain aloft for days, and even weeks, the greatly improved methods of mooring, the almost foolproof construction, all tend to create for them a place in aviation that none other can fill.

Again, and for the third time, I hark back to that all important question of safety—personal safety. It is the gravest question of all, because death is not theoretical.

If we can eliminate the fear of catastrophe, the loss of human life, we can go placidly on to our varied objectives. Nor do I blame the public in this. Rather do I commend it, for it is often the restraining influence of the public that brings back to sanity the wild ventures of the pioneer.

I do now say, with its serious import in mind, that the rigid airship is by far the safest craft in aviation today.

I am still remembering the fate of the Shenandoah. But I am, too, remembering that ships have been lost at sea, that bridges have collapsed, and that ships and bridges are safe. I remember that we live securely in homes, and that homes have crumbled.

The fate of the good ship Shenandoah and her gallant men, far from throwing a barrier across the road of achievement, should have had the effect of clearing that road. By mistakes we must learn. We have learned from her, even at the cost of human life. Still, we have learned. That knowledge goes into the book of safety.

Some few years ago the United States led the world in the rigid airship field. We carried on when other nations gave up. Now other nations have passed us. It is up to us to see that this new merchant marine of the air comes back into the fold of a nation that, with its population and resources, should not be content to be second to any.

THE END

The SPARTON
EQUASONNE
In all the world there can be no gift just like the new Sparton EQUASONNE, for there is no parallel to the captivating richness of its magnificent voice. Complete the contentment of your snug family circle this Christmas with the beautiful and inspiring music that only this marvelous new instrument can bring to you.
THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON CO.
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JACKSON, MICH., U. S. A.
Pioneers of Electric Radio without batteries of any kind.
SPARTON RADIO
"The Pathfinder of the Air"

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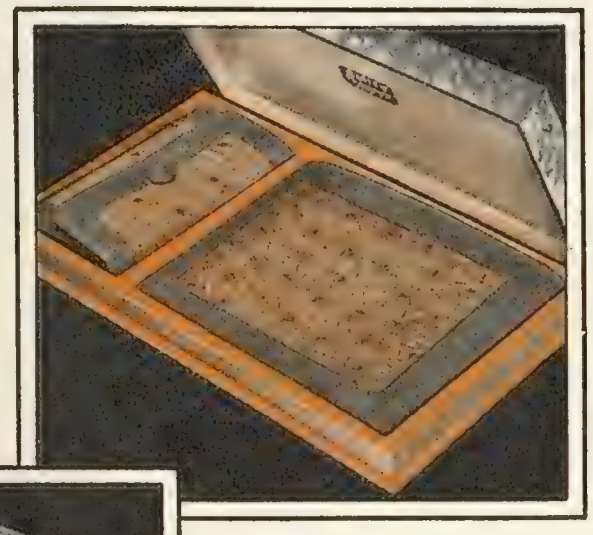
Not if you choose Amity sets of matched leather

Amity gift set in richly tooled mahogany pigskin. Threefold wallet and Key Kaddy in gift box for $2.50. Other sets in a variety of leathers, plain, gold mounted or tooled and hand-laced. From $2.50 to $35. Also comes in combination of threefold and cigarette case.

Find-ex and Key Kaddy come in beautiful sets of matched leather, some plain, some richly tool embossed, and some hand-laced. These matched sets make wonderfully attractive gifts. Your choice of six different leathers and designs. $7, in a handsome gift box.



This is the Key Kaddy which matches Find-ex. It comes in six different varieties of leather, and in several different finishes, some plain, some tool embossed and some hand-laced, to match the various designs of Find-ex. $2 in a handsome gift box.

This is Find-ex, the greatest improvement in men's wallets in years. Find-ex keeps your cards, auto licenses, etc., clean and orderly in a patented, self-indexing, removable, visible file and it has a separate compartment for the new small-sized bills. In six different varieties of leather. In gift box, $5.

Amity gift set. Hand-colored, laced, tool embossed, steerhide threefold wallet, Key Kaddy and cigarette case in beautiful silk-lined box, $12.50. Other sets in a variety of leathers and designs, $2.50 to $50.

Amity ladies' handbag of rich imported steerhide, hand-colored and tool embossed, with attractively laced edges. Fitted with mirror and purse, $16.50. Other ladies' bags of many designs from $5 to $25.

Selecting the right gifts for dad, son or brother can be the very easiest part of your Christmas giving this year. And the most appreciated! Amity gifts of fine leather, durable, useful and beautifully wrought, are what every man secretly hopes for, but does not really expect.

For mother and daughter, too, Amity makes hand-bags that settle many a gift problem.

Wallets, Key Kaddies and cigarette cases — you can get them singly or in sets of matched design with handsome gift boxes. Some of the new Amity gift sets include *FIND-EX*, the greatest improvement ever made in men's wallets. Richly tooled, hand-laced, all are of genuine leather. There is something inherently romantic about leather which appeals to man's imagination. The natural ruggedness and toughness of leathers used in Amity products will be a source of much pleasure to men who receive something made by Amity. You can make your choice from the wide variety of Amity gifts displayed by leather-goods dealers, drug stores, stationers, department stores, men's clothiers and jewelers.

Send for interesting "Book of Amity" No. 20, giving facts about the history and romance of leathers and showing *FIND-EX* and other Amity products. Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wisconsin.

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Pictures by DUDLEY SUMMERS

Nonchalantly his hand was thrust through the open cab window as he fired three times into the Dropper's heart.

Little Solly LIVES

The Story of a Gangster in His Glory

By

WALTON GREEN

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Little Solly Learns, the Story of a Gangster in the Making, appeared in LIBERTY for November 17. It left Solly on the steps of a synagogue, his best friend shot dead at his feet; the girl who was the innocent cause of the battle denouncing him as a traitor, and the murderer whirling away in a taxi.]

TWO policemen wrenched the maddened Sophy loose from the little gangster and snapped the cuffs on his wrists. The girl struggled all the way down the synagogue steps and tried to reach the body of her murdered lover on the sidewalk. She struggled silently and hopelessly and, womanlike, with no real thought to escape. But with the coming of the police she had stopped shrieking "You put him on a spot!" to Solly.

Little Solly stood silent and passive under the hand of the patrolmen. His face remained gray and expressionless, while the blood from Sophy's clawing nails trickled down his cheeks.

For perhaps the first time in his life, Little Solly was profoundly shocked. His best friend lay gaping dead on the sidewalk, shot into a huddled heap by his own chief.

That Dropper Wole's thwarted desire for Sophy should have driven him to kill a loyal follower was bad enough. But to drive up in a taxi and shoot the Midget down as he sat on sacred steps between Little Solly and the girl herself—that was final. So be it, thought Solly dully. There could be but one answer: "Blood washes blood"—the first and last law of Mafia.

To his own arrest Solly gave little thought. He had killed and got clear too often to worry. What did worry and sadden him was the thought that the girl whom he so deeply and secretly loved should believe him capable of having lured to death his own best pal.

Thirty seconds after the fusillade from the Dropper's automatic, the street had emptied as rats scurry to their holes. Now they were pressing back, women and children for the most part. The Dropper's pistol, flung into the gutter and unaccountably overlooked by the first arriving officers, was filched by an eight year old boy. The patrol wagon clattered up and the crowd was pressed back again. Then the police ambulance and the surgeon with a perfunctory stethoscope. And lastly the official photographer—tripod straddling the corpse—dropping cigarette ashes on the Midget's dead face.

The police held Sophy and Little Solly for three days, while they fumbled around for the actual killer. At the end of that time one

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LITTLE SOLLY LIVES
Continued from page twenty-seven]

James McQuade—a stool attached to the Homicide Bureau—enters this chronicle for a brief moment.

On Friday he tipped the real story to Center Street. On Saturday the police picked up the Dropper and the driver of his taxi. On Sunday night Mr. McQuade was taken for a ride by some short tempered friends of Dropper Wole—a ride from which he returned some hours later to adorn a marble slab provided by the city. This incident did not tend to soften the attitude of the authorities when they arraigned the prisoners next day.

Essex Market Court was packed and stinking with East Side humanity. The courtroom itself, old and airless, was unbearable in the muggy spring morning. The benches were crowded with hatless, shawl draped women and pasty faced youths—subordinates of Dropper Wole or Little Solly.

OUTSIDE in the corridor stood Captain Bill Henderson, big and genial as ever, but looking troubled. He had brought the prisoners over. The *Star* man accosted him.

"Morning, captain. What you got on 'em?"

"Not a thing," he admitted peevishly. "Thought the girl was going to talk; but she shut up like a clam after she got a note in her cell. How it was slipped to her I don't know, but the matron found it on her. One sentence in Italian it was: 'To speak little is a fine art.'"

"Sure," said the *Star* man sagely. "Maxims of Mafia."

"Don't you s'pose I know that," was the aggrieved retort. "Well, I gotta go in—we'll be reached any time now."

The examination was brief. The taxi driver was voluble and knew nothing. Patently terrified by the fixed stare of three evil faced youths sitting up front, he had the effrontery to testify that his cab had been at his stand on the Bowery; that while he was bending over the ignition switch, which was out of order, a fare had climbed in and told him to drive to the synagogue; and that he had driven off without even bothering to turn his head or look at his passenger. Yes, he had heard the shots—how many he did not remember. But he had not looked around even then, because a pistol was pressed against the back of his neck. He had driven away at full speed. When he finally did turn around, his cab was empty.

Asked if he knew any of the prisoners by sight, he gulped and turned red. The three youths in the front row coughed in unison. The taximan's face faded to putty color and he answered, "No."

The three youths smiled pleasantly, and the taxi driver stood down. It was plain that his desire to remain living far outweighed his distaste for perjury.

Sophy Kolof, white and bedraggled, took the stand. She wore an air of burned out contempt for the proceedings and all the actors. Yes, she had been sitting on the steps of the synagogue with Meyer. Yes, she lived with him—everyone knew that. Little Solly—Salvatore Maggioroni, that is—had come up and stood near them, talking. She had heard some explosions—and how many she did not know, because she was looking at her little man, who was rolling down the synagogue steps to the sidewalk.

Had she seen the taxi drive up? No—perhaps—how could she tell?—it was all so mixed up.

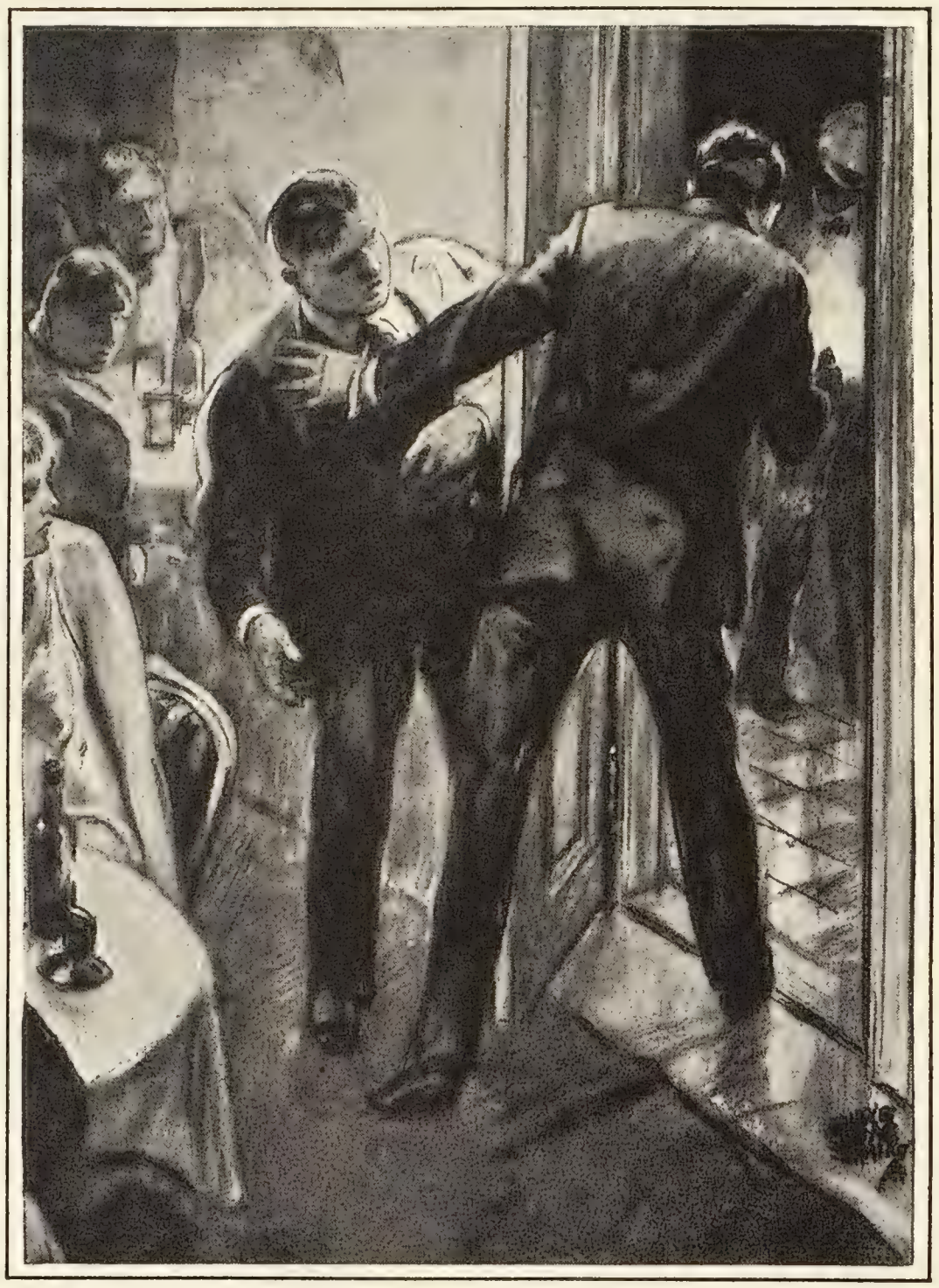
Why had she attacked Salvatore Maggioroni? Who knows? She was crazy—perhaps at first she thought he was doing the shooting; but now she knew there was no pistol there at all.

Had she ever seen this man—the taxi driver—before? No. She was supremely indifferent.

Did she know the prisoner Wole? Sophy's face streaked itself into ugly red and white patches and she began to laugh. The magistrate stirred in his chair and rapped sharply. Sophy's laugh became shriller. A police matron leaned over from behind and pinched her arm viciously. Sophy gave a little yelp of pain and got hold of herself immediately.

Yes, sure she knew Dropper Wole—seen him dozens of times.

Had she seen him in the taxicab?



Slim squeezed through in front of Solly, drawing as he walked and shooting straight and true at Swan Snyder, who stood ten feet away.

SOPHY'S face was calm contempt again. She looked steadily at the Dropper a moment. Then her level gaze shifted to Little Solly. Finally she raised her eyes to the bench and remarked almost casually that if she had noticed any taxi at all she had certainly seen no one in it. She had been watching the Midget's body roll down the steps, as she had said before.

The Dropper's staring eyes blinked rapidly and the air sighed through his teeth. The *Star* man winked sardonically at Captain Bill Henderson, and the captain's lips moved silently and profanely beneath his great mustache. The courtroom stirred restlessly and the three sallow youths in the front row lowered their eyes discreetly to their laps.

With the Dropper himself they got nowhere, either. He had been in no taxicab, had been nowhere near the scene. He had a dozen alibi witnesses ready to swear he had spent the afternoon and evening in his usual hangout.

Little Solly, short and sturdy, sullen and dynamic, the great knife scar along his jawbone showing livid against the unshaven blackness of his face, stood out above the others. He was laconic and fierce. His story dovetailed explicitly with that of the girl. He looked at his traitorous chief with contemptuous and purposeful eyes, but stated that his back had been turned to the street and that he knew absolutely nothing. The firing had begun, his friend crumpled up, and a taxicab disappeared around the corner. That was all he knew. He had seen neither man nor pistol.

Now, Solly had more killings to his credit than all the people in that courtroom put together—the Dropper himself excepted. And he was lying harder than anyone present. But somehow he conveyed a singular impression of merely reserving the truth for a higher tribunal of his own choosing.

The magistrate drummed irritably on the desk with his fingertips. Perjury, perjury, and nothing but perjury. Where would New York end? Well, nothing for it but to turn them loose—murderers, every one of them, at that.

THERE was a tiny metallic tinkle in the stillness of the court—not as loud as the fall of a coin, but more thin and tinny. Captain Bill Henderson tried to locate the sound. The *Star* man, his eyes glittering delightedly, poked the captain in the back.

"Look, captain—just in the patch of sun by Dropper Wole—one of Little Solly's famous razor blades. Vendetta notice given him in open court. Watch the Dropper's face! Ain't it great? You guys don't need to bother with the Dropper. Solly'll take care of him."

"Hell he will!" rasped the captain in a throaty whisper. "I'm takin' the Dropper right back with me in a taxi. We'll send him away for somethin' else. Got plenty other things on him. Have to turn Little Solly out, though. Well, let's go."

The courtroom emptied slowly into the corridor, and the corridor loafers pressed in on the flanks and rear of the officers and Dropper Wole. Close behind them the newspaper men, the *Star* man rubbing elbows with Little Solly and whispering something in his inattentive ear.

Solly walked stolidly, looking neither to right nor left, his face impassive as ever, his eyes on the back of the Dropper's head.

Sophy Kolof, far away and staring, pushed nervously to reach the open air. Leggsy Finn—who two years before had been too late with his blackjack to save Solly from the knife that laid his face open—Leggsy Finn was out in front of the officers surrounding the prisoner, an unlighted cigarette dangling from his lips.

At the curb stood a taxi. The crowd bottlenecked through the doorway and trickled out fanwise down the broad steps. Captain Henderson and two plain clothes men pushed Wole toward the open door of the cab.

Finn, still ahead, had paused at the curb to take a box of matches from his pocket. Cupping the flame in his hands, he passed around behind the taxi, lighting his cigarette as he walked. This time he was not too late. He reached the far side of the taxi just as the Dropper, pushed from behind by Captain Henderson, was taking his seat.

Leggsy slipped his matches nonchalantly into his pocket, and as nonchalantly his hand came out and was thrust through the open cab window. Cigarette smoke curled up into his eyes and made him squint with a curiously absent minded air as he fired three times into

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

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[LITTLE SOLLY LIVES Continued from page twenty-eight]

the Dropper's heart at a range of eight inches. He dropped the automatic in the dead man's lap and turned to run.

Captain Bill, half in and half out of the cab, and cursing savagely, could not draw.

Finn never had a chance. He ran straight into the arms of two dicks who were crossing to the courthouse steps. In a moment three more uniformed men were on top of him. A goodish amount of police temper and fear was vented then and there—despite the presence of a sizable crowd of spectators.

AT the top of the steps a rookie patrolman pinioned Little Solly's arms in approved training school fashion—then, realizing that he was an unarmed prisoner three minutes before, swore at him dirtily and joined the beating up party on the far sidewalk. Little Solly, imperturbably lighting a cigarette, slouched toward Sophy Koloff.

"Wot's the matter?" he asked loudly, that all might hear. "Taxicab backfire?" And then to Sophy, in a whisper:

"Now do ye think I put the Midget on a spot?"

The girl, breathing hard and staring at the slumped up figure in the taxi, did not seem to hear.

"Half paid," she whispered, "half paid."

And then, conscious of Solly at her side, she spoke in a fierce undertone:

"You bumped 'em both. Now you're king—but yours is comin', if it takes ten years."

The *Star* man, eyes glittering again and nostrils slightly dilated, spoke sideways to Little Solly:

"You guys are certainly fast workers. I wanta have a talk with you sometime."

Solly turned away without answering, and shouldered his way through the crowd to Captain Henderson.

"If ye want me, ye know where to find me," he stated indifferently. "I'm going 'long home."

Captain Bill stared at him malevolently, but said nothing. Little Solly, hands deep in his pockets and wholly unarmed, strolled thoughtfully homeward, secure in the belief that reprisal, if it did come, would need time to get organized. For a few hours, at least, he was safe.

He went straight to his flat, and sat in a chair before the window which gave upon the tenement yards. The yards were trodden, mud gray stretches of filth and refuse, with hundreds of dingy clotheslines stretching and crisscrossing overhead, and slatternly radio aërials dangling from precarious chimneys. His mother, who had been at the magistrate's hearing, was not yet home.

Solly smoked thoughtfully and tried to plan things. He was inured to killing and to seeing his friends killed, yet he grieved unreasonably over the death of Midget Meyer. And in less degree he resented the necessity of having had to kill the Dropper. After all, the man had been his chief for two years—and the Midget's chief, too.

She spoke in a fierce undertone: "You bumped 'em both. Now you're king—but yours is comin', if it takes ten years."

But to kill to get a subordinate's woman—that was disloyalty to the whole clan.

Not only was Solly lacking in humor, but he was astonishingly uncynical. Could he have separated things in his own mind, he would have found that having the Dropper shot didn't bother him a bit, but that the antecedent necessities for the act disturbed him.

Similarly toward the girl. Her years of indifference to him, her fierce devotion to the Midget, and Solly's own fruitless loyalty to both of them seemed to him wholly in order and caused him but little suffering. For he was a romantic. And the girl's open enmity meant literally nothing to him as such, for he had even less fear than humor. What did gall him cruelly was that she should still believe him treacherous. He could not explain, and he would not justify. It is the simple minds that suffer under misunderstanding.

SOLLY rose from his chair by the window. It was time to get busy. But first he must eat. He cut himself a large slice of Parmesan cheese and a hunk of tough crusted, unleavened bread. Into a saucer he put two tablespoonfuls of soft, rank butter, over which he poured nearly a cupful of Louisiana blackstrap molasses. This gruesome mess he scooped up on his bread, wolfing the cheese from his other hand, and washing down the whole with a pint of his mother's excellent red.

Solly could—and not infrequently did—dine on champagne and birds. But in the privacy of his mother's kitchen he was prone to go native—a startling combination of native Negroid and native Italian.

Having appeased his stomach, he lighted a cigarette and approached the door. He listened carefully for a moment—then suddenly pulled the door wide open, but standing well behind it so that he could command a view of the hallway through the vertical crack where the hinges swung. It would have taken a good marksman to reach Solly through that inch wide slot—as difficult as trying to fire through the slit of an armored car. The trick had stood him in good stead on several occasions.

Satisfied that the stairs were clear, he descended half a flight, and listened again. Then he reached down, turned two metal catches that fastened the tread to the riser of a certain step, and removed the top entirely. This was Little Solly's tool chest.

He lifted out his pistol and armpit holster, removed his coat, and strapped on the harness. The familiar bulk of the butt under his left arm had a comforting feeling. The Midget was dead, Leggsy was in stir, and he'd have to look out for himself.

HE relocked his stairway ammunition dump. He never kept any evidences of his activities either in his rooms or on his person. He was Sullivan Law proof at all times save when actually going into action. Such a moment might now be at hand.

Solly listened again, and looked over the balusters to the hallways below. But he did not descend. Instead, he walked up to the roof of his tenement, let himself out, and worked his way to the middle of the block. Then he dropped to his belly, crawled to the edge of the coping, and reconnoitered. Half a block back and nearly opposite his own doorway, he made out the figure of Jack Chester entering a delicatessen. Chester, an able and unforgiving guy, had been very close to the Dropper. The party was on.

Solly withdrew from the edge of the roof and went still farther down the block. Presently he found a roof hatch that was unlocked. He descended to the street, crossed over, and entered another tenement on the same side as the delicatessen shop, but more than half a block away. Three minutes later he was on the roofs again, but above and in the rear of the waiting Chester.

The roof door of the building over the delicatessen was open. He walked downstairs and entered the rear room of the shop. The proprietor—stanch friend of many years—was pouring coffee beans

into a huge hand grinder. Solly caught his eye through the doorway and laid an admonitory finger athwart his lips, at the same time making a vigorous grinding motion with his right arm.

With instant comprehension, and without turning a hair, the man fell to grinding—merrily and loudly. Under cover of this barrage, Solly strolled to the front of the shop.

Jack Chester, his back to the store, leaned against a counter and continued to watch Solly's doorway across the street.

Solly doubled up his right forefinger and pressed the knuckle smartly against the small of Chester's back.

"Stick 'em up, Jack," he commanded. "That's me rod in yer back."

Chester shivered slightly and drew a deep sigh as his hands went slowly to a level with his head. Otherwise he did not move. With his left hand Solly reached over the man's shoulder and drew a small automatic from its armpit scabbard. Next he frisked the hip pockets and got another pistol. He dropped both in his own coat pockets. A half pint of liquor on the left hip he permitted to remain undisturbed.

"You kin keep the hooch," he observed mildly. "Now turn round."

Chester obeyed slowly.

"Wot's it all about?" he demanded sullenly.

Solly leaned against the counter, lighted a cigarette, and exhaled a great shaft of smoke toward his enemy.

"Nothin' much, Jack. On'y we got to kinda talk things over. You come downstairs with me and I'll get you a drink."

Solly escorted him through the back room of the shop and down to the cellar. The cellar was a full fledged winery, though on a small scale. A score of upright vats containing wine grape in various stages of fermentation were ranged about the walls, while in front of them, lying on their sides, were the smaller barrels of finished wine. A narrow table of boards, laid loosely on sawhorses, and a few rickety chairs completed the equipment. Solly sucked on a rubber tube that was stuck into one of the barrels and siphoned off two glasses of wine.

THEIR talk was almost a replica of the conversation between Little Solly and Kid Dropper some years before. And it was equally significant historically.

Jack Chester was a fighter and a killer; but he was no fool. Better to serve Cæsar—especially when Cæsar's point is at your throat. He agreed to end the feud then and there and to come to Solly as second in command. He was as good as his word. No small part of Little Solly's greatness as a gangster was due to the honesty and devotion of his immediate subordinates.

They sealed the pact in red wine, and Solly gave Chester back his pistols.

"Wot gets me," observed the latter ruefully, "was me bein' dumb enough to try an' tail you from one of yer own hangouts."

"Yeah," replied Solly seriously. "Not so good. You gotta watch out fer that kinda thing. Well—le's go."

From the winery they repaired to Chester's headquarters in the back room of an ordinary speakeasy. The place was full of anti-Sollyites. Their entrance arm in arm precipitated an astonished silence. But Jack gave them no time.

"Everything's fixed 'tween him an' me, and we're all wid him an' under him from now on. Step up, all you guys—I'm buyin' wine."

They drank a good deal of champagne here. Then they went uptown to the silent, sneaking Fifties, and drank much more champagne until daylight. And Solly got drunk, which was a rare thing for him to do.

AND the next afternoon they went together to the funeral of the Dropper. Or, rather, they scouted the funeral from across the street. For the police, ignorant of the *rapprochement* and fearing further shooting, were covering the occasion with reserves and riot guns and tear bombs.

Next to the pagan rites accorded a Chinese potentate, there is nothing to surpass the tawdry pomp and circumstance of a modern gangster's funeral—provided the gangster was politically powerful, which all of the big ones are. Gangdom is the fourth estate of municipal politics.

Dropper Wole had been the worst type of gangster: a cold blooded, avaricious, cowardly thug and murderer—treacherous even to his kind. He had none of the feudal paternalism and the relieving personal loyalties of Little Solly.

The Dropper should have been shot and pitched into the East

River to drift with the scum until the seagulls took care of him. But he had been an integral part of ward politics—a reliable vote herder and polling booth blackjacker—and so the local pols turned out in their rusty frock coats and their dusty top hats and did him honor. Of course they didn't care a tinker's dam about the Dropper himself or his unsavory memory. But they cared a lot about propitiating the friends and family of the dead man; for from among these would arise the next leader with whom they would have to do business.

For such are the tools of ward politics. And it is on such political dunghills that the occasional rose is nurtured to rear its head to higher and cleaner atmospheres.

So they all chipped in and gave him a really swell sendoff. Not quite so good as Chicago, perhaps. No airplane to scatter soft rose petals in advance of the cortège on its way to the cemetery—a delicate attention symbolical of the multi-murderer's gentle life. But everything else they had—six open touring cars piled high with flowers, a plumed hearse, and forty limousines to carry mourners and rejoicers alike.

And they lowered the Dropper into his six foot share of consecrated ground, while a male quartet crooned comforting barber shop chords and two surpliced men of God murmured prayers over the man who had sent many another unshriven to his death.

Yes, it was a splendid funeral. Little Solly and Jack Chester watched the first part of it from across the way in front of Gottlieb's Funeral Parlors on Henry Street. Nearer the police would not let them go. One of Gottlieb's assistants, an enterprising young Irishman, who stood outside arranging the order of march of the various equipages, caught sight of Solly in the crowd. A grin wreathed his already unprofessionally cheerful face, and he reached into his pocket and gave Solly a generous handful of Mr. Gottlieb's business cards.

"Any little business you can send our way will be appreciated," he whispered, smoothing out the grin.

Solly read the cards and thrust them carefully into his breast pocket. His literal mind failed to awaken him to the sincerity of the compliment which the undertaker's assistant had paid him.

FOR some weeks after the Dropper's funeral dullness and peace ruled the neighborhood. Little Solly and Jack Chester were consolidating their position.

Chester was an excellent business man with some imagination. He induced Solly to raise his protection rate to local merchants by 25 per cent. Also he reached out uptown for new business. He listed several hundred of the better grade speakeasies and tipped them off to Federal prohibition agents for a one-third split on the gross shakedown. And he supplied squads of guerrillas with counterfeit government tins, who went along with the real agents to lend convincingness to the graft operations.

This development work was interrupted by the trial of Leggsy Finn, at which many of the gang were witnesses. Solly had levied a heavy assessment on the neighborhood and raised a substantial defense fund: a fund large enough to retain very able and corrupt counsel, who in turn succeeded in getting a hung jury.

Finn ought to have burned, of course. But he didn't. After his first failure the D. A. morosely decided to accept a second degree plea, and Leggsy went up for life. On the evening of the day when the gates of Sing Sing clanked

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[LITTLE SOLLY LIVES Continued from page thirty-one]

softly to behind Leggsy, Little Solly visited the wife of the man who had served him. He looked at the three year old and the baby playing on the floor without comment, and handed the woman a sum of money.

"Every Sat'day while he's in the big house you'll get the same as that," he said tonelessly, and departed.

Some weeks later there came to him one afternoon a tall and very thin young man who wore old fashioned steel rimmed spectacles under a palely bulging and high domed forehead—for all the world the caricature of an overstudious Boston adolescent.

Solly, who was sitting with half a dozen of his intimates in the back room of the Rivington Street saloon which served as his more public post of command, viewed the approach of the stranger with some astonishment. The young man moved imperturbably through the crowded room. Looking neither to right nor left, his long arms and thin white hands dangling pacifically at his sides, his sober clothes hanging listlessly from his bony shoulders. He walked straight to Solly's table.

"You Solly Maggioroni?" he inquired gently. "Yes? Well—Slim Hermann is my moniker. Cousin of Midget Meyer. Just got in from Frisco. Had a letter from Midget couple of months back—said you two could use me."

His face was expressionless and his voice without inflection.

"Midget's croaked," said Solly tersely.

"Sure; I know. And I figured you'd want me quick, maybe."

"Huh!" Solly was still bewildered, and his friends gave him no help. Jack Chester's usually tight lipped mouth was actually agape. "Huh! An' wot's your racket?"

"Tried fighting some: small town club prelims on the coast. Welter, I was. Nothing in it. I got one punch, that's all. Bad hands is my trouble."

HE spread his long, tapered white fingers explanatorily. Gorgeous hands for a surgeon or cracksman, but distinctly not the hands of a fighter.

"Set down," said Solly, thawing a little, but still suspicious. "Wot you doin' since then?"

"Tried working the tourist hotels with the cards. But my hands was so broke up from fighting I couldn't make up a cooler deck in a month of Sundays. Laid off that and went out on the hyst. One armed worker I am—I don't trust nobody with me on a stickup job."

"Huh," grunted Solly, beginning to be impressed, but not yet satisfied.

Hermann's contradictions were beyond his experience. And no wonder. Slim Hermann spoke the grammarless argot of the underworld, but with the tentative tones and the precise enunciations of the scholar.

"Huh," repeated Solly uncertainly—"wot'll you have ter drink?"

"Glass of hot milk, if they got it," suggested Slim mildly. "I got the dyspepsia bad."

Jack Chester grunted disgustedly.

"Sure they got it. But they ain't got no nursing bottle an' nipple."

"Cut that, Jack," snapped Little Solly. He turned to Hermann again. "Any other lines you got?"

"Well—I knows something 'bout the liquor racket. I had charge of contact boats out o' Frisco for Jack Mosely some months, and later he gives me the job of payoff man handling Coast Guard and Federal dicks. Also I run a cutting plant for one of the big shots down in Los."

Solly doubled up his right forefinger and pressed the knuckle against the small of Chester's back. "Stick 'em up, Jack," he commanded.

"Huh," spoke Solly, more warmly this time. "Anythin' else you can do?"

"Yeah," answered Hermann, who had been dreamily gazing into the cracked mirror on the wall behind Little Solly. "Jest now, f'r instance, I can tell you them two guys in the corner back of me at the other end of the room is discussing on what day next week they'll take you for a ride. The little muzzler with the cigar is sayin'—"

"Hell," growled Solly, "one of 'em's a pal o' mine."

"Sure," assented Slim courteously.

Solly frowned and turned to Chester.

"Have the Nipper check on them fellers. If this guy's right, we'll use him. If he's handin' me a line o' hooey, he'd better blow for the coast 'fore I'm wised up."

"Fair enough," agreed Slim gently. "An' could I have another little glass of milk? I ain't ett nothin' since breakfast."

Slim Hermann was right: very much so. And thereafter he was almost always right. He got his job. For three months he served his apprenticeship under Jack Chester, learning the city. This was time, and enough; for the circles of crookdom—its geography and its contacts—are relatively narrow even in the big metropolis. At the end of that time he came to Solly as his personal bodyguard, vice Midget Meyer, deceased.

Little Solly, five feet four, and Slim Hermann, six feet one, made a strange pair. Both were laconic, silent, and—to the eye—slow moving. Solly suffered under a humorless and passionate intensity. Slim nursed an ineradicable and quiet irony that was forever slipping over the heads of those with whom he had cast his life. For Slim was nine-tenths Irish mother and one-tenth Jewish father.

He made an excellent bodyguard. Equaling the Midget in fortitude and devotion, he far surpassed the little man from the neck up. He could strike harder and quicker, because his mind and muscles coordinated with a speed unusual even to a first class boxer.

BAD hands he had, and but one blow, as he had confessed. But he could fling that blow without telegraphing it—fling it from an apparently relaxed body and limply hanging arms, whipping his fragile knuckles to the jaw or stomach from a flat footed stance that compensated for his lack of weight.

He had a couple of usefully unorthodox tricks picked up from his unconfessed enlistment in the Foreign Legion. When unarmed and relying on his fists, he habitually struck first at the stomach, thus bringing his adversary's head down and within easy range of the finishing punch from the other hand. Also he had developed a Gallic technique with the knee, and the wicked stiff legged kick. He could lounge sideways against a bar, cigarette in one hand and glass of hot milk in the other, and temporarily ruin any man facing him with a devastating knee kick.

In any case—fist, knee, or foot—if the opponent remained in condition to argue, he would find himself covered with an automatic while Slim's free hand still toyed with the milk glass. He could draw and shoot with either hand—even though on the way aloft in response to a command of "stick 'em up."

It was during his ninety day apprenticeship among the uptown speakeasies that he rendered his second service to Little Solly. Jack Chester had intended breaking him in as a collector to take the place of English Harry Wilson, whom Jack and Solly suspected of holding out on them. But Slim had other ideas.

He wanted to work under cover for a while, reporting only on the telephone, so that he might not be identified with the Solly-Chester mob at all. He persuaded his chiefs that, by posing as a thief newly arrived from the West and

on the lookout for a likely racket, he would gain an unbiased view of the business field, and furthermore be in a position to pick up information which might prove useful to them. He was correct in both instances.

He had been at work scarcely three weeks when he met Sophy Kolof one night in a cabaret. He danced with her and joined her at her table with her escort, a Brooklyn gangster named Swan Snyder —the same Swan Snyder who later organized that clumsy stickup mob known as the Pants Gang.

Since the Leggsy Finn trial Sophy Kolof had moved uptown and got a job as a dress mannequin in a Fifth Avenue shop. She had a gorgeous figure, tawny straw hair, and a superb washed out air of Russian indifference.

NOW, Slim knew in detail the history of the Midget's killing, though he had not heard it from the close lipped Solly. And he knew of Sophy's part in it, and of the division of opinion in the underworld as to Solly's share of guilt. He judged it well to watch the girl.

The conversation played immediately into his hands. Swan Snyder, dumbmindedly heedless of the presence of the stranger from the coast, continued his line of thought where he had left off when Slim and the girl got up to dance:

"—an' they tell me this here joint is on the rocks an' that Little Solly from Hester Street is goin' to take it over."

Such negotiations were in fact under way, and Solly was expected at the cabaret that same evening. But the girl evidently had not known of it.

"That so?" she asked with an attempt at indifference. But Slim saw her nostrils dilate as she breathed.

Snyder was obviously mad about her, but she had ignored him since the coming of Slim. Now she switched back again, ignored Slim, and blew very hot upon her already inflamed escort.

Slim watched them dance, watched her whispering intensely into the Swan's ear, watched the deft caressing motion with which she satisfied herself of the presence of a pistol under her partner's armpit; saw her brightened eye and heightened color, and saw the color fade from the frightened lover's face. Decidedly she would bear watching.

They came back to the table. The man had lost his cheap volubility and had become deathly pale. Sophy talked excitedly and loudly, and plied the man with drink. With her eyes she gave herself to him then and there.

JACK CHESTER'S figure filled the doorway. Behind him came little Solly and two others. Chester scanned the room with careful carelessness, and selected a table near the door. Solly, heedless save when alone, walked indifferently to his seat.

Sophy's eyes burned into the eyes and bowels of the gray and sweating youth beside her. He gulped some raw gin and went slowly to the door.

Sophy, breathing hard, had not looked up since the entrance of Little Solly. Neither had Slim Hermann. But Slim had missed nothing. He drew on his work gloves. Still the girl took no notice.

A callboy was at Solly's elbow.

Solly rose to his short height and turned to the hallway—frowning impatiently at Jack Chester's restraining hand.

Slim was on his feet. A body's breadth in front of Solly he reached the doorway—squeezed through in front of Solly, drawing as he walked and shooting straight and true at Swan Snyder, who stood ten feet away, holding open the door to the street. The Swan's pistol clattered to the floor, and the Swan himself—a slug through his right shoulder—crumpled slowly on top of it. Slim tossed his rod toward the writhing figure, removed his gloves, and returned to his table.

"You had no call to have that guy called outside, Miss Kolof," he said gently, and gently sipped at his milk. "You an' me has got to talk things over. You ain't getting him right at all."

Another story of Little Solly and his career as a gangster will appear in an early issue.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page 70)

1—What is the birth stone for December?

2—Which one of the Great Lakes is entirely within the United States?

3—What two brothers of Rochester, Minnesota, are famous as surgeons?

4—What celebrated poet of the seventeenth century became blind?

5—What is cloture in parliamentary practice?

6—What is misogamy?

7—According to the Bible, where did Moses receive the Ten Commandments from God?

8—Which is the second smallest state in the United States?

9—What city was the home of the Medici?

10—What is caviar?

11—Who sat at table with a sword suspended over him by a single hair?

12—What American painter is best known for his pictures of Western life?

13—Who was the first Vice President of the United States?

14—What Greek of antiquity was celebrated as a biographer?

15—Which is called the Keystone State?

16—What is the usual name for the flower sometimes called heartsease?

17—What were the catacombs of Rome?

18—What had the following in common: Cartier, Champlain, Joliet, Marquette?

19—What is a misanthrope?

20—In what state is the Yosemite National Park?

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High, Low, Jack

Viennese Glamour, Some Underworld Pictures, and Mr. Gilbert

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Erwin Reiner (Jack Gilbert), the gay philanderer in The Masks of the Devil, uses a telescope to win over his women. Here he's urging Virginia (Eva von Berne) to take a look.

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★

ERWIN REINER is a gay philanderer. He affects faultless evening dress, topped by a gardenia, and women collapse in his path. When harassed males become annoyed and take random shots at Erwin, the bullets fall harmlessly aside.

Reiner, chief figure in The Masks of the Devil, is no mere jitney bachelor. He has a lavish Viennese household with an observatory on the roof. When all else fails, astronomy gets 'em.

Reiner's immunity to bullets isn't the only mysterious thing about him. When he looks in a mirror in any moment of grand passion, he sees his face distorted into the physiognomy of Satan.

Erwin is a highly tinted rôle, as you may guess, and Jack Gilbert plays him to the hilt. In any other hands the part would become a silly Anatol. Gilbert gives the heartless Erwin a lively vitality.

Mary Astor as the reformed night club heroine and Robert Elliott as the Irish detective in Romance of the Underworld.

Directed by that interesting Swede, Victor Seastrom, The Masks of the Devil becomes an oddly attractive film. Seastrom has taken a page from Eugene O'Neill. He continually dissolves in and out upon what his characters really think and what they would really like to say.

The film fails to be an unusual picture for several reasons. The chief one is a lack of clarity about the character of Erwin Reiner. You can fancy him a reincarnated Mephistopheles or you can believe him a conscienceless fellow who acquires a conscience through love.

The other weakness is the total lack of success won by Eva von Berne, the imported Serbian actress, as the girl who transforms Erwin. Touted as another Greta Garbo, Miss von Berne is wholly wooden.

Alma Rubens is far more interesting as one of the satanic bachelor's passing loves, and Theodore Roberts makes a welcome return to films as an old painter.

★ ★

If you can stand another melodrama of seamy city life, you will find the new Fox film, Romance of the Underworld, to be an unusually good entertainment of its kind.

A pretty little hostess in a speakeasy rises, via stenography, to be the bride of a successful business man. But her past, which she has kept a secret, rises up to crush her happiness. The wife turns to a detective who once befriended her and he devises a neat demise for the gangster who seeks hush money.

This dramatic method of disposing of the blackmailing Derby Dan provides the kick of the film.

The honors of Romance of the Underworld are scored by Robert Elliott, who plays the philosophical, humorous Irish detective, Ed Burke. Burke goes about advising people to keep their chins up and telling them that "Life hands us all jolts—we've got to take 'em."

Mary Astor plays the ex-night club heroine, and Ben Bard is the unscrupulous blackmailer who is bumped off in this film, which is from one of the late Paul Armstrong's lesser melodramas.

★ ★

The films have gone in strong for the docks as a background. Waterfront, a First National picture, with Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall, is a new variation, and a lightly amusing, if flimsy, celluloid yarn.

Jack is a brash freighter deckhand and Dorothy is a news stand girl on a ferryboat. San Francisco harbor is the scene. The girl has nautical ambitions and the hero has a tough time curing her of a seafaring career.

This isn't so much, and yet you will find many worse comedies. And Miss Mackaill is a cute trick in sailor boy garb.

★ ★

Metro-Goldwyn's While the City Sleeps is still another underworld tale, of a homely plain-clothes man who saves a little blonde Irish girl from the clutches of gangsters. Lon Chaney is the sleuth, Anita Page is the helpless cutie, and Wheeler Oakman is the gang chief who passes in the sleek upper world as an undertaker. Nothing much new in this presentation of gats on parade, but entertaining and smoothly acted by Mr. Chaney using his own face.

Personalities—

Eva von Berne was Eva von Plentzner and she was born in Sarajevo, cradle of the World War, in 1910. Her father was an Austrian colonel. . . . Theodore Roberts is sixty-seven. He played with Fanny Davenport, William Crane, and Stuart Robson in the palmy days. . . . Alma Rubens appeared opposite Doug Fairbanks in his first hit, The Half Breed.

Inside Facts—

Jack Gilbert gets $3,500 a week on his Metro-Goldwyn contract, now expiring. Three years ago he was getting $1,500. . . . Lon Chaney draws down $3,000. . . . Mary Astor's weekly salary is $1,500. . . . Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall split $5,000 between them.

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On the air—every Sunday night—Atwater Kent Radio Hour—listen in!

ATWATER KENT RADIO

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GRAPHIC SECTION

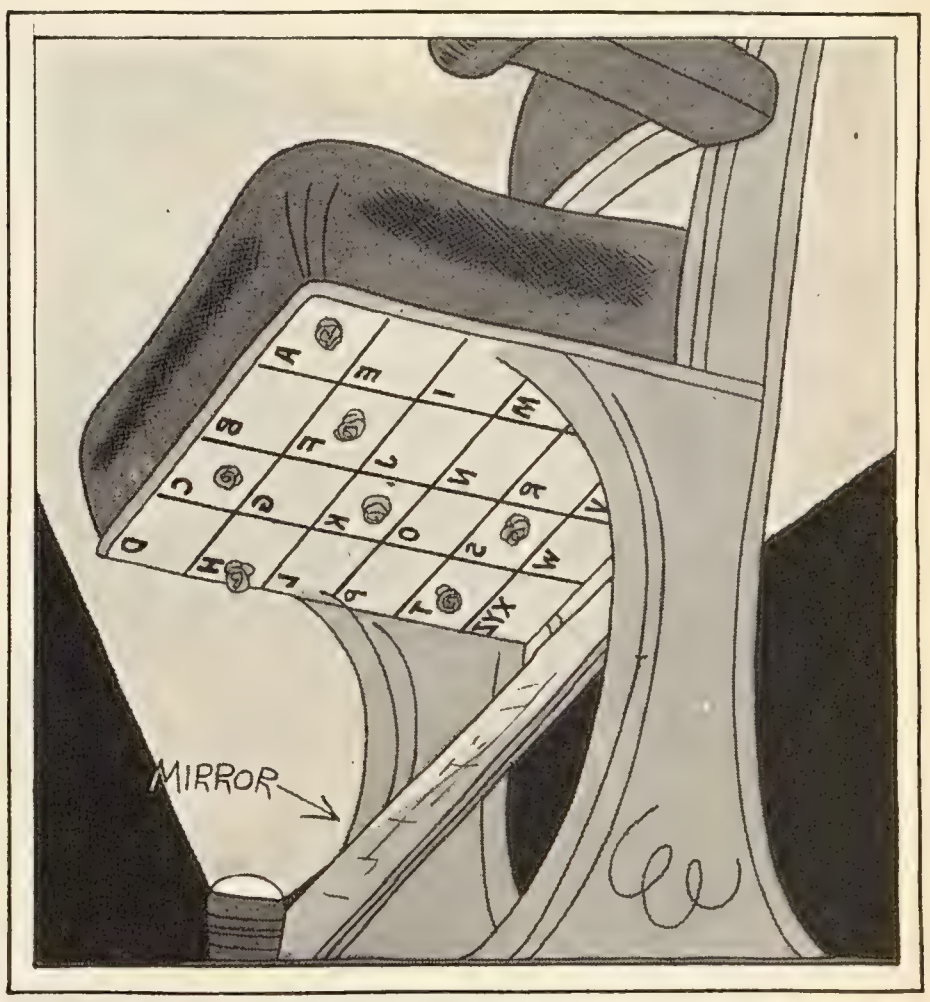
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

THE ROCKEFELLERS GIVE $1,000,000 to endow the teaching of the religion of Jesus Christ at the University of Chicago. This page hereby nominates seven modish New York pastors, who apparently never heard of it, for scholarships.

OFFICIALS OF THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANIES announce that the work of purifying, cleansing, and disinfecting the air after the political campaign is nearly completed.

AN ALMOST SILENT AUTOMOBILE has been developed by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, reducing the pedestrians' chances from one in ten to one in thirty-four.



THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER. (*A penny is paid for thoughts accepted for illustration in this corner.*)
THEATER SEAT with lettered parking spaces for chewing gum for fastidious persons.
(*Idea by Lee DeBlanc, New Iberia, La.*)

The Miracle *A New* FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"LIL and the baby are coming for dinner," Ma Morse announced from her front porch. She flicked a lone brown leaf from her privet bush, coquettishly kicked a broom straw under the white rail, and waved her church bulletin to the Sumners across the street. "Why not come over after dinner? We can sit around the fire with demitasses."

"Yes, do," Pop called, knowing what that French word meant.

"Thanks, we'll be over," Mrs. Sumner smiled, "and I'll bring my new jar of preserved ginger." Then, a moment later to her husband in the hall: "Those Morses are quite hipped on their grandson. They've taken six snapshots per week since last June. They all look the same to me, but Sandy numbered them and Lil shows them to people in rotation."

"Every mother, father, grandmother, and grandfather think the infant in their family is the world's blue ribbon baby," Mr. Sumner told her. "And if you don't agree with 'em they just jot you down as a freak. We'd better look up *cute* in the dictionary for synonyms."

Twelve-thirty: Lil and Sandy were dressing little Ulysses for his Sunday visit to the Morses. They'd struggled to coax his curled up toes into his new brilliant pink socks, transformed a bulky three leaf clover woolen atrocity on a clothes stretcher into a new pink and white striped shirt, lapped it over the baby's right hip and fastened it with one square knot and two grannies.

"Oh, he's huge, simply huge!" Lil said. "See those knees. Why, he's going to be a genius or something, dear. Look at the way he brings his legs up to his chest like a cyclist. I wonder if Hoover did that when six months old?"

"I don't know." Sandy was fussing with a pair of rubber panties. "But I think Alexander Graham Bell clenched his thumbs over his index fingers just the way our baby does when he's mad. He'll probably be an inventor. We must register him soon in some technical college. It's a sign of great strength. Truck drivers hold their reins that way."

"We'll put on his new pink dress," Lil said. "Don't ask what species of flowers are on the collar. I got sick of embroidering petals. If his diapers were pink he'd match all through. All but his eyes. Aren't they the sweetest, forget-me-not, bluest eyes you ever saw?"

"Just like yours," Sandy told her. And he gave her a sentimental Sunday kiss. "He may turn out to be a judge. When he stares at you, you sort of squirm and wonder if you're guilty."

"Maybe you are!" Lil teased.

Strawberry ice cream colored shoes with shining pearl buttons, a crocheted cap with puffball rosettes, a silk coat with lamb's wool interlining, and a row of dime size buttons painted with white kittens: Little Ulysses Grant Jenkins was ready for the admiring public gaze!

This week's cover picture.

"We must drive slowly," Lil was saying. "I love to hear the people *oh* and *ah* on the curbstone when our cherub passes by. I wonder some movie magnate doesn't spot him for the 1929 Wonder Child of the Screen."

"Then he could support us for the rest of our lives," Sandy said.

The red car they'd finished paying for several months ago, a new holly green lap robe, artificial wistaria in the imitation cut glass vase shaped like a horn, a shining cupid standing with one toe on the radiator cap, Sandy beside her at the wheel, the baby on her lap—Lil felt like a million dollars!

"You look distinctive with that long stemmed pipe," she told Sandy. "The people looking at us must think you are some Wall Street king touring the country to inspect your oil wells. They probably envy my own Park Avenue appearance." She felt to see if her seventy-five cent pearl earrings were still dangling safely. Mother of pearl wouldn't have given shell space to these fake replicas of her gemmy family, but they shone creamily and suited Lil!

"Here they are, bless them, the roast's ready and the croutons are all crisp waiting to be tossed in the bouillon." Ma Morse said all this with one breath when she heard the doorbell, put a dab of rouge on each cheek, and pushed Pop aside in the hall. "Let me welcome them," she puffed. "Those blessed children will be glad to get a nice free meal."

Elsie, the black cat, pussyfooted from under the stove as soon as she heard all the kissing at the front door. It sounded flap-snap-snap-flat, just like the peppy bats she often chased around the woodshed!

"Oh, how he's grown, my dears! How he's— Why, he's enormous! It must be the nutritious cereal feedings. The coat's darling, although it's your first handiwork in months—and see the cap I crocheted!" Ma was very excited. Wasn't Lil *her* own child? Wasn't the baby Lil's? Then wasn't *she* responsible for the whole family circle? "Dinner's all ready; we have place cards and everything."

Lil was mysteriously quiet. Would Ulysses smile? She prayed not. She carefully removed cap, mittens, and coat. Staging a big surprise, she felt as nervous as the groom at a wedding. Carefully she squatted him in the high chair, supported his topheavy swaying head, and said, "Smile!"

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!" said the baby.

"Talk about Columbus spying land," Lil gloated, "Newton and the apples, Edison and his lamp, or Lincoln spying out the alphabet—see what mama spied yesterday!"

All through the ages a mother's first baby's first tooth—truly, the miracle!

(Next week's cover adventure: Tipping the Scales)

Investment help— readily available

A man needs sound advice for an investment decision. He gets it quickly through a call to the nearest National City office. This office is a unit in a country-wide system of similar offices in 50 American cities interconnected by 11,000 miles of private wires. It has contact as well with principal financial centers abroad. Whenever you have money to invest or want up-to-the-minute facts on your present holdings we invite you to make use of this equipment. Meanwhile let us send you our latest list covering a broad range of carefully investigated securities.

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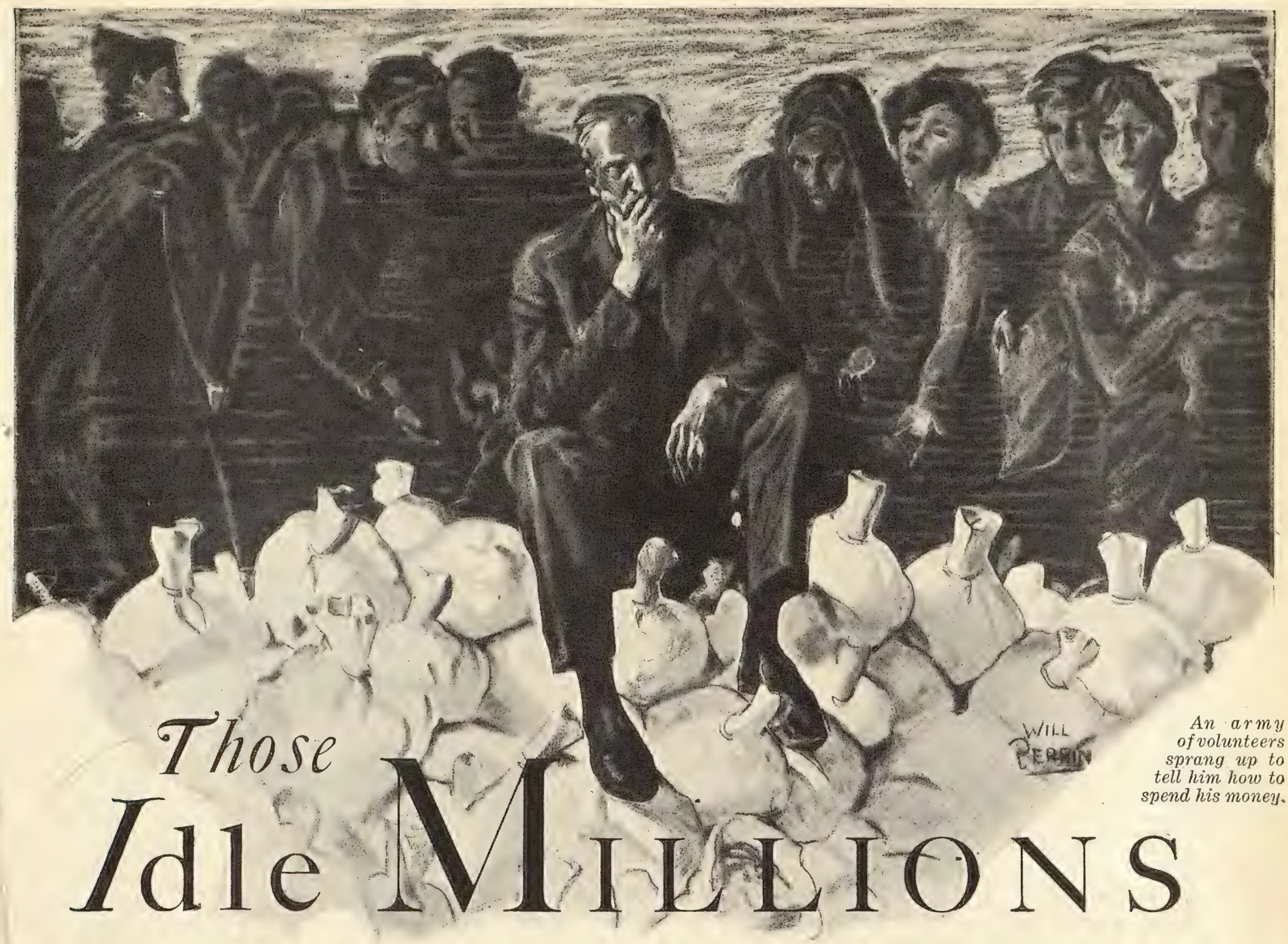


An army of volunteers sprang up to tell him how to spend his money.

Those Idle MILLIONS

And Some Letters About Them

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by WILL PERRIN

SOME time ago I wrote for LIBERTY an interview with a singular old man who has ten or twelve millions of dollars worrying the life out of him. He has made his will, leaving juicy sums to his family, his friends, his employees. And he has all that money left over.

He wants it placed where it will do the most good for humanity—but where that place is he does not know. He asked me for suggestions. I gave him a few, but they weren't any good. So I asked LIBERTY readers to help him.

And the letters have been coming in ever since. It was like a call to war. A regiment of volunteers sprang up overnight, each with his idea cleaned and aimed—each ready for the attack on those dollars.

There are letters from all parts of the United States and Canada, from the poor, the rich, the neither rich nor poor, from doctors, lawyers, politicians, merchants, authors, inventors, mothers, boys and girls, tubercular patients, cripples, schemers, dreamers, investors. One man wants my friend to invest his money in a gold mine, promising him $50,000,000 in return—giving him five times as much worry.

There are letters full of human misery, letters redolent of ambition and despair, letters that make you smile, letters that make you mad. I have forwarded most of them—all I have been able to read—to the millionaire. Let him answer them if he will. This article may be taken as an open letter to those who have written me.

It took more than three weeks to read the letters carefully. Yet, at the present writing, I have not found one that made the millionaire say, "That's it—that's what I'll do with my money!" If there should be such a letter in the pile of mail remaining, I'll tell you about it later.

SOME of these missives are most interesting studies in human nature. Some of them are flat and bald and stupid. Some burn with piety and the desire to save my rich friend's soul. Some are funny and friendly—as, for instance, the one from Hugh Saxon of Los Angeles, who has been a trouper for thirty years and "plays anything except giants and children."

"Just tell him you know an actor who has been spreading sunshine for forty-five years, who can also spread more sunshine in his life than he has ever known," he writes. "I can show him where the flowers grow the thickest by the stream and where the birds build their nests in countless numbers. I can show him how to get more out of a sunset than anyone else. Tell him all he needs is sunshine, and all I want is to get away from actors, quit talking shop, and feel that the poorhouse over the hill has been burned down and there is really a Santa Claus.

"We will get us a house on wheels, live on chickens that we will shoot along the road, make nocturnal raids on vegetable gardens, and roam about where the succulent trout hides. Or we will get a yacht, and have all women sailors, and go to the South Seas and capture apes. Or we will do a little evangelism among the yokels, selling all converts a watch apiece, leaving them with the satisfaction that man born of woman rises up like a hoppergrass, and is cut down like a jackass right in haying time when he is most needed."

Mr. Saxon in a postscript says he is the father of Lyle Saxon, writer of books, but has never laid eyes on the boy. "A meeting between us would make a good story in itself," says he.

There is one letter from Mrs. R. H. Hanson of Lexington, Kentucky, inclosing a clipping from the *Western Recorder*, a Baptist publication, which tells about Dr. W. A. Passavant.

Those who read the interview with the millionaire may remember he once sold papers near the Passavant Hospital in Chicago. He did not know there was a man named Passavant—thought the name was a Swedish word of some kind, and didn't care what it meant. He brought up the subject in declaring he would

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Christmas wouldn't be Christmas
without the postman's visit

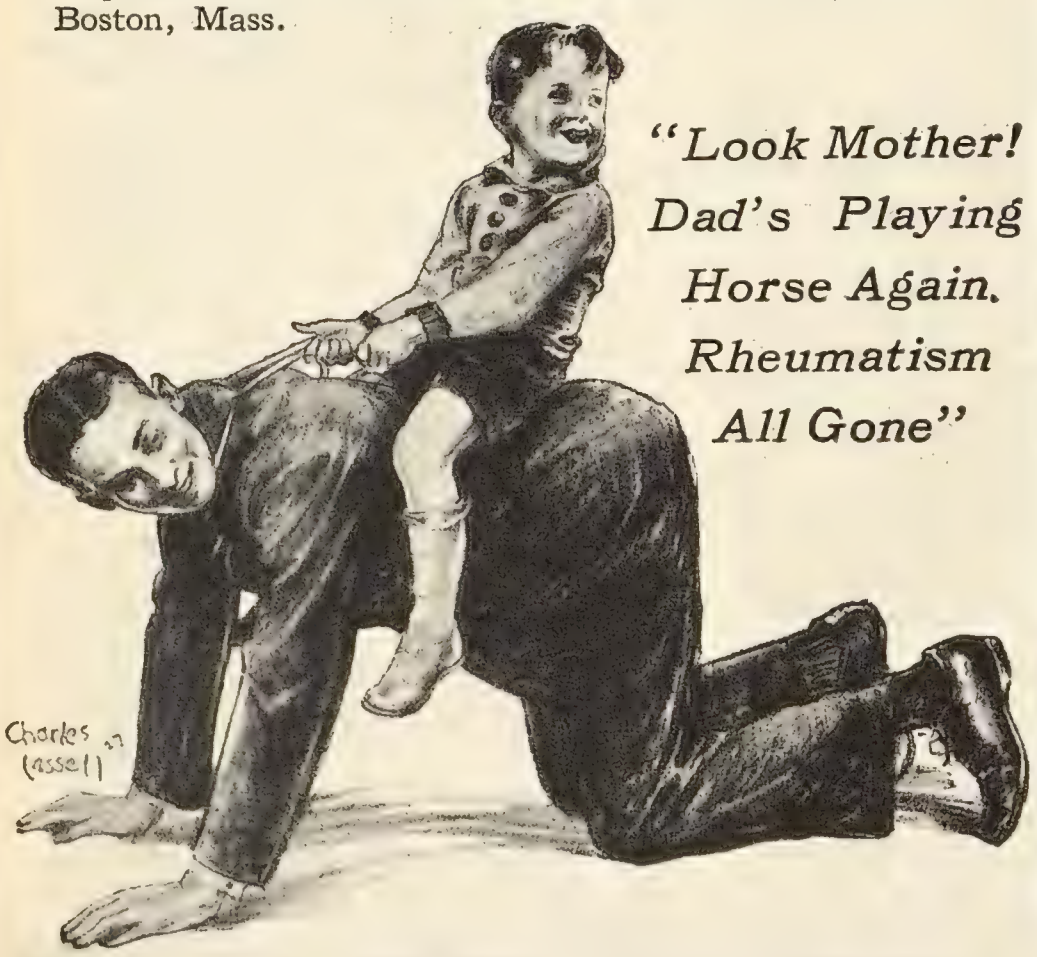
Send Christmas Cards to *all* your friends this year, and, as well, to those less fortunate than you, whose day will be the brighter for your cheery message! Many folks are selecting cards now—while varieties are plentiful and shops not overcrowded. Why not get yours, too?

In shops displaying this seal you will find cards made by members of the Greeting Card Association—exquisite cards distinguished by the work of foremost writers and artists.

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

WELDONA
TABLETS FOR
RHEUMATISM

Especially effective for Sciatica—Arthritis—Neuritis—Joint—Muscular—and other forms of rheumatism ordinary treatments fail to reach. Ask your druggist for Weldona Tablets. Book describing rheumatism from Egyptian days to present mailed free. Weldona Corp'n, 99 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.



LARGEST SELLING RHEUMATIC TABLET IN THE WORLD

[THOSE IDLE MILLIONS
Continued from page forty-one]

not build any memorial to himself.

The writer of the article, Mrs. E. C. Cronk, tells how, when Dr. Passavant was arranging for the purchase of a hospital in Milwaukee, he received a miraculous $1,000. He was to pay that sum in cash to take over the property. He hadn't a cent, but he permitted the lawyer to go ahead drawing up the papers. When the lawyer finished he asked for the money. Dr. Passavant, still penniless, opened the door, and there stood a man with $1,000 in his hands. It had come from a Pittsburgher who had been treated by the doctor several years before.

"The Lord has sent it by special messenger," said the doctor as he handed the money to the lawyer.

"We will get us a house on wheels and roam about."

Some of those who have written me have just as much faith as Dr. Passavant—and just as great a need of money.

Here's one from a man who has written many books on scientific subjects, and who wants help for the publication and dissemination of many more. A small part of these idle millions, he believes, "would start an endless chain of those stimulations toward ambition and self betterment such as your friend believes necessary for any real growth in individuals or nations." One hundred thousand dollars, put to work in behalf of his educational program, he feels, "would within ten centuries accomplish a hundred times more than the whole $10,000,000 would in any of the ways criticized by your keen-seeing would-be helper."

Those criticisms, you may remember, concerned the spending of money on charity, the upbuilding of the unfit, the endowment of hospitals, schools, churches, asylums, the Y. M. C. A., and similar organizations, and other projects that usually appeal to the generosity of rich men.

THERE are many letters doubting the reality of the millionaire. Perhaps it is hard for the average man to believe anybody has millions to give away.

There are few facetious ones. Persons writing about vast wealth, and what it would mean to them, are seldom funny or irreverent.

Read these letters and you get a curious view of the people of the United States, a closeup of real life, an intimate glimpse of human nature.

Here's one from a woman lawyer that amused me:

"Inclosed find one two bit piece. Let your conscience be your guide. Expend same either to buy a paperback copy of Progress and Poverty or a large ripe banana with which to beat out the alleged brains of your alleged millionaire. An idea new to a man old enough to have married offspring would, of course, produce an agonizing death. One stroke with the banana, and the victim would never know what hurt him."

That was from Grace Kirkland, Atlanta, Georgia.

Here's one from Wausau, Wisconsin:

"Is it only a story, or is there a real millionaire man? We've had an argument and it almost became a bad quarrel between us and my husband's relations. We said that it must be true, and they said it was only a pack of lies, just something to fill the magazine up, etc.

"Please answer right away by return mail. Send the man's real name and address, so I can show it to them. Please prove it, so we will not lose our faith in LIBERTY."

HERE are some ideas—the best of them:

"In Ohio at the present time there is raging a fire which, it is estimated, has consumed some 700,000,000 tons of coal and made unfit for habitation some 50,000 acres of land since its inception forty-four years ago. It has defeated every known effort to extinguish it. Why not have Mr. —— dedicate his millions to the eradication of this conflagration?"—JAMES W. BOUNDS, Troy, New York.

"I would suggest you induce the old boy to build a titanic telescope and erect it in a suitable location. That would add to the sum of human knowledge to such a degree that it would raise the whole human race to a higher level."—SCOTT MCARTHUR, San Francisco.

"This country should have a free employment service, endowed, and nationwide, which would dominate the field entirely and be able to shift labor from where it is useless to where it is needed."—ELDRED M. BROS, Minneapolis.

Clinton Davidson of San Francisco suggests that some of the species of African antelope be transported to this country as wild game or domestic animals; that some of the species of wild plants in California and Australia be distributed to other parts of the world; and that a reference book be published in English concerning the 100,000 and more organic chemicals known to science.

Two men offer suggestions to reform the pawnshop system. One

of them, "an old man unable to get a job paying over fifteen dollars a week," writes:

"If I had a million or more I would like to open up a chain of pawnshops and charge a reasonable interest and loan a reasonable amount to the poor devils who need the money."

Establish world peace through education.

Help World War veterans.

Advertise the Bible.

Provide farms for women, married or unmarried, who would rather mother orphans than work in stores or factories.

Build free schools to teach aviation.

Help aviation in other ways.

Give it to Mr. Rockefeller and let him worry over it. That is, give him all of it save the $100,000 this particular letter writer thinks he could use.

Establish "several hundred newspapers and teach patriotism, etc."

Organize a union of the white collar workers—"the overworked, underpaid commercial people who make up the common herd."

Buy land and lease it at one dollar a year to widows with children to raise; to men and women over sixty who have no means of support; and to the incapacitated.

ESTABLISH a matrimonial bureau and "give the young folks a decent start in their married life."

Build a "large industry that will employ a great number of people."

Help women who have reached middle life and have nothing to interest them.

Establish sanitariums—all kinds of them.

Provide for burial funds.

Help the blind, the shabby genteel, and all the deserving poor.

Prevent social diseases.

Reforest the Northwest.

Use it to control the Mississippi.

Put it in circulation — the more money in circulation the more prosperous the community.

Will it to the United States Treasury.

Establish camps in the national forests and prevent devastating fires while giving destitute workmen health and employment.

Establish a chain of self supporting but nonprofit making factories, where people out of work could find employment.

A woman in Corning, Ohio, would help all unfortunates, especially children. She tells about a strike that has brought starvation to her village:

"It is the children who suffer. I know that 110 in this village alone were furnished with a hot meal a day for five months during schooldays, and that one meal was all some got in every twenty-four hours. The Ohio National Guardsmen rationed these children. What are these children living on now? God only knows. What chance have they to help themselves? They can't even sell papers."

A Minneapolis gentleman believes the millionaire could do nothing better than to build a hospital as a memorial to his mother. He says:

"Mothers earn memorials perhaps more than their sons."

MOTHERS—there are lots of letters wishing fine things for mothers. For instance, this one from Chicago:

"Oh, walking through the crowds on a Sunday, have you seen the mothers?

"Lonely old women in clean old clothes, walking like automatons, going, going, with shut down faces and unseeing eyes?

"Have you seen them walking behind young couples, getting in last on the subway, getting off last, never spoken to?

"O rich man with your millions going begging—there are the mothers! Man of many trusts, create a last trust for the benefit of mothers' homes—mothers who have been giving, giving, giving all their lives; mothers whose harvest time never came; mothers who have reared their sons to provide for other women; mothers whose girls are the joy of someone else."

T. M. Howell, general dictator of the Loyal Order of Moose, a bit skeptical about the authenticity of the article, would like the millionaire—"if there be such an individual"—to investigate the "philanthropic work that is being carried on" by the order.

The Mothers National Memorial Association, with headquarters in Washington, would organize the 4,500,000 war veterans and their 15,000,000 relatives into "the greatest self supporting service organization ever conceived." This organization would care for orphans, widows, the dependent sick, the disabled comrades, and their mothers. Major J. H. Toulouse of Albuquerque, New Mexico, president of the association, estimates it would take but $1,315,000 to finance the organization for five years.

"Leave the whole damned sum to the United States Shipping Board, that poor, distorted, paralyzed wing of the United States government which has so much money for other purposes but not enough to feed the poor sailors on its freight ships"—that from A. F. W. of Houston, Texas.

One writer considers the subject of labor, and the problem of providing it at places where it is needed most.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Who Are They?

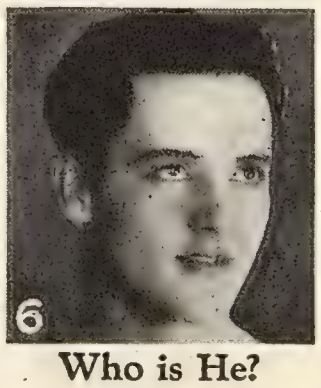
Who is She?

Who is She?

Who is She?

Who is She?

Who is She?



Who is He?

$1500.00 in Cash Prizes Given by Screen Secrets for Naming these Stars!

CAN YOU name these stars? Here is a chance for every movie fan to test his or her wits and win one of Screen Secrets' cash prizes totalling $1,500.00. Simply supply the missing names and write 50 to 100 words telling which of these stars is your favorite — and why.

Win One of These Prizes!

Grand first prize	$750.00
Second prize	300.00
Third prize	200.00
Fourth prize	50.00
Also Twenty Prizes of Ten Dollars each	200.00

Rules of the Contest

1. Twenty-four cash prizes will be paid by Screen Secrets Magazine for the nearest correct identification list of players pictured and the most interesting letter (not more than 100 words) telling which one of these players is your favorite star and why.
2. It is not necessary to buy any magazine or article to compete in this contest, but as reference, the December issue of Screen Secrets Magazine may be consulted. Copies may be inspected at Libraries.
3. Contest open to everyone except members of the Staff of Screen Secrets Magazine and their families.
4. Contest closes January 10, 1929, at midnight. Prizes will be awarded as soon after the contest as possible. You may send as many sets of answers as you wish but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.
5. In case of ties, tying contributors will be awarded duplicate prizes.
6. Send your lists and letters to Screen Secrets Magazine, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, any time before closing date. The editorial staff of Screen Secrets will be sole and final judges.

As a guide in solving this contest, as well as for intimate information about players and pictures of moviedom, *Read*

Screen Secrets Magazine

20 Cents a Copy

The December SCREEN SECRETS, now on sale at all newsstands, contains identification of these stars and many others, with intimate biographies, as well as such exclusive and fascinating features of the movies as—

The Secret Predictions of a Famous Seer Who Startled Hollywood Stars

Clara Bow Bares Her Heart to Lina Basquette

Fiction Story of John Gilbert's "Mask of the Devil"

Secret Sorrows of the Stars *Billie Dove's Own Story*

A host of other articles with hundreds of beautiful photographs in colored rotogravure. Get acquainted with Screen Secrets! If your nearest newsstand is sold out

Send 20 cents in cash or stamps to Screen Secrets Magazine, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

QUICK RELIEF FOR COLDS SINCE 1889

No more static

Those heavy velvet drapes, which deaden echo and noise in the broadcasting studios, are of little value when announcers and performers cough and sneeze before the "mike."

That is why the handy white box of GROVE'S BROMO QUININE can be found in so many of the broadcasting stations. Let a sneeze or a headache or throat tickle appear after any exposure and GROVE'S BROMO QUININE tablets are instantly recommended and promptly taken.

Many millions of people have learned from past experience that the two best things to do for a cold are: first—take GROVE'S BROMO QUININE; second—Don't wait. Take it immediately at the onset of the cold. Thus, they either side-step the cold entirely or throw it off quickly . . . . But don't expect such results unless you get the genuine, by emphasizing GROVE'S when asking for GROVE'S BROMO QUININE. Price 30c.

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MU-COL, as a mouth wash, nasal douche, and gargle.
MU-COL comes in powder form; dissolves quickly in warm water. Thousands of women now use it regularly for feminine hygiene.
Refreshing, soothing and economical.
At Druggists, 35¢, 60¢, $1.20 sizes.

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Please send me your free sample.
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An Invitation to be Neat

A Vul-Cot for *every* worker—that is the correct order of things in modern offices. It promotes neatness and efficiency. Saves time, money, temper! Vul-Cot to match your office and furniture in green, maroon, oak, walnut, mahogany or Naco-lacquered in pastel tones. Solid sides and bottom, yet light as a feather. Buy them by the dozen at stationery, house-furnishing and department stores.

VUL-COT
-the national wastebasket
Guaranteed 5 years
National Vulcanized Fibre Co
Wilmington, Del.

MEDITERRANEAN Cruise $600 up
ss "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 30
Clark's 25th cruise, 66 days, including Madeira, Canary Islands, Casablanca, Rabat, Capital of Morocco, Spain, Algiers, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, 15 days Palestine and Egypt, Italy, Riviera, Cherbourg (Paris). Includes hotels, guides, motors, etc.
Norway-Mediterranean, June 29, 1929; $600 up
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N.Y.

[THOSE IDLE MILLIONS
Continued from page forty-three]

"Send a certain amount, say $100, to each expectant mother."—Mrs. G. C. S., Mexia, Texas.

"Create the Character Collateral Trust Fund—a national institution that will lend money to Americans with character as their sole collateral, the borrower to sign notes payable from six months to five years at 6 per cent interest, and to accept the moral obligation of helping others when he can."—R. G. E., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

"With a hundredth part of those ten millions I could make life easier for a man who has been suffering agonies for seven years, a man who at one time was very well to do and never refused help to anyone."—H. W. S., Houghton, Michigan.

"I believe a school established to teach men how to live, how to take care of their body, mind, and soul, would be the greatest boon to the race."—H. C. B., Cleveland, Ohio.

"I would give the $10,000,000 to the state of Oklahoma for flood control."—Mrs. Bee C. Brooks, Oklahoma City.

W. Crawford Anderson of Salt Lake City, Utah, believes the millionaire's money would serve best by purchasing 2,000 or more forty acre farms for homeseekers. Each farm would have a home, two horses, a cow, chickens, a plow, and four acres of firewood trees. The homeseekers would pay back the money expended, giving notes at low interest and long terms.

J. J. Collister of Little Falls, New Jersey, has a proposition that appeals to me:

"TOO many boys and girls drift into the labor of their parents," he says. "They do not remain at school long enough to sense what it is all about. If every child had some incentive to lead him onward there would be a higher average of good citizenship.

"Create that incentive. Select schools. Establish a fund. Pay a salary to every pupil, with awards for attendance, promptness, and progress. As the pupil advances in grade, the salary advances. The fund should be open to all contributors and extended from school to school throughout the country. It needs but one brave rich man to make the start which would ultimately bring the day when a child would not be forced into sweatshop toil."

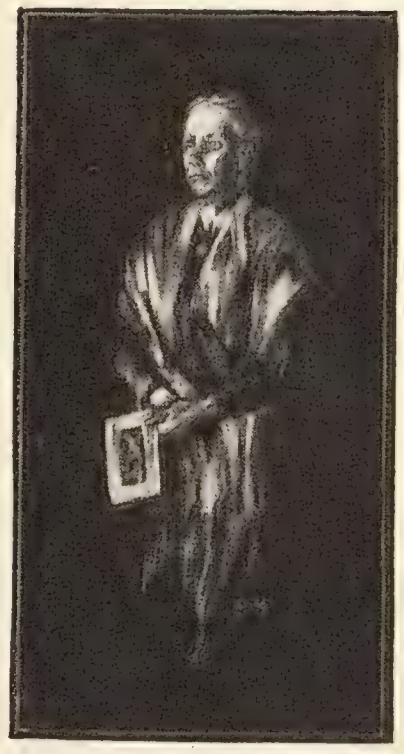
A couple in Washington suggest that the money be given toward the establishment of a national grand opera. This is one of the few countries on earth that has no such thing. American boys and girls must go abroad to get a start—and even the best of them must fight hard for recognition, because of national antipathies and jealousies.

A Toronto business man wants $4,000,000 for personal reasons. A Southern rancher wants $50,000. A gentleman in Connecticut wants to interest Mr. Millionaire in eugenics. A man signing only his last name wants to found a colony where there will be no marriage. A nurse in Poughkeepsie would like pensions for aged teachers and preachers. A lady in Davenport, Iowa, would do a lot of good and build herself a comfortable home. Money, she says, would not spoil her. A Christian gentleman—I threw his letter away—would keep $300,000 for himself, adopt orphans, and bring them up religiously.

SO many people have asked for money for their own needs—asked in vain, for the millionaire will do nothing for them.

"Thirty-five years ago—I am forty-seven now—I had my right arm injured at the elbow joint and have struggled on ever since in pain and misery, and tuberculosis has set into the bone," one of these writes. "In 1926, while fighting to carry on, I put every penny I had in a patent. While in a machine shop I threw my right hand out, and had it caught in a machine and lost three fingers and crushed the small finger."

The writer needs money to "carry on"—and so he is willing to sell his patent to my millionaire friend for $25,000.



There are lots of letters wishing fine things for mothers—"lonely old women in clean old clothes."

"I have three children ranging in age from fifteen to ten years," a Canadian woman writes. "Their father strayed away with another woman almost seven years ago. Since then I have supported the family. Shortly I shall be out of a job. Those three children will nevertheless need food, clothes, and an education. I have had considerable business experience and would like very much to open up a little grocery or general store in a small town in eastern Canada, had I the capital to do so. If this philanthropist is really and truly sincere in his desire to dispense his millions, he might leave me five or six thousand dollars."

"I am only a poor hallboy working at this club at sixty-five dollars a month"—this letter is postmarked New York City—"and I have to support an invalid mother. I would like to send her away to a place where she could have the best of care. I studied to be a movie actor, but I never got a chance to show what I could do. Now I am taking up a movie camera course."

A young woman whose mother is in a madhouse wants the rich man to give his money toward the care of insane persons, and hopes

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Sweet BREATH?

Takes 3 seconds to be sure if you do this

THERE is now scientific and instant protection against bad breath.

May-Breath is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form . . . dainty little tablets that you carry with you, in a purse or pocket, always.

Not a candy. For that won't do. Not merely a perfume. For that simply cries out concealment.

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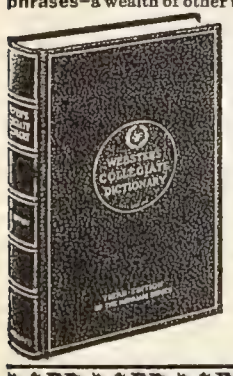

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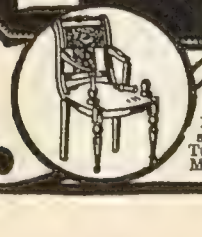
IRON GLUE



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McCORMICK & Co., Baltimore, Md.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

her mother will be one of the first to be helped.

A young woman who wanted to be a painter asks help for her husband and herself. He is a sculptor, but he has been ill. She wants now to go into business, "that a way might be found whereby my husband could continue his profession." But—"we lack the pitifully small capital necessary to open even the tiniest, most humble of shops."

"Your millionaire friend is a lot of bologna," a woman writes from a small New York town. "Oh, what a generous man he is! He doesn't know what to do with $10,000,000. Please ask him if he would know what to do with some money if he were in the following predicament: the wife in a t. b. hospital; the husband, gassed in the war and with a poisonous shrapnel wound in the leg, working for twenty-eight dollars a week to pay for the board of a child and an old mother. I suppose he will say: 'Oh, those people—if they cannot look out for themselves they will be better off dead.' We will be dead soon enough, but let me assure your charming millionaire it won't be because we are unfit to live, but because we had ideals, because we are too good hearted and too honest. Well, I guess heaven is not such a bad place, after all."

A Birmingham, Alabama, reader, an old man with a son in the National Guard, wants to borrow $200. He agrees to repay it at the rate of thirty cents a day—recalling the fact that the millionaire, when he was a boy, borrowed half that sum from a Chicago alderman and paid it back in a year.

HERE'S a man writing from Seattle. His is a beautiful script. His wife is tubercular. Her entire body is affected. "Yet she is a young woman, just past thirty, red haired, beautiful, a wonderful wife and mother." He also is a "victim of the white plague," and he wants to live "at least long enough to enable me to send my daughter through school."

A woman in Minneapolis—in her letter there are two pictures of a tiny white frame house and a receipted tax bill. She and her husband have been married thirteen years. They saved up for their home, three rooms and bath. They had the mortgage down to $750—but now the husband will never be able to work again. She expects to get a job at fifteen dollars a week. She fears she will lose her home, and that there will be no money to care for him. The mortgage is $1,400 now—"and that can never be paid by us."

One of Wisconsin's gold star mothers wrote me. She is seventy-three. "I'm so lonely without boy dear," she says. He was in the navy during the war. He did not "fix up his insurance" for her, but the government gives her twenty dollars a month, and she lives in a Catholic sisters' home, though she is not a Catholic. Her money goes for clothes, medicine, doctor bills, fresh fruit which she must have to live, and "a little reading matter."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Tonic for 'Nerves'

prescribed in 58 countries

In Ecuador and India . . . in Java and England . . . in Algeria and the United States . . . wherever men and women overwork and worry, there comes a time when nerves rebel. For the resulting mental exhaustion and depression, physicians in 58 countries of the world now prescribe FELLOWS' Syrup. It is a powerful nerve tonic. It replenishes the body's mineral salts. It increases appetite; aids digestion; and thus induces the sleep which brings true peace and rest—the rest which brings renewed vitality and vigor.

FELLOWS' Laxative Tablets, a vegetable compound, are mild yet effective.

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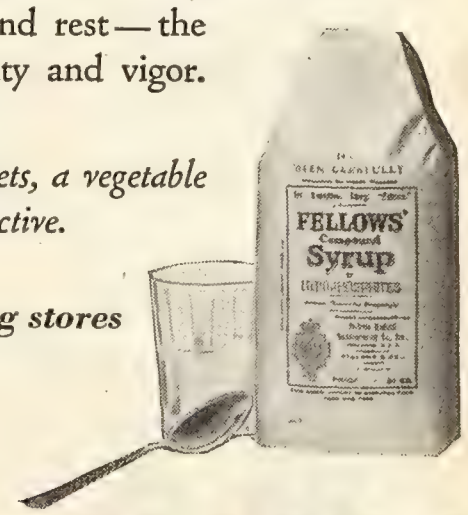

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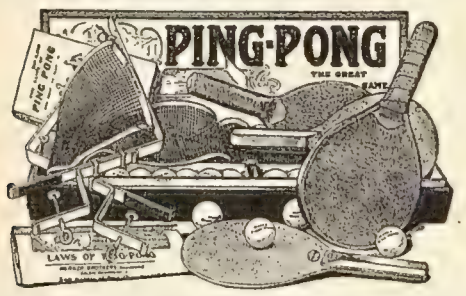
REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE
PARKER BROTHERS, Inc., *Sole Makers*
There is no better game! Fast, exciting action. Played on regulation Ping-Pong or dining table. Sets from $2 to $20. *Sold by all leading DEALERS,* or by mail. Write for Illustrated Price List.



PING-PONG always bears the brand PING-PONG upon the box, rackets, net and balls, and contains the *official Laws* of PING-PONG, adopted by the American Association. It is made *only* by Parker Brothers, Inc.

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Fun and hilarity! *All* ages enjoy its quick action and excitement. *The* game for a roomful—2 to 8 players. *Price, $1 at DEALERS'* or by mail.

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PARKER BROTHERS, Inc.
SALEM, MASS.: Flatiron Bldg., NEW YORK

[THOSE IDLE MILLIONS Continued from page forty-five]

What does she want?

"It seems if I could visit dear boy's grave at Mare Island, California, I could be more reconciled. I can't give him up."

If she had that $10,000,000 she'd endow homes for old people such as herself; for—"it seems that at the ebbing of the tide the old should have some luxuries as well as necessities. Next year I'm going to try to save enough to go to the National War Mothers' convention at Louisville, Kentucky."

Perhaps some Kenosha, Wisconsin, editor will see this article and send that mother to Mare Island.

"Since I am the mother of four children, and also being ill and poverty stricken," the next letter begins.

"I am a widow and have a son out of work," says the one that follows.

"I can give you the name of a person to whom an income of ten dollars a week would be a godsend," says the one after that.

Here's a long letter signed "Scissor-Bill," from Camden, New Jersey. He writes anonymously so I can't accuse him of writing a sob story. Until six years ago he was a marine engineer. He tried railroading, and lost his left leg and right hand. The company gave him a job.

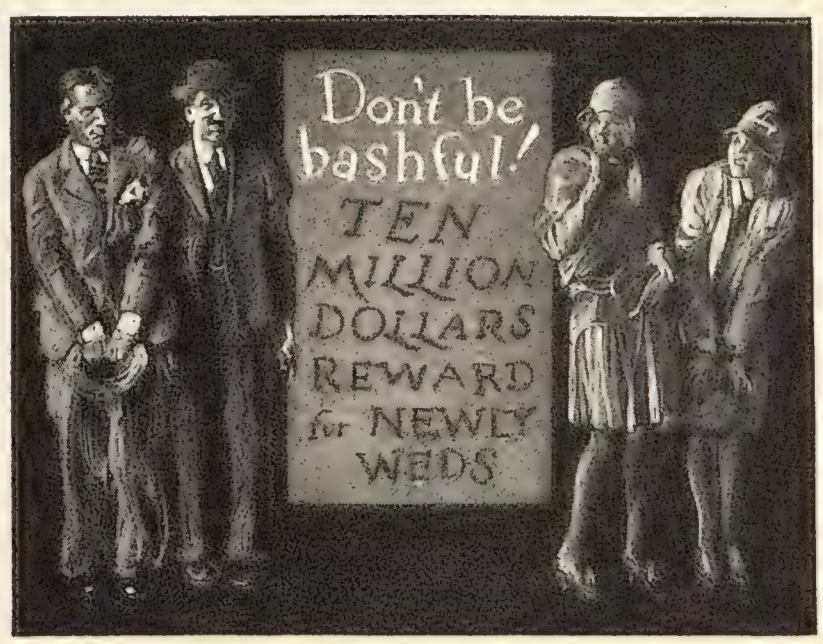
"I CALL it damned hard work for a cripple," he says, "but the railroad thinks it has been very generous letting me work instead of starve. I am married and have a son. In order that we can make out, my wife has to board the baby and work. If I work every day I make $35.49 a week. I work nights. I am a thousand dollars in debt. I cannot get a cent of credit. I may break down any day. One landlord told me that if I didn't pay the rent promptly he would evict me instantly.

"One man has ten millions he doesn't know what to do with, and another has ten cents occasionally to treat himself—if he can find an amusement that only costs that much! Yet I don't blame that millionaire. If he tried to help the cripples they would perhaps throw it away senselessly, and any commission charged with the distribution of funds would eat it up with overhead, and the cripple would have just as much as he started with—nothing."

This is a letter from a magazine editor. It incloses a pamphlet on eugenics. I quote only a part of it:

"Your millionaire is right in saying that nearly all the money given to charity breeds more charity. He might be interested in the fact that our people in my home state of Indiana a few generations ago took care of Old Man Ishmael and his wife. They also took care of their children and children's children. We had just two at first to care for. We now have over 12,000."

The following letter, penciled by a man en route from New York to New Orleans, is, in my opinion, the most interesting I have received:



A matrimonial bureau which will "give the young folks a decent start in their married life" is suggested.

"Your old friend with the $10,000,000 is getting too conservative with age. He is afraid to take a chance. He looks for the hole in every doughnut you offer him. He did not make his money by looking at the things that couldn't be done. He had to fight the difficulties which existed in each and every endeavor. He went on general principles. He said to himself, 'This business is fundamentally sound. Good men can be hired for money who with my guidance can overcome the troubles and handle the details.'

"He may have gambled $10,000,000 before, on general principles—and won. He knows that all you can do for men is to make them think. You can give them nothing of value in this world, but you can teach them how to think—educate them. But when a man is given a weapon he must know the direction to shoot it.

"Religious institutions truly have many faults—but they are here for good only. The parent of every organized movement for good in every community is the church. We would like the churches to be run to suit us, but if we can't get that, shall we refuse our support to them?

"The gentleman has made his money by mental and physical aggressiveness. He has driven others of necessity. His big job has been being the stimulator in the enterprise. He was never satisfied.

"Let him throw himself personally into the work of any one church, or of numerous institutions—even the Y. M. C. A., which he derides—and he will soon learn things that may cause him to change his mind. Men, as they get older and more independent, lose their perspective unless they spend much time with the 95 per cent, the masses. I feel sorry for the old boy. He had better start to work seriously to find an answer to his question.

"I am now starting to make more money by far than I need to live, and I am going to try to give it as I go along. By doing so I will gain experience that will enable me to give my $10,000,000 away perhaps with wisdom. He is up against a problem which cannot be sidestepped. His experience fits him much better to do the job than his heirs. Tell him to 'take a chance.' He will never find the sure thing."

BUT my pet letter is one written by D. S. MacLeod of Detroit, Michigan, to the editor.

"Your millionaire," he says, "would do well to forget the derelicts, etc., etc. Why not propose that the old gent give Mr. Doherty the millions—or at least one of them? If he were still in a quandary about the rest, I'd take one or two, and furnish good, healthy Americans who would absorb the rest gladly—and bless the old gent forever afterward."

Well! That's meant for a sigh of relief at getting to the last of today's pile of mail. The millionaire is more puzzled than ever. I called him up.

"It seems strange," he remarked, "that not one writer has mentioned parks and playgrounds. I've been investigating. I find there aren't so many parks in the big cities as I thought. Nor in the little cities, either. A park where people can go—"

"You are going to put the money in parks?" I asked him.

"I haven't said so," he answered, rather shortly.

"You're thinking of it?"

"Oh, yes, I'm thinking of it. Bright boy to read my mind so easily. Is there any better way to spend money? Maybe there is. But what is it?"

P. S. The mailman has just entered, leaving another pile of letters.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Imagination Plus

Ionia, aged four, watching the baby, was instructed not to carry her. But she did, and, while going through the doorway, bumped the baby's head, making her cry lustily. Mother, rushing in to learn the cause, received this hasty explanation from Ionia: "Oh, I bumped my head and she thought it was hers."—Mrs. F. G. Button, 3821 Chamoune Ave., San Diego, Calif.

Peter the Spartan

Peter had been looking forward to the circus, but on the eventful day he was sick with a bad cold and had to stay at home. Before tucking him in bed his mother said, "Peter, you've been a dear boy; you haven't complained once." And Peter said, "Yes; but you don't know what was going on inside of me."—Mrs. Hugh Curran, 904 New Bern Ave., Raleigh, N. C.

"WHO Y'GOING TO MEET, BILL?"

LONG AGO when Cockney Bill and his missus "knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road," holidays and high-old-times gave any man good reason to "dress up"... to look his best. But *now,* every day brings reason enough. It is a business and social asset wherever one meets people. And that enviable knack of *"knowing how to wear clothes well"* has made many a slim salary do the honors for a man whose associates say, "He's getting on in the world and he *looks the part!"*

Take shoes! One of the most conspicuous features in the apparel of every man you meet . . . foundation of good personal appearance! The gist of the whole matter is this: the best shoes . . . the most useful shoes . . . for any man are those various TYPES of footwear that go best with the clothes HE wears and the things HE does.

Now apply that general principle to your own case. Consider the six national axioms of good usage in footwear illustrated at the right. The shoes merely represent TYPES. Follow your own personal whims as to patterns, brands and prices, but plan always to wear shoes of a TYPE appropriate to the rest of your apparel.

Change about from one pair to another. It is a restful, beneficial habit. Shoes wear better that way. The leather gets a chance to dry out between wearings. They keep shape better . . . Remember these suggestions next time you dress . . . next time you go to buy footwear. You'll get maximum dress-value, greater comfort and satisfaction out of whatever shoes you own, wherever purchased.

THIS bulletin is authoritative . . . one of a series based on a national study of current customs among well dressed men . . . It is sponsored by the combined Shoe, Leather and Allied Industries in co-operation with the National Shoe Retailers Association. *Executive Advertising Committee, 14th Floor, 260 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts.*

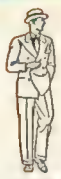
SHOES MARK THE MAN

RETAIL stores which display this emblem are leaders in this national service to their patrons and the shoe industry. You may depend upon them always for honest values, up-to-date business methods, authentic styles and modern craftsmanship in shoemaking. Consult these merchants for correct dress in footwear as well as for correct fitting.

SHOES MARK THE MAN — Shoe Style Headquarters

The well dressed man stands on a foundation of Correct Footwear

FORMAL SHOES LOOK BEST with formal dress. Certainly there can be no exception to this rigid rule of etiquette: strictly "formal dress," plain-toe footwear of black (preferably patent leather) should be worn with tuxedo or full evening dress.



PLAIN-PATTERN SHOES LOOK BEST with conservative clothing. Shoes of any smooth-finish leather (black or tans) look best with smooth-finish fabrics. Do not wear heavy shoes of "doggy" design with suits of thin, fine-textured weave.

BLACK SHOES LOOK BEST with dark clothing, with blues and all but the lighter shades of gray. The lighter weights are best for summer time, and the heavier shoes for wet and wintry weather. Wear black shoes *always in the evening.*

TAN SHOES LOOK BEST with trousers of the lighter shades, with all the browns, *and in daylight.* For reasons of style, common sense, and comfort the heavier weights come into vogue with the felt hats and heavier suits of autumn.

FANCY-PATTERN SHOES LOOK BEST with woolly fabrics. Brogues and other standard fancy patterns go well with heavy suits, heavy weather or high old times in the open air. Novelty patterns go best with youthful togs and young ideas.

SPORT SHOES LOOK BEST with clothing comfortable and appropriate for out-of-the-city recreation. For general playtime wear men are offered almost unlimited range in their choice of special footwear that's smart and practical.

FREE BOOKLET!

ASK your shoe dealer or write to the address given above for a free copy of *How Well Dressed Men Get That Way,* an illustrated booklet of tips on the knack of getting the utmost in dress-value and satisfaction from your footwear.

A Second to THINK

Michigan 7, Wisconsin 7— An End's Play that Averted Defeat in 1921

A Football Reminiscence

By WALTER ECKERSALL

Gus Tebell, the Wisconsin end whose quick thinking gave his team a spectacular touchdown.

OF all the players on a football field, the ends usually have the most opportunities to exercise judgment. They are placed on their own initiative and they must meet conditions as they arise, regardless of how they have been coached. In many cases they have less than a second to think, and their ability to grasp the situations in these moments has had bearings on results of very important struggles.

As a rule, the ends are in the clear. They are frequently in positions to scoop up fumbles, snare forward passes, or recover fumbled punts. They have excellent opportunities to intercept lateral passes and to recover short kickoffs.

P. & A. photo

Halfback Steketee of Michigan.

They are not restricted by coaching as to the ground they can cover, like other players on the team. The coach, if he has intelligent ends, usually instructs them to use their own judgment when extraordinary conditions arise on the playing field.

Michigan and Wisconsin have been keen football rivals since 1892, when the Maize and Blue triumphed over the Cardinal, 10 to 6. In the span of years that has intervened between then and now both universities have been represented by wonderful elevens, expertly coached by men whose names are familiar to the majority of football fans.

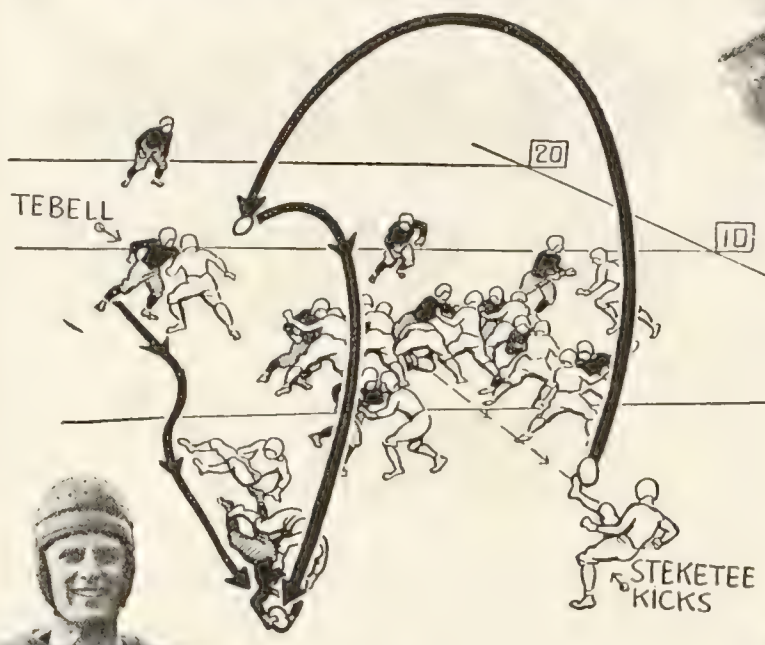
Naturally such powerful and well coached elevens would not have been so successful if it had not been for ends who were quick to grasp a situation and function accordingly.

It remained for a Wisconsin end, Gus Tebell, to think and act quickly during one of the most extraordinary plays I have ever seen. This play happened in the bitterly fought struggle of 1921, which was played at Madison, Wisconsin.

Both elevens were efficiently drilled in all angles of play. Each had an excellent punter and the ends to cover the punts. In fact, the result of the struggle was predicted to hinge on how successfully Guy Sundt of Wisconsin and Steketee of Michigan kept the oval out of their respective territories.

There was no scoring in the opening quarter, but in the second period the football itself put a little spice into the struggle by taking very freakish bounds. As the period wore on, Wisconsin was compelled to punt from its forty-eight yard line. Sundt got away a beauty, which landed on the Michigan five yard line. The ball took a couple of bounds and finally came to rest on the Wolverine one yard line. The Michigan safety players thought the ball would roll over the goal line for a touchback and did not try to catch it.

There was only one thing left for Michigan to do and that was to punt the oval out of danger. Wisconsin knew what to expect. The Badgers were prepared to play the game safe. They were set for a fair catch, but they intended to permit the ball to come to a dead rest if they were unable to catch or stop it. Michigan had its back to the wall and the players had to protect their kicker.



The diagram shows how the ball, kicked by Steketee from behind his own goal, fell short and bounded back over the line, where Tebell fell on it for a touchdown.

P. & A. photo

Paul G. Goebel, Michigan end.

Steketee went back of his goal line to receive the ball from his center. The pass was perfect. The Michigan line held. Steketee failed to meet the ball squarely with his instep and it sailed high in the air, but only a short distance down the field.

As soon as they heard the sound of Steketee's foot strike the ball, the Michigan players started down the field to prevent a return.

Tebell, the Wisconsin end, did his share of blocking before he looked to see how far the ball had been kicked. When he saw the oval almost directly above him, he decided to wait until it landed. He was set for anything, and the thought uppermost in his mind was to get possession of the ball.

In a fraction of a second he realized possession of that pigskin meant an almost certain Wisconsin touchdown if the ball were recovered inside the Michigan ten yard line.

P. & A. photo

Fullback Roby of Michigan.

Captain Sundt of Wisconsin.

THE Cardinal end watched the oval on its downward flight. The ball struck on the Wolverine twelve yard line and then took one of the strangest bounds I have ever seen. Instead of bounding forward, straight up in the air, or to either side, the ball shot straight back over the Michigan goal line.

Tebell, who had only a second to think, was on the oval like a hawk. Gus knocked down one Michigan player and dove between the legs of another to fall on the ball back of the Michigan goal line for a touchdown. Captain Sundt kicked the goal for the extra point.

A little later in the period, Uteritz, the Michigan quarterback, made a lateral pass to Goebel, the end. Goebel in turn made a forward pass of thirty yards down the field to Roby, the Wolverine fullback. Roby then ran the remaining distance for a touchdown. Goebel kicked the goal, and the score was tied, seven points each. It remained a tie when the game ended, but the deadlock was due to Tebell's quick thinking on the extraordinary bound taken by the ball following Steketee's punt.

Another case in which a player used his second to think to the greatest advantage will be described by Mr. Eckersall in an early issue of Liberty.

Gasoline Gypsies *and What They Cost*

The Cross-Country Expense Account of Two Girls from Gotham

By GRACE ROBINSON

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

I MADE a cross-country automobile trip for LIBERTY and kept a diary entitled Gasoline Gypsies. That was published. I also kept an expense account. That was intended only for private circulation among myself, a large hearted executive editor, and a gullible but not garrulous auditor.

And now—ha, ha, ha! (That laughter was forced.) Now—ha, ha—the publisher says he thinks it would be interesting to print the expense account of the Gasoline Gypsies. The public, he thinks, might like to know how much of a wallop a cross-country tour hands the old bank balance.

A magazine writer or a newspaper reporter would sooner give his right address than reveal an expense account to a skeptical world. He is in an awkward position. He has spent a lot of office money. He must account for every cent. Too often he finds himself floundering helplessly, like the New York newspaper man who went on an expedition to the frozen north.

He tried to recollect what on earth he had done with all that money. He had been in a snowy country—ah, there was an idea. Dogs. Of course. Dogs.

So he wrote:

One sledge dog—died in action	$50
One grave for dog	$10
Gravedigger	$10

He added his items, totaling several hundred dollars. There was still a gap between the money spent and the money accounted for. So he made an insert:

Flowers for bereaved bitch	$5

Needless to say, his expense account did not get by the office.

The account offered herewith got by. It passed an executive editor, an editorial auditor, an expense account clerk, a chief accountant, and a business office auditor. Although, it is true, an irreverent editor suggested that it be called "Gasoline Gypping."

If it seems large, it must be remembered that all items are for two persons, except during the mutiny when my sister, the other Gypsy, temporarily left the trip.

We spent $1,771.28. There was no particular effort at economy. California was our destination, but beyond proceeding in a general westerly direction we made no effort to cross the United States by any previously defined route.

We had a high powered car and never counted on getting more than ten miles to the gallon, and less in mountains and in traffic. Items for gas include also oil and tips for the extraordinary service the tourist gets in the dusty West. Beyond Chicago no filling station attendant will let you go on without washing your windows and windshield and dusting your hood.

There were occasional stopovers involving hotel bills—where I wrote installments of the diary to send to the office by mail.

Anyone who wishes to economize on a cross-country trip could cut my figures by half. He should have a light car, giving twenty or more miles to the gallon. He should make only brief stopovers. He should not go to hotels, but always patronize tourist camps or go to the private houses with the sign, Tourists Accommodated.

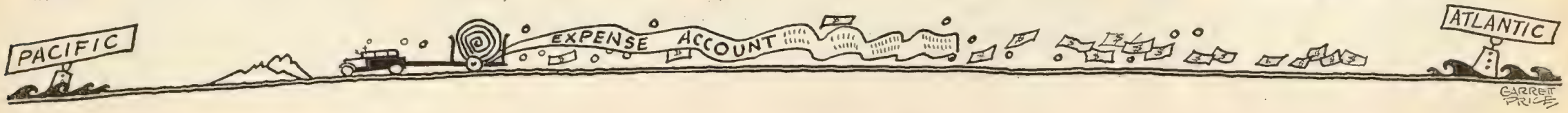
Here is the dollars and cents record of the Gasoline Gypsies' leisurely jaunt from New York to Hollywood.

JUNE 27—Preparation for trip.	
Two leather cushions for car, so I could reach pedals	$8.00
Two gray blankets—see receipt	12.00
1 sheath knife—see receipt	3.50
1 poncho	2.50
1 coffeepot	2.10
1 more gray blanket	4.00
1 tent and poles (see rec't for 25.36)	7.00
2 mess kits	4.00
Large blanket pins	.61
1 hatchet	3.75
Grate & can opener	1.40
Books—1 American Baedeker	5.50
1 book on explorers, In Quest of the Western Ocean	6.50
Total	$60.86
June 28—Tip to garageman	$1.00
Garage bill where car had been quartered—see receipt	20.40
Ferry to Jersey	.35
Total	$21.75
June 29—Gas	$2.10
Lunch, Bear Mountain Inn (for two)	4.00
Tolls, Nyack ferry and Bear Mountain Bridge	1.90
Hotel, White Horse Inn—see receipt	8.00
Tips	.75
Total	$16.75
June 30—Lunch (for two)	$2.35
Gas	2.00
Groceries at Saratoga Springs	3.50
Total	$7.85
July 1—Gas	$1.50
Tips at Luther's—canoeman, maid, and several others—no hotel bill here	3.40
Lunch	3.00
Dinner	3.00
Total	$10.90
July 2—Hotel—see Edge Mirror Lodge receipt	$7.50
Chamois and polish for car	2.60
Lunch	2.10
Looking over and greasing car, 1st 1,000 miles, new oil, etc., bill and tip—see receipt Riverside Garage, Saranac Lake, N. Y.	6.10
Bucket and paring knife	1.45
Gas	1.50
Groceries for Saranac Inn camp	3.40
Gas, near Cranberry Lake	2.00
Total	$26.65
July 3—Hotel bill, Evergreen House, Cranberry Lake, N. Y.—see receipt	$5.50
Tips	.50
Lunch	2.40
Gas, near Watertown, N. Y.	$2.20
Dinner	2.10
Total	$12.70
July 4—Breakfast and lodging, Mrs. Harris, near Red Creek, N. Y.	$4.00
Gas, Red Creek, N. Y.	$1.75
Thermos jug, Rochester	2.79
Lunch	2.10
Dinner at Clifton Hotel, Niagara Falls, Ont. Not on hotel bill	5.90
Permit to have car in Canada	.50
Tips at Clifton, carriageman and two bellhops with baggage	$1.50
Tips to maids for whole stay	2.50
1 taxi, trying to catch mail to N. Y. in hurry	1.25
Total	$22.29
July 8—Trip around Niagara Gorge and under falls on boat	$6.70
6 days' hotel bill at Clifton—see receipt	95.96
Meals not on bill (eaten outside, or eaten at Clifton and not signed for)	21.00
Tips at garage, whole time	3.00
Garage bill	9.04
Garage bill	6.05
Toll bills for crossing bridge to Buffalo 6 times for mail	3.00
Other tips at hotel (whole stay)	4.00
Total	$148.75
July 10—Breakfast	$3.90
Final tips—help with trunks, etc.	1.00
Gas	2.00
Lunch	2.00
Gas at London, Ont.	3.25
Dinner at Book-Cadillac Hotel, Detroit	6.90
Lodging, back in Windsor, Ont.	4.00
Total	$23.05
July 11—Breakfast	$2.30
Ferry, to Detroit from Windsor, Ont., 3 times	1.05
Lunch	1.20
Gas at Detroit	4.50
Tip to mail clerk	.50
Dinner	3.00
Lodging at Mrs. Hard's, near Quincy, Mich.	3.00
Total	$15.55
July 12—Breakfast	$1.20
Gas, Quincy, Mich.	3.50
Lunch at Drake Hotel, Chicago	1.30
Tips—carriageman	1.00
Bellhops with luggage	1.50
Other tips	2.50
Dinner at Drake—got down late, had to pay cover charge, dinner itself on bill	2.50
Total	$13.50
July 13—Garage bill—see receipt, Drake Hotel	$2.00
Tip at garage	.50
Total	$2.50
Total accounted for	$383.10

Advanced by Office

June 28	$300.00
July 12	150.00

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



GASOLINE GYPSIES

[Continued from page forty-nine]

Total advanced to date $450.00
Accounted for above 383.10
To be accounted for next week 66.90

July 13—Lunch outside Drake and tips $4.00

Total $4.00

July 14—Lunch outside $2.40
Tips at Drake 1.00
Telegram ..... .90
Gas 3.00

Total $7.30

July 15—Tips $1.00
Breakfast outside 2.30
Lunch outside 2.20

Total $5.50

July 16—Tips $1.50
Lunch outside 2.40
Gas and garage 6.75

Total $10.65

July 17—Tips $1.50
Lunch outside 2.50
Gas 1.00

Total $5.00

July 18—Tips (note: most of tips at Drake include restaurant tips) $1.00
Lunch outside 2.50
Dinner outside 4.00

Total $7.50

July 19—Tips at garage ..... $ .50
Lunch outside 2.40
Tip to maids 2.00
Horses, 1 hour 4.00
Garage bill 4.42
Tips to bellhops, luggage, etc. 2.00
Reward for recovery of stolen camera 5.00
Lunch 1.75
Dinner at roadhouse 4.50
Bill at Drake (see 2 receipts) 120.20
Gas at 3 towns (Dixon, Ill., Clinton, Ia., and Cedar Rapids, Ia.) 7.50
No lodging for July 19 (slept on ground)

Total $154.27

July 20—Gas, Ames, Ia. $2.50
Breakfast 2.00
Lunch 1.90
Gas, Carroll, Ia. 2.25
Gas, Omaha, Neb., and new bulb for tail light 4.50

Total $14.15

July 21—Gas, oil changed, and a little greasing $5.75

Total $5.75

July 22—Gas $3.00
Alemite 1.50

Total $4.50

July 23—Gas, Omaha $3.65

Total $3.65

July 24—Breakfast $2.40
Gas, Lincoln, Neb. 3.50
Lunch 1.80
Gas, Hastings, Neb. 3.40
Dinner 2.00

Total $13.10

July 25—Tourist camp lodging at Minden, Neb. $2.00
Gas 1.50
Breakfast 2.00
Lunch 1.20
Gas, McCook, Neb. 4.00
Gas, Laird, Colo. 3.00
Dinner 2.20

Total $15.90

July 26—Telegrams, Wray, Colo. $3.40
Gas, Wray, Colo. 3.50
Lodging, Wray, Colo. 2.00
Breakfast 1.80
Lunch ..... .50
Gas, Brush, Colo. 2.00
Gas, Denver, Colo. 3.00
Tip to mail clerk, Denver ..... .50
Tip to carriageman (Shirley-Savoy Hotel) ..... .50
Dinner, Evergreen, Colo. 3.75

Total $20.95

July 27—Rent of cottage, 1 week $20.00
Groceries 5.00
Wood for fuel 3.50
Telephones to Denver about mail 1.05

Total $29.55

July 28—Groceries $4.50
Telephones to Denver ..... .40
Lunch at Lookout Mountain 1.00
Gas 2.00

Total $7.90

July 29—Telegrams $1.90
Groceries 4.70
Gas, and oil changed 3.70
Telephones to Denver ..... .40

Total $10.70

July 30—Telephones to Denver $ .40
Telegram to office 1.02
Wood for heat and cooking 3.00
Groceries 4.50
Gas 2.20

Total $11.12

July 31—Groceries $3.40
Dinner (ate out) 4.00
Fishing tackle 4.90
Gas 3.00
Laundry 4.90

Total $20.20

Total accounted for $351.69
From last account $66.90
Advanced by office, July 21 ..... 200.00

$266.90

Office owes me $84.79

Aug. 1—Groceries at Evergreen, Colo. $3.50
Telephone to Denver ..... .40

Total $3.90

Aug. 2—Gas, Denver $3.50
Groceries 1.10
Dinner out 3.00

Total $7.60

Aug. 3—Extra night rent cottage $3.00
Tip to telephone operator to forward messages ..... .50
Gas, Evergreen 2.10
Gas, Idaho Springs 3.00

Total $8.60

Aug. 8—Tips at Idaho Springs and American City $4.50
Hotel bill at Idaho Springs, including 2 day horseback trip—see receipt $98.40
Garage bill, Idaho Springs—see receipt 7.00
Tips in garage ..... .75
Gas, Idaho Springs 4.50
Gas, Denver 3.50
Gas, Palmer Lake, Colo. 4.10
Gas, Colorado Springs 3.50
Dinner at Colorado Springs 1.60
Tourist camp cabin 1.50

Total $129.35

(Following expenses are for one, until sister returned)

Aug. 9—Meals (for one) $4.50
Telephone calls to Eldora, Colo., to try to get companion to replace sister 3.70
Telephone call to Omaha to get exact address intended new companion 3.90
Telegram to Eldora 3.40
Gas, Denver 3.80
Lodging at Boulderado Hotel, Boulder, Colo. (on way to get new companion) 2.00
Garage at Boulder 1.00

Total $22.30

Aug. 10—Gas and oil (Boulder) $4.90
Garage tip ..... .50
Tip to maid—felt ill, required extra service ..... .50
Meals 4.00

Total $9.90

Aug. 11—Meals $4.00

Total $4.00

Aug. 12—Meals $3.50
Gas and oil at Eldora, Colo. 2.90
Gas, Boulder 1.80
Gas, Denver 2.20
Gas, Fountain, Colo. 3.10
Gas, Colorado Springs 3.10
Lodging, Pueblo (see receipt) 2.05
Garage, Pueblo 1.00

Total $19.65

Aug. 13—Gas, Pueblo $3.20
Meals 4.50
Gas, Greenhorn, Colo. 2.20
Gas, Walsenburg, Colo. 2.80
Gas, Trinidad, Colo. 3.30
Gas, Las Vegas, N. M. 4.90
Gas, Santa Fe 4.90

Total $25.80

Aug. 14—Sleeping space on porch $1.25
Tips ..... .50
Meals 5.00

Total $6.75

(Sister returned)

Aug. 15—Meals $8.50
Gas 2.00
Tips, hotel ..... .50

Total $11.00

Aug. 16—Meals $10.00
Tips ..... .75

Total $10.75

Aug. 17—Meals $9.00
Gas 1.40
Tips ..... .75

Total $11.15

Aug. 18—Meals $9.00
Tips 1.00
Laundry 3.50

Total $13.50

Aug. 19—Meals $8.50
Gas 4.50
Hotel bill—see receipt, Franciscan Hotel, Santa Fe ... 34.68
Gas, Albuquerque, N. M. 3.10

Total $50.78

Total $335.03

Office owes me (last account) $84.79
Total accounted for herewith 335.03

Total $419.82
Advanced by office,
Aug. 2 ..... $200
Aug. 15 150

$350 $350

Office owes me $69.82

Aug. 20—Acoma; board and lodging with Indians $2.50
Beads—gift to Mrs. Dixon (host's squaw) 3.00
Tips to other Indians 2.00
Hauling out of sand by Baptisto Pino 20.00
Gas, Laguna 3.50
Cigars for Mr. Gonzales, who helped me on desert (also two friends) 4.50
Meals 7.00
Room at Gallup and garage—see receipt Grand Hotel 3.50
Tips at hotel 1.00
Water bags 3.00

Total $50.00

Aug. 21—Gas at Navajo $3.50
Meals 8.00
Tips at Flagstaff, Ariz. 1.00

Total $12.50

Aug. 22—Meals $8.50
Tips 1.00

Total $9.50

Aug. 23—Meals $8.00
Tips 1.00
Garage and repairs—see receipt Babbitt's at Flagstaff 14.35
Tips at garage 1.50

Total $24.85

Aug. 24—Meals $8.50
Tips 1.00
Doctor bill for Ester, result of accident near Navajo—investigating cause of bump and headaches, fearing possible fracture 3.00
Medicines 1.00

Total $13.50

Aug. 25—Meals $10.00
Gas 4.50
Hotel bill—see receipt Monte Vista, Flagstaff 28.00
Tips 2.00
Auto permit, entering Grand Canyon district—see receipt 1.00
Tips at El Tovar Hotel, Grand Canyon ..... .50

Total $46.00

Aug. 26—Meals $10.00
Gas, Grand Canyon 5.00
Gas, Kingman, Ariz. 2.50
Tips at Needles, Calif. ..... .50

Total $18.00

Aug. 27—Meals $9.00
Tips ..... .50
Hotel, Needles—see receipt, Gateway Hotel 4.00
Gas, Needles 5.00
Telegrams at Needles 1.70
Gas, Amboy, Calif. 2.50
Gas, Barstow, Calif. 3.50
Tips, Hollywood, Calif. 1.00

Total $27.20

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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In Next Week's LIBERTY

EXERCISE

Some tips on keeping fit

By Hugh Fullerton

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

Aug. 28—Meals	$10.00
Entertainment for friend who showed us Hollywood	5.00
Tips, Christie Hotel	1.00
Towing out of sand at Santa Monica, Calif., when threw Atlantic water into Pacific	10.00
Tip to life guard who helped	2.00
Gas	3.70
Total	$31.70
Aug. 29—Meals	$10.00
Tips	1.00
Entertainment for persons who were polite about helping us see Hollywood	5.00
Total	$16.00
Aug. 30—Meals (includes dinner at Ambassador Hotel)	$12.50
Guest at dinner	3.80
Tips in hotel	1.00
Total	$17.30
Aug. 31—Meals	$10.00
Tips in hotel	1.00
Total	$11.00
Sept. 1—Meals	$10.00
Tips	1.00
Total	$11.00
Sept. 2—Meals	$10.00
Tips	1.00
Total	$11.00
Sept. 3—Meals	$10.00
Guest entertainment	5.00
Tips	1.00
Total	$16.00
Sept. 4—Meals	$10.00
Tips	1.00
Tip to porter	2.00
Total	$13.00
Sept. 5—Meals	$10.00
Tips with luggage, etc.	1.50
Tip at garage	.50
Hotel bill—see receipt Christie	62.93
Taxi to station with luggage	3.50
Railway fare—Los Angeles to Omaha, Neb. (sister)	63.30
Tips at station	2.00
Fare, Los Angeles to N. Y. (Grace)	$108.90
Pullman, Los Angeles to Omaha	19.88
Pullman, Los Angeles to Omaha	19.88
Extra fare and Pullman, Omaha to Chicago	7.00
Extra fare and Pullman, Chicago to N. Y.	18.60
Total	$317.99
Sept. 6—Meals	$11.50
Valet	1.50
Total	$13.00
Sept. 7—Meals	$11.00
Telegram	.90
Tips at station at Omaha	1.00
Total	$12.90
Sept. 8—No expense, guest of family	
Tips at station	.50
Total	.50
Sept. 9—Meals (for one)	$5.50
Valet	2.00
Porter	1.50
Checking and baggage tips at Chicago (changing stations, waiting 2 hours)	3.50
Total	$12.50
Sept. 10—Breakfast on train	$1.50
Tips at station	1.50
Taxi to home, with luggage and tip	2.25
Total	$5.25
Sept. 11—Express charges; baggage shipped home (impossible to get all our things in bags we carried west)	
1 parcel from Hollywood	$5.97
1 parcel from Hollywood	4.80
Total	$10.77
Total account above	$701.46
Tabulation	
Office owes me—from last account	$69.82
Office owes me—above account	701.46
	$771.28
Advanced by office, Aug. 27	150.00
Office still owes me	$621.28

THE END

Poems You Ought to Know

A Match

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

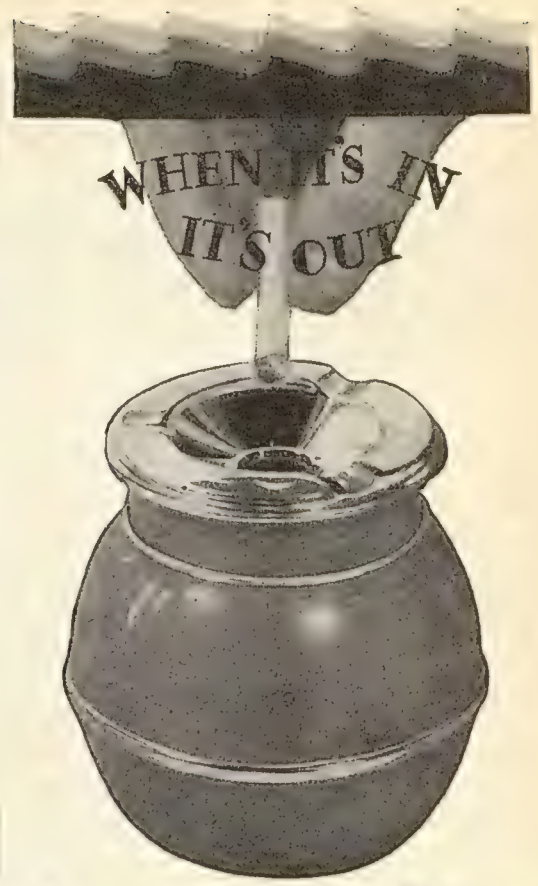
[Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837-1909), son of an English admiral, was a poet of extraordinary metrical skill and inventiveness, and of a romantic and revolutionary temperament. His works include classical poetic dramas, many lyrics, and several prose studies of Elizabethan dramatists.]

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons
With loving looks and treasons
And tears of night and morrow
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day, like night, were shady,
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.



Announcing the Death of Two Bad Men

MR. S.T.A.L.E. SMOKE and MR. B.A.D. ODOR

These two fellows have been annoying people for quite some time—so really we're glad they're gone.

Who put them out of commission? Why—little Nevasmoks!

Nevasmoks are ash receivers, but that's only half of it. They're almost human—human because once you drop your cigarette in it's gone—it's out—it's smothered. We guarantee that.

No more stale smoke comes out to annoy you. No more odors bother you. You don't have to burn your fingers crunching out your fag. You don't see ashes flying around.

You'll notice a difference in your rugs and furniture, too. Those nice, little, long burns that you see after your guests have departed will vanish with Nevasmoks in use.

And then the chances of fire also are limited. It can't tip over—and it can't spill, and when you want to clean it—just open and empty.

We could tell you a hundred other things about Nevasmoks, but we'd rather you try one for yourself. It'll do the talking.

Here's a thing though we almost forgot. They come in twelve different pastel colors and finishes. That's important because you may want to match the color of your drawing room, boudoir or office.

If your favorite store doesn't handle them, just send us $2.00 and tell us the color you want and we'll send you one in a jiffy postpaid. They make wonderful little Christmas presents.

Each Nevasmok has its name clearly stamped on the bottom

Nevasmok comes in the following colors and finishes:

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Sky Blue	Canary Yellow	Sea Green
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Brass	Bronze	Gun Metal

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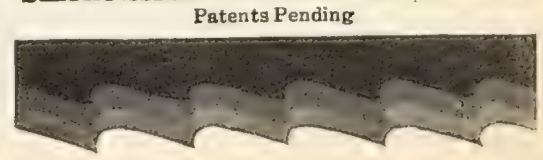


Vox

100% Americanism

NILES, MICH.—I wonder what you call 100 per cent Americanism, you people who tell us, in the columns of Vox Pop, that no follower of the Pope could possibly be a real American.

For my information, kindly inform me: Was the rifle I carried labeled "Protestants Only"? Were the German shells marked "Protestants Only"? Did the recruiting officer say: "Protestants Only"? Was the money that bought the necessaries of war all Protestant?

No, sir. Such was not the case. Side by side we went, Protestant and Catholic alike, and again we will go if the Red, White, and Blue, the Stars and Stripes, symbolic of our own United States, are in danger.

A mere trifle like being tolerated during wartime only is the last thing we Catholics worry about.

Name and address on request through the columns of your magazine. Also service record, honorable discharge, or any other information you desire.—*W. J. C.—Just an ex-soldier, a Roman Catholic, and a 100 per cent American.*

But That Isn't Being Numb in the Nut—or Is It?

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Beatrice Grimshaw knows her onions—also her

South Seas. I was particularly interested in her story, "The House of the Hatter." I never knew, before, that "hatter" is the Australian term for a man who's lived alone in the bush so long that he gets numb in the nut, and puts his hat on a stick and talks to it and tries to fight it.

I never knew anyone who did just that. But I did know a young farmer—the most bashful man I ever met—who dressed a scarecrow up in woman's clothes and used to get down on one knee to it and plead with it.

You see—he was practicing a proposal to his best girl!—*S. Linwood.*

In Which Mr. Larrabee Seems Faintly Disturbed

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—As for the letter from that "modern wife" whose husband never drinks or whips the children, cleans her house every week-end, does the baking, gets his breakfasts, walks with the baby at night, hands over his pay, does the washing and errands, and is "getting so he tolerates the petting hour" she's training him to—that was the last straw.

Never again will I read Vox Pop. Patiently, week after week, I have grubbed through those columns, always hopeful that some day I might stumble on to a real bright thought. And then to have the lady from Hartford get away with *that!*

If she's a modern wife I'm duly grateful that mine dates back a few centuries. She hasn't got a husband. She's got a perfectly subdued and well trained first class A-1 chump, or what have you?

If I were ever accused of any one of those ten points she listed, I would take the next train out to one of those state institutions where they keep people that are that way.

But this bird—this model husband. Ow! What an awful beating he takes.

I'm going to have our government fix it so a guy can beat his wife all he wants to and it's O. K. with the courts. But whenever I think of this lady from Hartford I get visions of heavy, blunt instruments.

Oh, Adam, why did you eat that apple?—*G. Larrabee—a primitive husband, thank God!*

Also a Couple of Northerners

CLEVELAND, OHIO—After reading the letter from that woman who signed herself "A Modern Wife—a Southerner, thank God!" I just have to add my bit to Vox Pop. She might have a model husband, but she certainly hasn't got a modern one.

This is *my* idea of a modern husband—the kind I have, God bless him:

1. Never drinks (because he doesn't like it).
2. Never whips the children *unless* they need it.
3. Never cleans house unless I am ill and then hates to do it.
4. Never bakes or cooks, but thinks his wife is the best cook in the world.
5. Never gets his own breakfasts. Lots of men do, but not because they really want to.
6. Gives me the pay check, but spends what he wants and never kicks at what I spend.
7. Sure would hate to see the washing he would do.
8. He simply hates shopping, but will do it if forced to.
9. As for petting, I'll say he pets, and *how!* And I didn't have to train him—he never got out of the habit. And when hubby takes me on his knee and tells me what a wonderful wife I am, "ain't that a grand and glorious feelin'"!

That means more than all the cooking and scrubbing he could do.—*From a Real Modern Wife—a Northerner, thank God!*

CHICAGO, ILL.—In answer to "A Modern Wife," I must say that she must be mentally unbalanced. No woman could impose upon a man such duties as she does (and have the nerve to admit it) and still be sane.

And that sap husband of hers must have a backbone like a piece of boiled spaghetti.—*V. Svetlik—A Northerner and damn proud of it!*

Sure. They Thought War Was a Pipe

PEORIA, ILL.—LIBERTY is more shell-shocked than ever. What with that article by the fanatical Straton on butting in on everybody else's business and the continuation of that

travesty on the Forty-second Division, by MacArthur, your weekly is a fit candidate for the straitjacket.

The A. E. F. called the Forty-second Division "The Most Embarrassed Division." They were always getting themselves into the most embarrassing positions by their dumbness. Any time they got anywhere near a front they would get their pants shot off—particularly the seat.

It was not only a comical sight but a common one to see any number of the Forty-second Division Boy Scouts, during a little skirmish, running to the rear with nothing on but their drawers—or a barrel. It was frequently referred to as "The Barrel Division."

Lots of the boys called it "The Hangover Division." They hung over the rail all the way across and they never got out of the habit. Colonel Reilly had his gang outfitted with clay pipes, so they could blow soap bubbles till the storm was over.—*P. Gieske, 4th Div., 13th F. A. (Okayed by C. N. Denniston, 35th Div.)*

Wise Crack from Chicago

CHICAGO, ILL.—Is your omission of the reading time a confession on your part that you can't and don't read your own stories?—*Jack Larson.*

Oh, Very Well!

STOCKTON, CALIF.—Please give us some more *hard* Cross Word Puzzles. They are far more interesting. We were hunting words for four evenings for the one in your October 27 issue, and enjoyed it. So give us some more!—*Olive J. Youngblood.*

What to Do?

RICHMOND, VA.—Whether Clarence Darrow is a fatalist, agnostic, infidel, or what not, it is a pity that you have taken him on as a writer for your magazine.

Mr. Darrow has a perfect right to whatever belief he chooses to profess, and no one questions this right. However, to have him parade his ideas before the public in a magazine that is universally read, such as LIBERTY, is to be deplored.

Too many snares and pitfalls are in the paths of the youth of our day, without having them poison their minds with the opinions of one who claims that there is no God.

Darrow's story, "The Black Sheep," was the purest bunk.—*D. C. Anderson.*

MIAMI, FLA. — For many months I refrained from buying your publication because it impressed me as catering strictly to "Sunday feature" stuff. I find, however, that you suddenly have now begun buying real, actual, honest-to-goodness fiction. "The Black Sheep," by Clarence Darrow, for instance, ranks right up with stories like "The Kingdom of the Blind," by H. G. Wells.

If you want to see your news stand sales really grow, just use a few stories every week by Viña Delmar, Darrow, MacIsaac, and other *vigorous* authors.—*Kenyon M. Lee.*

They Say Castor Oil Is Very Good for a Sense of Humor

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO. — Say! I've got a bone to pick with Bert Green. He played me a dirty trick.

I was lying here in the sanatorium, feeling all right, when somebody goes by and throws me a copy of LIBERTY, and I turned to his love letter to Marg, wherein he described his trip in the airplane.

Well, migosh! Who could help it? I laffed 'n' laffed 'n' laffed till the nurses came running in an' thought

I had a bellyache or somethin' and they viciously attacked me—one holding my nose an' sitting on my legs, while the other—Ugh-h-h! Br-r-r!—poured castor oil down me.

And so I implore: "Mr. Green, pleeze be-have yourself!"—*Unprotected Female.*

Oh, Sure

HEREFORD, COLO.—I am amused at all the Vox Pop knockers. I wish some of them would try writing for a liv-

Pop

ing. They would no doubt be surprised to discover that to please the public one has to write just what is found in LIBERTY.—*E. R. F.*

Once Again: Dog vs. Wolf

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Just a word about this argument about whether or not a dog can kill a wolf.

In the lumber camps in Michigan we used to train dogs to fight wolves and many times I have seen the dog victorious.

A wolf's mode of attack is altogether different from a dog's. We used to catch a young wolf and file his teeth blunt and put him up against a dog two or three times, or as long as he would last. Then, after the dog got used to the wolf's mode of fighting—i. e., rushing and slashing with lower teeth—we would put him against a full grown wolf and oh! the money that would change hands.

On Christmas Day, 1888, I saw a dog fight three times and each time he killed his wolf.

Yes, with a little experience a dog can kill a wolf.—*Old Lumberjack.*

Anything May Happen in Hollywood

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Fred MacIsaac's story, "She Knew What She Wanted," ran along easily, held my interest, seemed pretty authentic, and—well, it gave me the impression that I was getting a look-see behind the scenes of movie making.

One thing, though, strained my credulity till it cracked: the part about Felicia being lifted to stardom just because she resembled a dead actress, Lucia Vanest.

In the story, Felicia actually signed a contract at $2,000 a week without

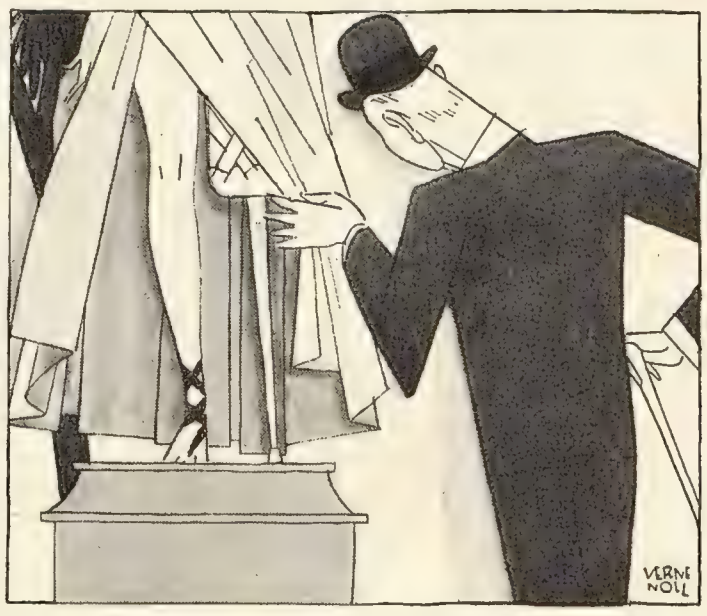
taking a screen test, or showing that she could act one single hair's width better than an oyster.

Now I'll eat my riding boots without butter, pepper, vinegar, oil, or salt if a thing like that ever happened in the films.

However, it did me good to see Felicia turn her back on the bag of gold offered her by a producer and put her arms out to the down-at-the-heels young newspaper man whom she loved.—*Knocker and Booster.*

Speaking of Prohibition

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I was deeply impressed by Mr. Pierre S. du Pont's article, "Why I Am Against Prohibition." His argument—that liquor is now in the hands of bootleggers who are interested only in expanding



their trade, but should be in the hands of government officials who would be interested in reducing the volume sold—seemed to me highly original.

In regard to the argument as to the unconstitutionality of the Eighteenth Amendment, I had seen it stated before, but never so fully as by Mr. du Pont. After reading his summing up I felt as if prohibition were a great national statue, standing like some Greek goddess (if you get me). Suddenly Mr. du Pont steps up, yanks the goddess' draperies aside, and shows us that—*sh-h—sh-h*—the goddess has a wooden leg!—*Another Antiprohibitionist.*

DANVILLE, ILL.—Prohibition closed down the manufacturing plants of beer and whisky, made thousands of men idle, and has resulted in a loss of revenue of more than four billion dollars.

Instead of benefiting the government in money, prohibition is costing the taxpayers $25,000,000 annually to enforce the dry law, and there are more open saloons and "blind pigs" in the America of today than ever before.

We can never have prohibition. It is inconsistent with the laws of American freedom, and will never be treated seriously. So, why not let the government get the internal revenue returns from the sale of legitimately made whisky, instead of letting alien criminals harvest the gain from illicit whisky that is fast killing out what little patriotism we have?—*William Meyers.*

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.—The Rev. John Roach Straton said in his article, "Why I Am a Prohibitionist," that government control of liquor isn't working in Canada.

It *is*. Several bootleggers I know of have gone out of business. Drunks in police courts have decreased, and as for the reverend doctor's statement about a decrease in business, fifteen new stores were built on our main street this summer and every one of them is occupied. A new million dollar hotel is under construction and plans are under way for a new theater.

Also, our tourist trade has increased.

What is true of Niagara Falls is true of other towns in Canada which I visited this summer.

His reverence should learn the facts before broadcasting.—*A Canadian Reader (who used to be dry).*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In "Murder as One of the Fine Arts," by Thomas De Quincey, we read:

"If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath breaking; and from that to incivility and procrastination. Once begin upon this downward path, you never know where you are to stop. Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder or other that perhaps he thought little of at the time."

The "blue law" reasoning that is applied by some of those sob sister contributors to Vox Pop is almost, but not quite, as logical as the above selection.

If there is extant any of the genus Homo Sapiens, species Vox Populi, who in good faith can so much as keep his face straight when he hears or reads of prohibition or similar allied colloquialisms, I would be pleased to do what I can to help him return to normal.

Gee! That's a relief. Thanks!—*Henry C. Messman.*

For Mr. Chambers

DAYTON, OHIO—I enjoy Robert W. Chambers more than any author I know of, dead or alive.—*Tommy.*

Bert and I Thank You

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—This is intended for you—yes, I mean *you*, the lad who writes the captions for Vox Pop.

Your stuff is not only good, it is consistently good, which is considerably more than can be said for the balance of the magazine.

All of which explains why I put out my nickel every week instead of only on alternate weeks when Bert Green's letter appears.—*SeeEllSee.*

P. S. I'll even suggest the caption for the above: Bert and I Thank You.

Where Have You Been All Our Lives?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Now, listen! Why don't you give us a treat—a love story? Don't you know we girls like that? All you have is the life of *him* and *him*. Say, if you knew the kind of life *I* lead, you certainly would like to read about it. Oh, *baby!* I just know my onions, and that's not the half of it.—*A Little Love Bird.*

They Buy It to See Why They Don't Like It

HAMILTON, OHIO—How long have you been publishing LIBERTY? You know, I never heard tell of it until the copy with the cover entitled "The Prisoner's Song," but believe me I haven't missed a single issue of it since.

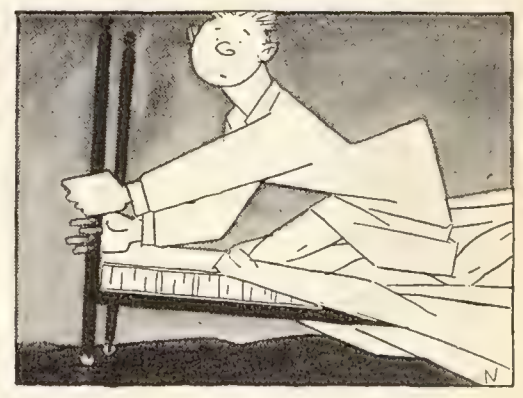
Maybe you'll pardon my former ignorance when I tell you that for the past three years I've been busy being engaged—getting married—and getting over being so violently in love with my husband. We've been married fourteen months and I'm just getting so I can control my heart beats when I look at him so the next door neighbor won't hear.

The object of this letter is—why do the people who write saying they dislike LIBERTY keep on buying it? They must find something they like. As for me and mine—we love it.—"*Happie.*"

It Must Have Been Something You Et

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Hey! Tell that man Richard Carroll not to write any more articles like "Who Can Learn to Fly?"

Here's what it did to me. I read it and reread it and mulled over it till I had an idea I could make a flier



out of myself. This conviction followed me to bed, and what a night it gave me!

I dreamed I was looping, zooming, and barrel rolling in a plane that was never under control for a minute.

When I woke up, the bed was a wreck, with sheets and blankets a tumbled mass. And to my amazement I found myself clutching one of the bedposts in a death grip. You see, in my nightmare, that bedpost was the "joystick" of my rebellious plane.—*Student (a male).*

More Than Likely

NATIONAL PARK, N. J.—This guy James S. Scoggins who stated in Vox Pop that he didn't know how your staff could live with such faces, got my goat.

Why don't you get a portrait of him and run it as the cover picture for a few weeks and see if you can double your sales?

More than likely it would mean that you would sell only one LIBERTY, and that would be purchased by—James Scoggins.—*John J. Connor.*

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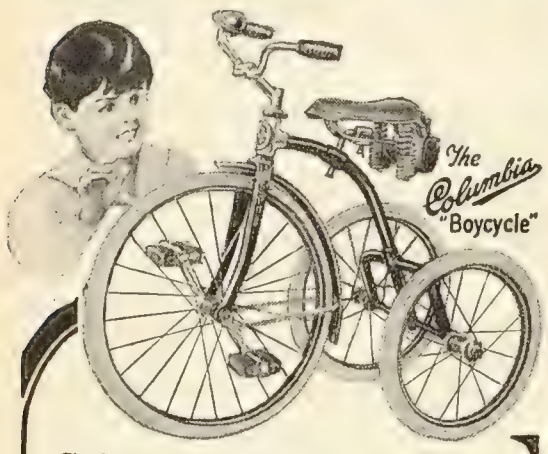

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ON ASTRINGENTS

By EILEEN BOURNE

SHE was a credulous soul. She believed everything she read in the papers. So, when her favorite adviser played warningly upon the old theme of how to counterpoise the perils (female gender) that strew the straight, unerring path of an attractive husband, the afternoon found our heroine in stealthy consultation with a co-operative brand of adviser to anxious wives — the beauty sorceress.

After searching her victim with an X ray eye, the hypnotic work peculiar to the species began.

"Give madame," said the high priestess of the beauty temple to one of her ladies in waiting, "a jar of Crème Rejuvenize, a bottle of Tissu Facteur, one of Peau Blanche, and that special astringent—the new one, mademoiselle, in the cubistic container."

"Now, what on earth is this stuff for?" asked our heroine, as she ranged jar and bottle in geometric precision upon her dressing table. "Lovely bottle! But what *do* you use an astringent for, anyway?"

An astringent, for the benefit of women less credulous and perhaps more in need of its beautifying properties than she of the unfounded marital misgivings, is, to rifle Webster, "a drawing together of the tissues; binding; contracting; a medicine that astringes or contracts."

You use it to refine the texture of the skin. You use it to reduce enlarged pores. If skin has a tendency to be oily, you make frequent use of astringents or astringent toilet preparations. You use astringents to reanimate the cells in skin on face and neck. Mild astringents, such as toilet vinegars, help to overcome redness of the face.

The mud packs of a recent wide popularity were largely astringent in character. The witch hazel content helped to make them so.

Alcohol is astringent. So is lemon juice. Cold water and ice are astringent. Toilet waters, toilet vinegars, some herbs and vegetable essences are of an astringent nature. The white of an egg as an astringent was favored by an older generation. Its frequent use is advised against, however. Nor are astringents recommended for dry skins, tender skins, skins that chap easily (with the exception of one which we shall take up later), since their mission is to cut oil and contract the pores.

The dry, tender skin needs lubrication—not deprivation of the scant oil supply it has. And the pores in this type of skin seldom need contraction.

A few drops of benzoin in the rinse water after face and neck are washed at night is a simple method of counteracting the overactive oil ducts. Or, if you choose, you may add—with good results against the shiny nose, forehead, and cheekbones—a few drops of lemon juice or toilet water to the rinse. In the morning again, when you take your cold water "eye opener," add another few drops of one of these astringent lotions.

If the skin is oily, use an alcoholic astringent lotion after a cleansing with cream. It is a practice, among women who like to cleanse their faces only with an oily cleansing lotion, to wipe the face immediately after with some lotion of an astringent nature.

ASTRINGENTS have other purposes, and one of them, at least, may be recommended heartily for a dry skin. Cold water it is. Another purpose is to stimulate circulation and improve the muscle tone.

Cold water stimulates. It makes the blood vessels open and close properly so that they give the skin good color. Sweat and oil glands are stimulated to perform their work of lubrication better. The muscles under the skin are so affected that they contract and make the skin smoother, firmer, more velvety.

Ice is simply a concentrated version of cold water as a tonic and closer of pores. Some of the famous beauties I have interviewed, while belonging to what certain skin specialists call "hydrophobists" because of their distaste for water on the face, confess to a consistent habit of the ice rub following the cold cream cleansing. And they are uniformly generous in giving this fine skin stimulant credit for the smooth, firm texture of their skins.

Every woman who can stand cold water may be assured of the most beneficial effects. Ice, if its sudden application is a bit of a shock to the user's nerves, may be covered with muslin for the facial rubbing.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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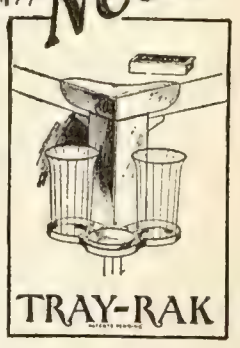

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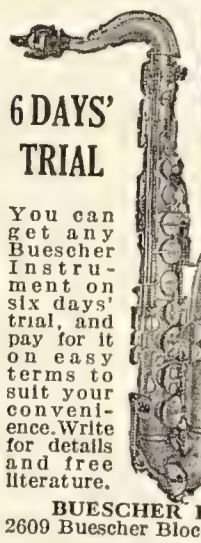

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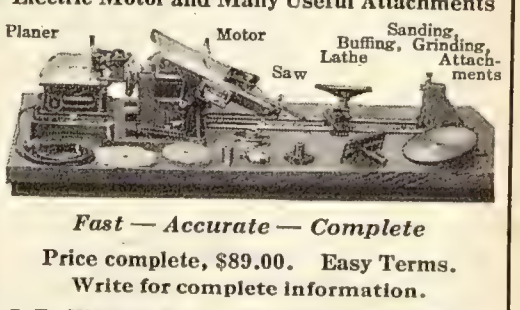

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"Difference"

A Story of Gamblers' Luck

By WILLIAM SLAVENS MCNUTT

Pictures by DOUGLAS DUER

"You don't talk my language; but the way I play, you and I are fifty fifty on this dollar."

"THEY tell me walking's good for a man," Lucky Lou Larrigan remarked.

"Is that so!" Emmett Griffen exclaimed moodily. "I'll bet that came from someone riding in a closed car."

"It's what I hear," Lucky insisted, grinning. "Long as we got to walk anyway, we might as well believe it."

They were gamblers. They were broke. Flat. Each one had gone for his last coin on a horse in the seventh race in the Jefferson Park track outside of New Orleans. The horse had finished out of the money. They had met afoot on their nine mile journey back to town.

"I was sure I had a fin tucked away in my vest pocket for taxi fare and supper money," Emmett whined. "Some dip must have fingered me for it. What a sucker trick to get caught like this!"

"No dip got my taxi fare," Larrigan chuckled. "It went into the betting window and I put it there. I swept up the nickels and dimes and bet myself clean on that last one."

"You're a fool!" Emmett said crossly.

"I'm a gambler," Larrigan said. "Maybe that's the same thing. A lot of people figure that way."

"A lot of people are right!" Emmett growled. "The luck I've had for the last three weeks! I never saw anything like it."

"Luck's like a railroad train," Larrigan philosophized. "It runs both ways."

"It's only run one way for me for the last three weeks," Emmett declared. "I'm cured. If I can rustle me up a little traveling stake I'm going back home and get a job. I was a fool to ever try to beat this racing racket."

Larrigan looked at him curiously. "How long you been playing them?" he asked.

"Eight months. I play a system. It worked fine up to three weeks ago, and now everything's gone flooey!"

"You quit your job to play it?"

"No. I was out of work and I had five hundred dollars saved up, so I took a flier at this. A friend of mine told me about this system and I played it. Now I'm sunk! I never have any luck!"

"Luck!" Larrigan exclaimed. "What's your job when you work?"

"Drug clerk."

"Drug clerk!" said Larrigan. "A friend told you about a system! You took five hundred dollars and played it eight months! New York, Saratoga, Maryland—I've seen you around. Good clothes. Good hotels. Good feeding. A whoopee now and then.

"All this for eight months from New York to New Orleans on five hundred dollars and a system a friend told you about. And you talk about hard luck!"

"I'm broke, ain't I?" Emmett grumbled. "Isn't that hard luck?"

Larrigan shrugged. "You'd better go back to clerking in a drug store, mister," he advised. "Gambling's a game and you don't know how to play it. More than that, if you ever learned how you wouldn't like it."

"How do you know I wouldn't like it?" Emmett asked peevishly.

"I've seen your kind before now," Larrigan declared. "You'll never like anything, mister."

"You've got a nerve!" Emmett said angrily.

"I've been around," Larrigan replied, unruffled. "I get as big a kick out of handicapping people as horses. You think you're blue because you're broke."

"I don't think anything about it," Emmett assured him. "I know."

"You're wrong," Larrigan responded. "If somebody gave you a million dollars tonight you'd be just as unhappy about something or other inside of a year as you are right now."

"YOU'RE a smart guy, aren't you?" Emmett sneered.

"I'm a fair judge of form," Larrigan assured him. "Did you like being a drug clerk?"

"Who wants to be a drug clerk?" Emmett jeered.

"I don't know," said Larrigan. "I suppose some fellows get a bang out of it. Did you like playing the races?"

"Sure," said Emmett. "I liked it well enough as long as the system worked. Of course, I didn't have enough capital to really do anything. Why, say! If I'd had enough money to begin on—"

"That's it," Larrigan interrupted. "You didn't like it. Not sure enough. All the time you were having that run of luck you were down in the mouth because you didn't have the starting capital to make more money. You don't get any bang out of playing.

"All you care about's the pay off. When the luck's running and the dough's coming in you're sore because you haven't got more to play so's you can make more. When the luck's bad and

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Job as Express Company Cashier was not good enough for him

Is your present job good enough for you? If your pay and your prospects do not entirely satisfy you, read this from W. A. Henderson of New Jersey!

"I had been cashier for an express company for seven years and credit man for another firm about the same length of time. Then a friend advised me to make a break and get into an organization where my earnings and future would be determined solely by my own ability and capacity. He advised me to try Fuller work.

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E. A. Blowers of Michigan started selling Fuller Brushes during vacation while attending Ohio Northern University. He married before graduation, and after getting his diploma, decided to keep on with Fuller work. He writes, "I had only $4.00 for us to live on when I started with the East Cleveland office.

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If you are energetic, ambitious, and a man of good character, there is now room for you to join Fuller and make money as these men are doing.

You too, will have opportunity to advance in earnings and position.

See the nearest Fuller Branch Manager (one in each of 200 cities), or,

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Please send me, postage prepaid, your booklet of opportunity: "Making Good and Making Money."

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

the dough's gone you're sunk because you got nothing left. No good time to look back to and no fun ahead to hope for.

"You cheat yourself out of all the chance you got to win before you start. You lose, no matter what happens."

"Who asked you to butt in on my business?" Emmett said hotly. "You're so smart! Just the same, I notice you're walking into town. The next thing you'll be telling me you get a bang out of doing it!"

"Absolutely!" Larrigan declared. "It's a game. This is part of it. I've been broke dozens of times before, and got out. I'll get out again and have fun doing it. You see, my idea is that—Whoa! Wait a minute!"

He stopped and picked up something from the grass beside the road. It was a silver dollar.

"Look what papa found!" He chuckled.

Emmett swore. "My luck again!" he said. "It had to be you walking on that side where you'd see that."

LARRIGAN looked at him curiously. "Listen, sucker," he said. "You wouldn't understand it if I explained it to you, because you don't talk my language; but the way I play, you and I are fifty fifty on this dollar. A half of this buck is yours and a half is mine."

Emmett flushed. "That's decent," he mumbled. "Still, you found it, and I don't see why—"

"Don't try to figure it out," Larrigan advised. "It's too deep for you."

A few hundred yards in silence then. At their left, as they walked along in the dusk, a roadhouse built well back from the highway amid a grove of oak trees. An electric sign on the low roof. The sound of an orchestra. Larrigan turned in at the driveway.

"What's the idea?" Emmett asked.

"McHarg's place," said Larrigan. "All kinds of games running. We'll plant our buck on the roulette table and see if we can grow a bank roll."

"Roulette?" Emmett exclaimed. "With a dollar?"

"I've seen trips to Europe picked off smaller trees," Larrigan assured him.

"We could get our dinner with that dollar when we get into town," Emmett argued.

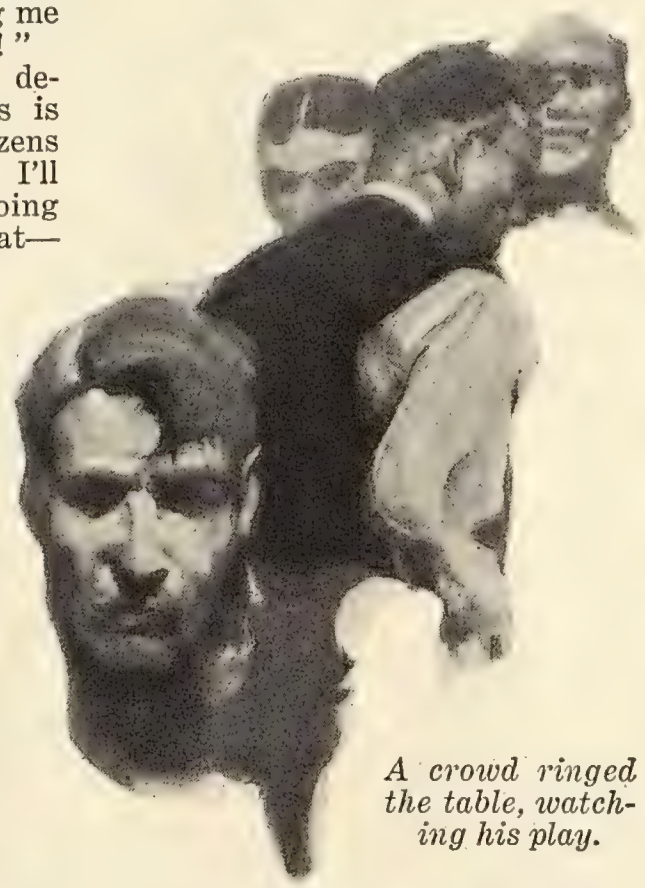
"We're hungry and we've got half a buck apiece," Larrigan said. "If we spend it in a restaurant we'll be half fed and broke. If we click here we'll be on earth again. If we don't we'll only be one bum feed to the bad."

They entered the place. On one side of the place a dance floor and tables; on the other a fully equipped gambling room. Larrigan bought four twenty-five cent chips and stood for a time at one of the roulette tables watching the play.

Then, just before the wheel was spun, he reached out and dropped the four chips on number eighteen. Emmett gasped his dismay. Their entire capital on a number!

The wheel spun and the little ball scampered about, bounced in and out of various slots, and came to rest at last in number eighteen. Thirty-six for one on their investment.

The houseman measured out thirty-six dollars' worth of chips to go with Larrigan's original four twenty-five cent counters and shoved the lot toward him.



A crowd ringed the table, watching his play.

"We hit!" said Emmett hoarsely. "Come on. Let's go."

"Wait a minute," Larrigan urged. "Don't be in a rush."

He stacked the chips with skillful fingers, and just as the houseman was about to spin the wheel once more suddenly shoved the entire stack on to eighteen for a second ride.

Emmett cried out as if someone had unexpectedly struck him. The little ball hopped and bounced and swirled about and came to rest for the second consecutive time in the niche labeled eighteen.

With a steady hand Larrigan drew down the sum of $1,369, lit a cigarette, and settled in his seat.

"CIRCUS in town!" he chanted. "Fun for young and old! Hold your horses and shield your children's eyes! We're going to startle the natives and set all the dogs abarking!"

"My God!" Emmett said, awed. "How much you got there?"

"Around thirteen hundred," Larrigan estimated carelessly. "Enough to work on."

"Cash in!" Emmett urged. "Come on. Let's go."

Larrigan shook his head.

"Hang on to your hat," he warned. "We're going to make a breeze!"

Within half an hour Larrigan was sitting behind a stack of chips the size of an actor's makeup box. A crowd ringed the table, watching his play. Emmett clutched his arm.

"Listen," he said hoarsely. "Am I in on any of this?"

"Fifty fifty," Larrigan assured him.

"Give me mine," Emmett begged. "I got enough."

Larrigan shrugged and counted the chips. They totaled $8,750. He counted out $4,375 and shoved the pile toward Emmett.

"That isn't a bad make on your half of a buck I found," he said.

"I should say not!" Emmett agreed. "This is great. Why don't you quit?"

"For one reason, because I'm not a quitter," Larrigan explained. "One of a lot of other reasons is I'm having more fun playing these chips than I could have doing anything else if I cashed in and quit. You better run along now. Stick that stake in the bank and get yourself a nice job. You don't belong on the gamble."

Emmett flushed, cashed in on his chips, and stood for a little time watching Larrigan's play. The latter continued to win. After a time Emmett bought $100 worth of chips and started on his own.

He lost that stack and bought another. When he had dropped back $500 of his stake he rose with a determined air.

"I know when I've got enough," he declared. "I've got pretty near four thousand dollars left and I'm going to get out with it."

"Good luck," said Larrigan. "You won't have it, but I'll wish it to you anyhow."

Emmett lingered no longer. He called a cab and was driven away. Larrigan played on.

AT 6 o'clock the next morning Larrigan strolled into the lobby of the Roosevelt Hotel. A gambling friend who had been at McHarg's earlier greeted him excitedly.

"Hear about that guy Emmett Griffen that was in with you on that stake last night?" he asked.

Larrigan shook his head.

"He shot himself," the friend said.

"Shot himself?"

"About an hour ago. Down in Billy Ellis' place. He come back here to the hotel after he left McHarg's an' hung around for a while, tellin' everybody how he'd cleaned up an' what he was goin' to do with his stake. He was hot though, an' had to have it.

"He went to Ellis' all full o' fever an' started shootin' craps. They took him for a few hundred an' he shifted to roulette.

"His luck still ran the wrong way an' he went back to the crap table an' went clean. Went for every last thin dime, and then went out in the hallway an' shot himself right through the head. Can you beat it?"

"Well, I'll be damned!" Larrigan said solemnly. "That's too bad. Yes, sir. That's too bad. I told him to stick his stake in the bank and get a job. He was no kind of a gambler, that fellow. Too bad."

"Well—some take it that way," Larrigan's friend philosophized. "Boy! You certainly had a run out there at McHarg's! I never see anybody hotter. How'd you do on the night?"

Larrigan lit a cigarette, inhaled, and yawned.

"Not so bad," he said, as he started for the elevator on his way to bed. "I lose half a buck. That was my split on a found dollar, so if you figure it right I quit just even."

THE END

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At the tail of the tragic caravan rode José Segrada, all alone, wearily smoking a long black cigar.

Toad-Face

In Which Death Passes Close to Love

The Eleventh Episode of *THE HAPPY PARROT*

A Serial by

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

WHEN Cintra Quinn married me she was wild as a hare. At the time, I was captain of The Happy Parrot. The ship—a slaver when the smuggling in of blacks meant rotting in jail, if caught—belonged to the firm of Quinn & Maltby.

Captain Quinn, Cintra's uncle, was aboard me on my first voyage to Amelia Island, the company's headquarters. Cintra, it proved, was aboard me also, disguised in a sailor's flapping pants. Quinn discovered her and well nigh burst with rage. He offered me $50,000 to marry the girl. I fell in with his mad proposal, as did Cintra, athirst for adventure.

Adventure she had. She sailed with me to Africa and back. She saw her uncle swinging from his own topmast: the work of pirates. She saw me robbed at sea by that filthiest of sea rogues, Buke Gooly. She saw me, in turn, take to piracy.

But on the day when, at sea, I suffered from an act of blackest treachery she was not with me, but on Amelia Island. I was out to rob what slaver I might of its live cargo. Captain Cabasso, in The Black Joke, another of the company's ships, cruised with me.

But when I sighted The Cygnet, a slaver, and would have taken her, Cabasso fired into me. Gooly, in The Lazy Lass, joined him in attacking me. My guns, however, set both schooners aflame, and the two villains were forced to take refuge on The Cygnet.

This, it seemed to me, was but exchanging fire for hanging, since from the east an English squadron bore down on the slaver, whilst I went a-sailing for my life back to the island.

Once there I determined to resign and take my wife to New York, Cabasso having shouted to me that Maltby and Segrada, our factor, had both been in the plot to kill and rob me.

WE drove into St. Mary's Fort about 10 o'clock at night. It was a shadowy little village along tidewater, facing Cumberland Sound.

There was an ordinary where sea captains and traders stayed when ashore. It was rough but clean.

There were no planters' houses in St. Mary's Fort, except that one belonging to José Segrada, who owned Jill's Hundred; but his overseer was dead of yellow fever, Jill's Hundred run to weed, and the planter's house empty, locked up, and going slowly to ruin.

Now, my wife and I had agreed not to risk her nice, clean Negro servants in any barracoon or quarters. Cintra's personal maid, Luli, slept at the foot of her bed, which solved her problem.

So I determined to break into Segrada's house, lodge our slaves there where they could be clean and cook their meals for themselves, and stable our mules.

One of my Kroomen got in, unbolted the door, and the entire black contents of the wagon tumbled out with muffled shrieks and giggles and huddled around the gaping doorway, fearful of going in until candles were lighted.

I helped Cintra to descend, and we went into the house to see if there was any accommodation for her in case the ordinary proved impossible.

On the top floor, which was the second, we discovered several clean and comfortable chambers, partly furnished, and with wide mahogany couches in each—ample space to sleep in—and we had our own bedding besides.

So when Luli fetched her mistress' portmanteau, Cintra decided to remain here until I had investigated the ordinary.

There were, in our family, fourteen people: Cintra, myself, the two Kroomen, Tip and Gangli; Luli, my wife's personal maid; Zeppa and Saffi, undermaids; Mrs. Primrose, our cook; Willa and Ruby, undercooks; and the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TOAD-FACE
Continued from page fifty-nine]

housemaids, parlourmaids, and other servants, Miss Tinkle, Frizzy Ann, Bee, and Ololo.

"Come back and stay here!" Cintra called after me. "It will be much nicer to live here until we can get a ship than to lodge in a nasty old ordinary where the taproom smells of rum!"

"Well," said I, "I'll go down and find out whether any ship is here and ready to sail."

"We'll have some supper when you return!" cried Cintra. "Hurry!"

As I left the house I told Gangli that I'd be back shortly, but that the two muskets and my rifle must be loaded, and he and Tip mount guard alternately until I returned.

The road which ran down to the sea was more like a lane. Humble dwellings, unlighted, silent, were scattered along it between two irregular white coquina walls, over which the moon cast shadows of oaks and China trees. The strong odour of the sea filled the street, mingled with a heavy perfume of China bloom.

FACING the wharfs, where the tidal river's flood ran molten silver, stood Sinclair's ordinary; and there, in the rear, I saw the only light in the hamlet—a lantern dangling from the arm of a dark figure emerging from the outside steps of the cellar.

I went immediately towards him and saw that he was a white man.

"Are you Mr. Sinclair?" I asked.

He reckoned he was. He looked ill and careworn. Unkempt thin black hair straggled over his ears; a limp cotton shirt outlined his bony body. There was fever along the coast and he looked as though he'd been born with a bad case.

"I'm wondering," said I, "whether there is a ship in and likely to sail pretty soon."

"Three," said he. "Which way you agoin', suh?"

"North—to New York."

"They's The Cherokee fo' Baltimo' with naval sto's. She sails Wednesday. They's The Carib King fo' Rio with mo' sto's. But you ain't aimin' to sail south, suh."

"No. What is the third ship?"

"She's no good, I reckon," he muttered.

"No good?"

"No, suh. She's a Liverpool man showin' Spanish colours."

"A Liverpool man? Why does she put in here?"

He shrugged his emaciated shoulders.

"What's her name?" I asked.

"The Cygnet, suh."

"The Cygnet!" I exclaimed in amazement. "You tell me that the Liverpool ship Cygnet, Captain Haw, flying Spanish colours, is lying here?"

"I reckon."

"How long has she been here?" I demanded.

"She came to an anchor near sundown."

"Did Captain Haw come ashore?"

"He's in the bar now, suh. . . . You want I should fix you a brandy draw?"

"Wait a moment. Are you aware that The Cygnet is a slaver?"

A dull flush tinged his hollow cheeks.

"Yaas, suh, I'm awah of it. Are you a revenue gentleman, suh?"

"No. Is Captain Haw going to run his Negroes overland by Jill's Hundred to the Cat-and-Kittens?"

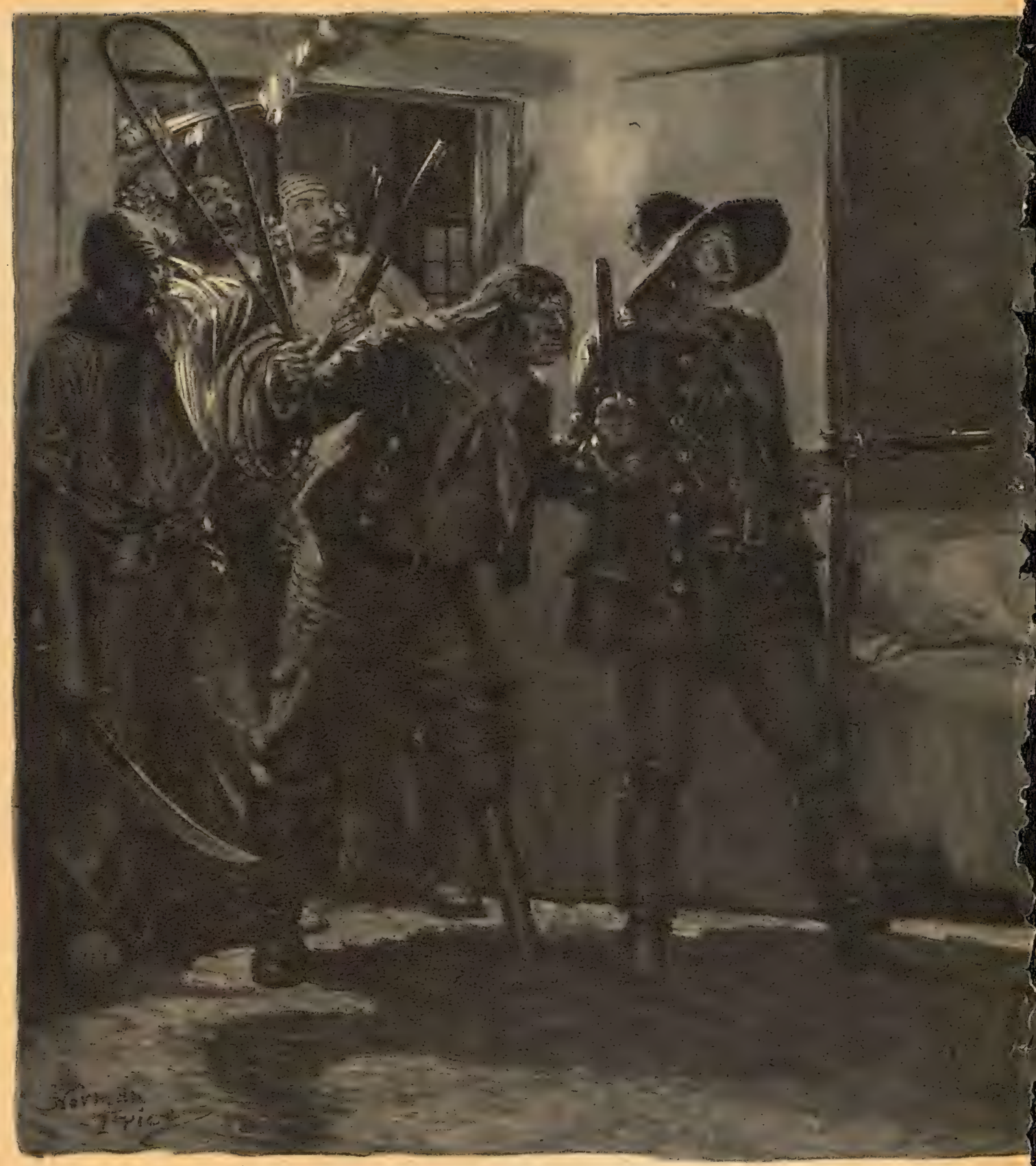
"I reckon."

My astonishment grew as I considered the news. It was plain that The Cygnet's Spanish flag had protected her from the British squadron which must have overhauled her. But what had happened to Captain Cabasso? And to Buke Gooly?

I took hold of Sinclair's bony arm. "We'll go in the rear way," said I. "I'll just take a look at who's in your taproom before I go in."

"You' welcome fo' to peek in through the butt'ry, suh."

I followed him. The house was very dirty. A shoat was sleeping in the kitchen and several hens roosted on a pile of firewood in the corner.



"What do I want? I want twenty thousand dollars' wuth o' black girls w

He gazed wanly upon the shoat, then, lifting his lantern, showed me into the buttery where a ray of candlelight indicated a serving panel half closed.

Sinclair continued on into the bar. I peered through the crack.

A candle, burning still and thinly, illuminated a pine table where a little old man sat all hunched up over a tumbler of brandy.

My first thought was that this man was not Captain Haw.

Then, as Sinclair shuffled into the bar, the little old man looked up like a disturbed toad.

The man was Buke Gooly.

For an instant I was too astounded to comprehend that I was staring at a living man who I supposed had been hanged.

But he was dreadfully alive. He wore the same big hat with his red wig sewed to the lining, and the great slitted mouth opened almost from ear to ear as he bade Sinclair fetch another brandy draw.

What on earth had happened to Haw and Cabasso, that this withered, malformed old pirate had become master of The Cygnet?

Not that I cared. I had done my best to kill Buke Gooly. I had sunk his ship, The Lazy Lass. I had sunk Cabasso's Black Joke, too, and let him go. As far as I was concerned I was through with them both; being nothing vindictive nor bloody minded.

As I gazed at the shrivelled little wretch I noticed the pistols in his belt. But I had two of my own.

So, after taking a good look at them, I went around by the bar and walked leisurely towards Buke Gooly.

His lipless mouth was sucking up brandy from a tumbler clasped in his blackened talons. So he had no chance to touch his big horse-pistols when his small eyes caught sight of me.

I give him credit for all the coolness in the world; he never moved a muscle except in his baggy, withered throat, which went on sucking and gulping whilst his bright eyes remained fixed on me.

WHEN he had sucked the tumbler empty he set it down and leered at me.

"Yuss," he said in his windy, whistling voice, "it's me and me shadow, Captain Strake. Me and me shadow—two of us—old shipmates, man an' boy—allus arm in arm we are. Yuss."

"How are you, Captain Gooly?" I inquired pleasantly.

"Middlin' hearty, middlin' hearty. Yuss. An' how is our hell roarin' young Captain Strake? Still ar'arin' an' atearin' in the Middle Passage? Still as brave 'n' bright as ever?"

"I supposed," said I, "that the British admiral would hang you."

His mouth split open and he showed his gums in a kind of roguish mirth. In his hideous way he was giving me to understand that he had not been hatched out yesterday.

echin' there behind yeh! Yuss. That's what I come for; an' that's what I want."

"Yuss," said he; "when I raised that cloud o' sail I just clapped a pistol to the captain's head an' I axed him did he know my name. An' he said he did; an' I sez, 'You're a liar! My name's Haw—or over you go to play slap-me along o' them grey sharks what's been afollerin' you from the Guinea Coast!'"

"You carried high with the British?"

"Higher'n a hawk. Yuss. What'd I care what he called me an' what he said about my Spanish flag?"

"So, after he let you go, you took the ship?"

"Yuss."

"Where is Captain Haw?"

"Afloat."

"At sea?"

"Yuss. I give him a yawl an' water 'n' biscuit. The way he hollered you'd think he expected to go ashore riding onto a elephant!"

"Oh. And Captain Cabasso—your crony in that Happy Parrot enterprise?"

"He fell overboard—" Gooly yawned and looked into his empty glass.

"What?"

"Yuss." He turned and ordered another draw.

That he had murdered Cabasso I did not doubt for a moment.

While he was sucking in his brandy I watched him, never forgetting the brass butts of those big horse pistols sticking out of the waistband of his pantaloons.

"I suppose," said I, "you will try to run your slaves to Barracoon West by way of Jill's Hundred."

"You know the way," he said with his windy, whispering laugh. . . . "Where's your ship?"

"She's sailed."

"Hey! Sailed without a skipper?"

"Yes. I've quit."

"Quit the sea?" he screeched.

"Yes."

"Quit Quinn & Maltby? Quit the Black Ivory Trade?"

"Yes; I'm done with it."

"I KNOW. You got mad. What me an' Cabasso an' Maltby an' José Segrada done along o' you was enough to make any captain mad."

"That was it—partly."

"You have a draw along o' me," he said.

"No."

"Yuss! You was bad done, Captain Strake. I ain't mad at you. No, I ain't. Them carronades—and the way you handled The Happy Parrot! He was a slubberly son of a slut, Cabasso, an' he fit The Black Joke like she wuz a scow. Yuss. No good. Good shark slop, mebbe. Good boot tops if you tried 'em out. Never'd made a sailorman nohow. White liver 'n' yeller guts. I know 'em. Yuss."

I refused the brandy. He sucked that up also.

"You need an anchor, I should think," said I.

"I don't never stop when I'm agoin'. All I do is I air my head—" He lifted his hat and the red wig went with it, leaving a loathly skull as wrinkled and naked as a buzzard's.

"That's the way; ventilate your knob. That lets the smoke out. Yuss."

"I wonder," said I, "what those two ship captains out yonder are thinking of you and your ship alongside of them."

He gave me a disgusted look, saying that he never bothered with ships carrying naval stores or lumber.

"I tell you what I'll do," said he. "You ship along o' me an' write your own articles, an' I'll give you either o' them ships, and we'll sail in company. Yuss. An' I'll lay down ten thousand dollars when you wet your pen!"

"If I did that," said I, "maybe I'd use you as I used Charlie Chatto."

His dreadful mirth stretched his mouth till he looked like a sculpin.

"Have you seen him since you hove him overboard an' a shark took his leg?"

"No."

"Got a peg leg to Augusta. I wuz to Havana an' I seen him apeggin' it, 'n' all poor 'n' ragged, lookin' for a job along the docks.

"'Well, Chatty,' sez I, 'when the last trump sends us to quarters we'll all be runnin' on j'yful feet, I'm told; but you'll have to stump it!'

"'Yuss,' sez he, 'they'll be awailin' an' agnashin' of teeth, too,' sez he; 'but you hain't got no teeth an' you'll hev to gum it!'"

"Is he aboard you?"

"Yuss. Second mate."

I got up. "Well," said I, "you'll both get your punishment in hell if you don't on earth."

"You won't sign along o' me, Captain Strake?"

"I think," said I, "that it won't be long before you and Charlie Chatto will be doing a double rope's end hornpipe off some yardarm."

His only notice of this remark was to take his slopping tumbler between hooked and blackened claws and watch me over the rim out of little, unwinking eyes.

"God!" said I, and spat on the floor. "You're enough to turn a man into an abolitionist or a Quaker."

I WENT back to the bar where Sinclair sat asleep on a hard chair, shook him awake, and borrowed his lantern.

Then I went out and down to the long wharf where, out in the moonlight at the end of it, lay a tall ship, The Cherokee, Captain Connor.

The watch hailed me; we parleyed; then the captain was sent for and he came in his nightshirt and took a look at me.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

I told him.

"Oh," said he, "I've heard of you and The Happy Parrot. I think the revenue cutter Gallatin was looking for you. Was it you sank Captain Nanfan?"

"Is he sunk?" I asked.

The captain laughed. "All right, Captain Strake, bring your lady aboard. I'll take good care of your black servants, too."

So I went back to the planter's house, where I found the Krooman, Tip, on guard and all as still as death under the moon. The only light burned in Cintra's chamber. She came to the door, hearing me on the stairs, and I told her all was well and that we should sail for Baltimore on Wednesday aboard The Cherokee.

"And I'll tell you another thing, Cintra," said I, "—not that I'm turning Abolitionist or Quaker—but I sail no more On The Black Account."

She came out of her room in her frail nightrail and naked feet.

"Oh, Eric!" she whispered—the first time ever she had spoken my name.

Her hands had moved a little way towards me; I came close to her and took them into mine.

"I want you to understand," said I, "that I'm no Quaker. All the same, I never lifted a finger to hurt a Negro in all my life."

She was listening intently, her lovely eyes lifted to mine.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TOAD-FACE
Continued from page sixty-one]

"You'd better not stand here; you may take a chill, Cintra—"

"I wish you to talk to me, Eric."

"You did not feel that way on our honeymoon."

She blushed. "We did not have any," she said, hanging her head.

After a silence she lifted it, gave me a frightened, confused look as I swept her into my arms. But when I kissed her mouth she put both arms up around my head and drew it tightly to hers.

. . . . . .

Cintra, holding to my arm, bent over her black maid and shook her gently.

"Luli," she whispered, "wake up! I want you to sleep downstairs tonight."

II

ALMOST frightful noise awakened me—shots, crash of splintered windows and doors, the red light of torches outside my window. The screaming of our servants filled the house.

Scarce knowing what I was about, I pulled on trousers and boots and got hold of one of my pistols. Cintra, in her nightrail, sprang from the bed and groped for a candle.

There came another crash and she ran to the window. "There are hundreds of horsemen outside," she whispered. "They're breaking all the windows and doors—"

The screams of her black girls on the stairs drowned her voice; the corridor glowed red with torchlight, and the next instant our blacks rushed into the room and flung themselves on the floor behind us, naked, panting, frantic with terror.

I pushed Cintra violently behind me and sprang forward to close the door; but it was already choked with men, their muskets and cutlasses gleaming in the torch glare.

"This way!" they shouted, laughing hoarsely. "Here are your pretty nigger gals, Cap'n Toad-face!"

The throng cramming the doorway sagged aside to admit a little misshapen old man in a huge hat and red wig, whose blackened fingers clutched two horse pistols half as long as himself.

"Hey!" he cried in his spectral voice. "Here's the roarin' r'arin' young captain! Brave and bright like he allus is. Yuss—"

"Keep out of the room," said I; but he came in, pointing both pistols and showing his toothless gums; and I dared not fire on him, Cintra being beside me.

"What do you want, Captain Gooly?" said I.

"What do I want?" said he. "I want twenty thousand dollars' wuth o' black girls what's ascreechin' there behind yeh! Yuss. That's what I come for; an' that's what I want; and that's what I'm agoin' to git!"

"They belong to my wife," said I coolly. "Is it your purpose to commit robbery on United States soil?"

He laughed and laughed and smacked his gums at me.

"Sile be blowed!" he retorted huskily. "You think twenty thousand dollars pays for The Lazy Lass!"

He crept nearer, his long pistols levelled at me.

"You sign along o' me, my bright and brave young feller, an' you keep your niggers. Think fast, my riproarin' friend. Ten thousand when the pen's wet; you write your own articles—"

The increasing noise outside interrupted him—shouting, a tremendous din of iron manacles, the smacking of rawhide whips.

"You hear that?" demanded Gooly. "I got a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in niggers on the way to Jill's Hundred. You get your commission—one-half of one in ten, an' five to your account. An' you keep your own niggers at that—"

There came a loud tap-tapping from the corridor behind him.

"Hey, Chatty!" he cried, without turning his head. "You better stay below an' keep a weather eye on the kaffles!" But Charlie Chatto came stumping into the room, carrying a heavy snake whip looped up in his fist.

He thrust his mean little square shaped face at me, all livid with pox scars.

"Shoot him and take his niggers, Toad-face," he sneered. "I guess you and I are enough to carry on business without that fancy trader."

As Sinclair shuffled into the bar, the little old man looked up like a disturbed toad. The man was Buke Gooly.

"Your leg's talkin', not your brain, Charlie," retorted Buke Gooly. "I want a feller to sail On The Black Account while you and me attends to the coast trade. Yuss. And this here bright and brave young captain's a high price man. I ain't agoin' to spile him if I can help it—like you go aspilin' of vallerble niggers, acookin' em alive with bilin' grease—"

"I tell you, shoot him while you got the chance," insisted Chatto. "There's more poison into this here Captain Strake 'n you'll find into a blue gum nigger!"

THERE fell an ominous silence, shattered suddenly by the din of iron fetters outside, beaten together in rising excitement as the gabbling voices of half a thousand blacks rose to a shrill and beastlike roar.

"What's the matter with them?" snarled Gooly. "Why in hell don't you go look after them niggers?"

"Gimme a pistol," whispered Chatto, the pox scars on his face turning purple.

"Hey!" cried Gooly to me. "You agoin' to make up your mind?"

"Who's that white woman?" demanded Chatto, pointing his whip at Cintra. Even as he spoke he seemed to understand, for he took a swift, stumping step toward her, uncoiling the loop of his murderous whip.

"I'll mark his woman for him!" he yelled.

But, as he swung the metal tipped lash, I had him off his feet in a single leap, turned, hurled him through the window, smashing out and carrying away frame and glass. Crash! went his body into the shrubbery outside; then silence, followed by an outburst of black laughter.

Gooly's hollow voice rose to a windy whistle:

"You sign along o' me, by God, or I'll have you hauled aboard by your heels! I gotta have you! I gotta have you! Yuss, by Christ—"

The deafening yelling outside drowned his ghostly voice. There were shots, now; white men shouting to one another amid the clanging of fetters; a rush and trample on the stairs; explosions.

"Hi, Toad-face!" bellowed a voice. "The Spanish are running off your niggers!"

Gooly ran squattering to the window, leered down, then turned and tried to get out of the door; but it was crammed full of his own men fighting; and, in the din of the cutlasses, he shouted and strove in vain to get through.

Groans, imprecations, screams of agony filled the house; the struggling men in the packed doorway were torn from the landing and dragged below. And now Gooly could get out; but when he did, instead of starting for the stairs, he squatted, levelled both pistols, fired, then, hurling the empty weapons down the stairway, he turned and bolted into my room across the corridor, and, slamming the door, bolted it.

Then, to my amazement, I saw José Segrada bound up the stairway, seize the doorknob, and shake it.

"Ah, Jesu Maria!" he cried. "You ver' dam' sure you goin' rob me my share thees nigger! I goin' mek you unnerstan' min' you' business ver' dam' queek!"

A RUSH of Negroes of every colour from black to nearly white filled the stairs. Their cutlasses were bloody; they raged like beasts to break in the door; and I saw Spanish looking white men pushing them aside.

Suddenly the door splintered and gave way. I caught a glimpse of Buke Gooly's blazing eyes where he squatted by the window. Then Segrada was on him like a leopard, knife in hand—and he got the blade into Gooly's neck, twisting and pushing and boring at the windpipe. But the withered neck, squirting black blood, proved tough, and he was a long while with the struggling creature before he could cut through to the backbone.

Nobody noticed me in the excitement. I do not believe that Segrada ever dreamed that I was within many miles of him.

There were two oaken bars on the chamber door, and these I shoved into place; then I went to the window and saw Segrada's Spanish riders spurring their horses up and down the lines of shrinking, fettered Negroes.

Listening behind me I heard many men running downstairs. Outside, in the brilliant torchlight, I saw Charlie Chatto's corpse, already stripped and looted, his wooden leg splintered, lying in a smashed kumquat bush. On the bloodwet doorstep lay the bodies of my two brave Kroomen, shot down by Buke Gooly. The corpses of some of Gooly's men lay here and there among the weeds.

Then Segrada came out, handing his reeking knife to a slave to wipe. Another slave came, pulling a horse, and held the stirrup while Segrada climbed wearily into the saddle.

I heard him say in Spanish to a horseman that there was no time to lose if they hoped to drive their kaffles into Spanish territory.

There came a great jingle and trample of horses, high pitched cries of black kaffle captains, pistol-loud cracking of cruel whips, then the vast, velvet shuffle of naked feet on sand and a mournful sound of jangling iron and human sighing.

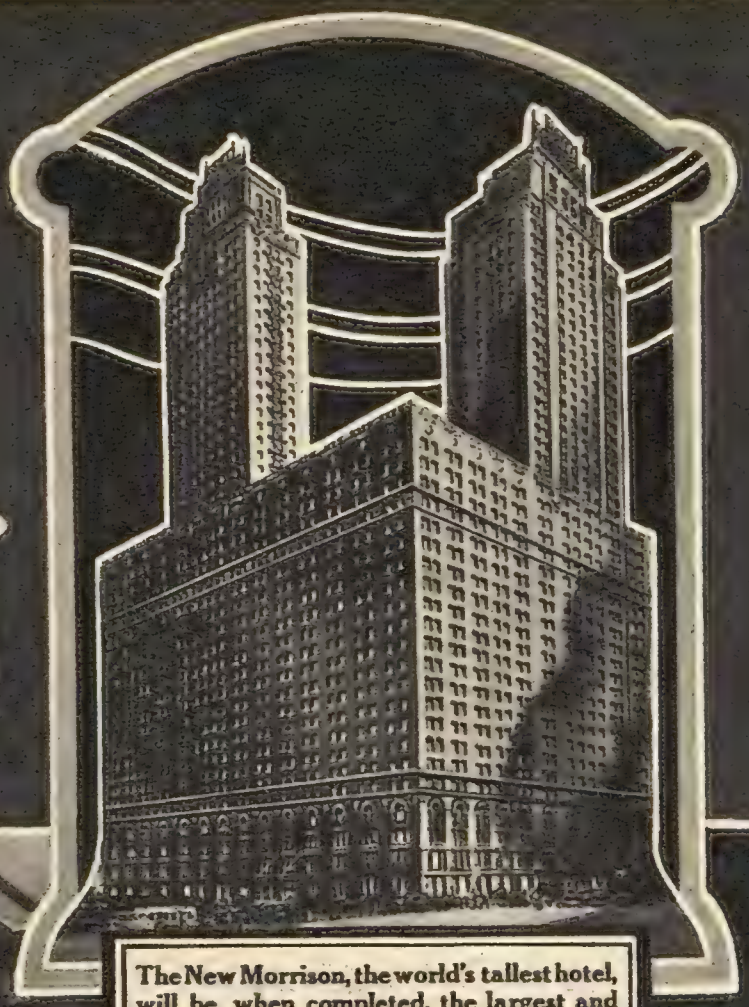
Dawn paled the torchlight as the kaffle moved away into the western mist, shuffle-shuffle, clink-clank, and the dancing hoof beats of half a hundred grotesque, gaudy riders.

After a long while, and at the tail of the tragic caravan, rode José Segrada, all alone, wearily smoking a long black cigar.

Learn the final destiny of Strake and Cintra in next week's concluding episode: Lion's Blood.

Home Again For the Holidays at Chicago's MORRISON HOTEL

~the Center of Festivity at the City's Most Central Intersection



The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel, will be, when completed, the largest and tallest, 46 stories high, with 3,400 rooms

HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"

A Corner in the Lounge, Morrison Hotel

THE same thought recurs each year to the mind of many a traveler when December finds him in one of the Middle Western States: "Let's keep Christmas at the Morrison!"

Fifty Years of Hospitality

No place on the hemisphere is better identified with the spirit of old-fashioned hospitality than the Madison and Clark intersection. Here the famous old Boston Oyster House has been a favorite rendezvous for over half a century with leading figures in civic and national life.

The Terrace Garden

This cheery, cordial atmosphere has developed a "personal" character throughout the entire hotel. It finds vivid expression in the sparkling gaiety of the Terrace Garden, and has given a distinct identity to the location, which is reflected in the revenues from subrentals. These pay *all* the ground rent, and the saving is passed on to the guests.

TABLE OF RATES (Single in Each Case)

202 Rooms, $2.50	457 Rooms, $4.00	15 Rooms, $6.00
241 Rooms, $3.00	245 Rooms, $4.50	35 Rooms, $7.00
480 Rooms, $3.50	189 Rooms, $5.00	21 Rooms, $8.00

16 Corner Suites, $12.00 · 16 Suites, $15.00 · 6 Suites, $20.00
Sample rooms from $6.00 to $12.00

1944 Outside Rooms with Bath

Every room has bath, running ice water, bed head reading lamp and Servidor. A special housekeeper is assigned to each floor, and all guests enjoy garage privileges. Retail and wholesale districts, offices, theatres, and railroad terminals are grouped closer to the Morrison than to any other hotel.

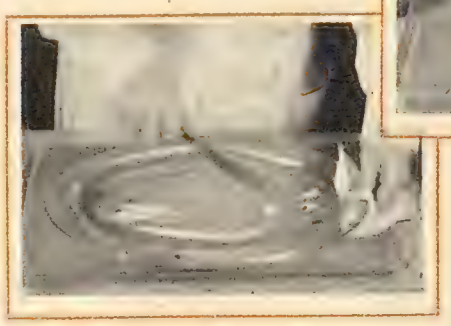
Write or Wire for Reservations

MORRISON HOTEL
THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

The Art of Making Creamy Candies

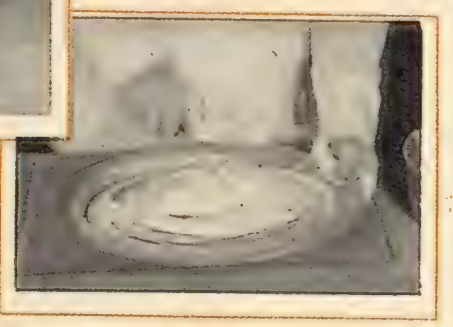
By ETHEL SOMERS

Let the fondant stand until the boiling ceases, and then (below) place a thermometer so the bulb will be immersed and pour the hot syrup gently on to the platter for cooling.



After cooling to 104° F. beat the fondant with a stroking motion.

Continue beating when white, until solid enough to handle.



SKILL added to knowledge of sugar cookery is the basis of successful candy making. There are definite ways of controlling the behavior of sugar crystals throughout the whole process of cooking, cooling, and beating, and scientific study of crystalline candy making will pave the way to success with fondants, fudges, bonbons, and creams.

Crystalline candies, as the name implies, are candies made up of many sugar crystals. The more creamy crystalline candies are composed of crystals so minute that they are revealed only under a microscope. Such candy feels smooth and velvety to the tongue. Low grade crystalline candy, on the other hand, is made up of large crystals and consequently feels grainy and gritty on the tongue. The whole problem of successful crystalline candy resolves itself into producing *minute* sugar crystals.

To start with, the ingredients should be completely dissolved and blended before the boiling point is reached. Certain ingredients, such as acid or corn syrup, tend, by definite chemical action, to retard crystallization and prevent the formation of large crystals in the finished candy. Acid is also helpful in the ripening process.

The experienced candy maker boils her candies rapidly to a proper temperature so as to change the sugar syrup from one that crystallizes readily in large crystals to one that crystallizes with difficulty to form minute crystals. Long cooking allows the change to go so far that one tires of beating the candy before proper crystallization is attained. If beating is discontinued before crystallization is complete, large crystals are built up, and no matter how carefully the cook regulates the other processes this fact alone would spell failure. Next in importance is removal of the candy mixture at exactly the right stage as indicated by accurate temperature reading.

TABLE FOR MAKING CREAMY CANDIES

Abbreviations: c., cup; t., teaspoon; tb., tablespoon; oz., ounce; min., minute.

Fondant	*Sugar*	*Water*	*Added Substance*	*Temperature*	*Flavor*	*Special Method*
CREAM OF TARTAR	3 c. granulated	1½ c. boiling distilled	½ t. cream of tartar	Cook about 20 min. to 239° F. Cool about 45 min. to 104° F.	1 t. extract or few drops essence	Should take only 5 to 8 min. for beating
CORN SYRUP	3 c. granulated	1½ c. boiling	2 tb. corn syrup	Cook about 20 min. to 239° F. Cool about 45 min. to 104° F.	1 t. extract or few drops essence	Should take only 5 to 8 min. for beating
MAPLE	3 c. maple, crushed	1½ c. boiling	None	Cook about 20 min. to 241° F. Cool to 104° F.	None	Will not keep long as fondant, as it ferments on standing
BROWN SUGAR	2 c. light brown 2 c. granulated	2 c. boiling	None. The molasses in the brown sugar acts as does corn syrup	Cook about 25 min. to 239° F. Cool about 60 min. to 104° F.	None or ¼ t. mapleine	Beat 6 to 9 min.
HONEY	2 c. granulated	1¼ c. boiling	⅓ c. honey	Cook to 241° F. Cool to 104° F.	None	
COFFEE	3 c. granulated	1½ c. boiling	1 tb. corn syrup 1½ oz. or 3 tb. pulverized coffee	Cook to 241° F. Cool to 104° F.	None	Tie coffee in cheesecloth bag and cook with syrup

WHIPPED CREAM FONDANT—Boil to 242° F. any of the fondants except butter cream fondant. Place a beaten egg white on top of the cooled syrup just before beating the candy, then beat it in. Dip in melted, blended chocolate or bonbon coating the same day.

CHOCOLATE FONDANT—Use any but maple fondant and add 2 oz. finely cut chocolate when it boils.

BUTTER CREAM FONDANT—Cook any except whipped cream fondant to 242° F., cool, and beat in ¼ c. butter.

Procedure for Creamy Fondants

PUT the sugar, corn syrup (or other added substance), and the liquid on to boil after stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Fondants should never be stirred after boiling. Using a fork wrapped with a damp cloth, wipe or wash all of the crystals from the sides of the pan. Cover the boiling candy tightly and boil for 3 minutes.

Remove the cover and insert a thermometer so that the bulb is covered with the hot syrup without touching the bottom of the pan. Boil the candy briskly in a large, smooth surfaced pan, as slow cooking produces a gummy type of fondant. Place the platter or pan to be used for cooling the candy in a warm place.

Cook to the soft ball stage (239° F.) unless otherwise indicated in the table. When reading the thermometer be sure the eye is on a level with the top of the mercury column. The final test may be made by using a small bowl three-quarters full of cold water. Take the candy off the fire and drop ½ teaspoon of the hot syrup into the cold water. At the soft ball stage the syrup will stay together as it hits the water and it may be easily gathered in the fingers to form a ball which is soft enough to flatten out when exposed to the heat of the fingers. It should not be so soft as to melt immediately.

LET the candy stand until all the bubbles of boiling subside. Then gently slide the candy out of the pan on to the warm platter, which has been placed on a cooling rack.

Drain out all of the syrup, but do not scrape the sides of the pan, as this might cause crystals to form. Cool the syrup until the thermometer registers 104° F., or until the bottom of the cooling platter is about the same temperature as the hand.

If crystals appear as cloudy spots in the clear syrup, add the original amount of water and cream of tartar (if used) and proceed to cook over. If the candy is clear, beat it with a knife, a stiff spatula, or a wooden spoon. The beating is more efficient if a stroking, lifting motion is used. When the candy becomes cloudy rather than clear and glossy watch it carefully for the final stage.

Incomplete beating promotes grainy results, no matter how careful the cooking. When the beating is complete the candy becomes opaque, loses its gloss, is lighter in color, and then suddenly becomes hot and softens slightly from the heat of crystallization. Almost immediately it will stiffen as it cools. Then proceed at once with a vigorous hand kneading similar to the kneading of bread dough. Fondant may then be shaped into balls to be served either plain or dipped or it may be pressed into a flat cake and cut into pieces as for fudge.

Next week Miss Somers will tell how to make several varieties of caramels, nougats, and other "chewy" candies.

THERE are many delicious candies on the market. Yet the hostess who finds delight in surprising guests with homemade confections will find the article on this page instructive. There are hints on candy making in 100 Standard Recipes and additional sweets in the other two LIBERTY cookbooks. Each book is 10 cents; but you may have all three for 25 cents. Order them today, and use the coupon, please.

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P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢.
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12-1-28

The princesse line and draped closing of this coat of light greige and dark brown astrakhan are significant.

Of exceptional distinction is this Redfern dress of gray moiré with collar and cuffs of mink.

A New Silhouette in Paris Fashions

By

Bettina Bedwell

Paris, November 5.

THERE is a new silhouette in Paris fashions. It took a long time to come, and, like other coming events, cast its shadow well into the future. I spoke about this silhouette in LIBERTY —the issue of August 18—putting it in the form of a question, because at that time the fate of the new princesse line was undecided.

At this moment, some four months later, the shadow has yielded to the substance, and the modernized princesse silhouette is the line of the day in Paris. Therefore it is high time to give this matter serious attention, because what smart Paris wears today the whole world will probably wear tomorrow. Anyway, that world which makes a serious business of being chic and entirely in the sartorial spirit of the times will do so.

In considering this silhouette, the first move is to disabuse the mind of any idea of herringbone rigidity, pinched in waistlines, and the hourglass line of the oldtime burlesque queens. The new princesse silhouette has no more traffic with such antediluvian details than the latest automobile has with a model of 1905.

Like the newest automobile, the princesse silhouette of today is streamline, but it is a definite advance in femininity and charm over the straightline silhouette. The body is defined as a slender column, which will mean dieting for the overfed and building up exercises for the underweight. There is no getting away from the necessity of a slender, firm, healthy body underneath this newest of fashion silhouettes.

There are two leading versions of the princesse silhouette which the smart world of Paris has adopted this season. They are quite different in spirit. The first of these is a supple, slender, molded and flowing line from neck to hemline. The second introduces into Paris fashions a certain stiffness that is novel and formal. This variation is wholly a matter of materials used, the silhouette changing accordingly.

Stiff fabrics are in themselves no particular novelty. The Second Empire bouffant silhouette, with fitted bodice and flaring skirt, is a sort of clothes classic which, to be successful, demands materials with a certain rigidity. However, the new princesse line worked out in stiff cloth should not be in any way confused with that well known line, because in effect it is quite different. While the bouffant frock is confined to our evening clothes, the princesse silhouette in stiff fabrics is worn, in Paris, for both afternoon and after dinner, for both coats and dresses.

Paris is at the moment full of very fashionable women, for the social season is on, and one sees every day and evening the newest examples of both the stiff and supple princesse silhouette. This line has as a starting point the hipline, which may be plainly fitted, draped, or belted. The skirt may be slender and draped, but never narrow. It may be, and often is, quite flaring, when such stiff materials as moiré, satin, and heavy velvet are used to achieve it.

The blouse is always so cut as to suggest the delicate molding of the body beneath. It is never fitted like a second skin. This set of statements applies equally to coats and dresses, since any garment made for woman has, basically, all of these units, even if it be a one piece, unbelted coat.

(Below) Stiff pink velvet cut on the newest of princesse lines makes the most exclusive of modes.

A princesse frock for morning that is slender and supple is shown in this Cheruit dress of beige wool.

OUR first sketch shows the coat having this silhouette and possessed also of a well marked skirt, blouse, and hipline. This is *the* coat of the day in Paris and it is seen everywhere in various versions. The upper part is slightly molded, and the skirt is draped to the left side closing, ending in a drooping point below a fitted yoke. Only Madeleine Vionnet could successfully create such a coat, and her color harmony of light and dark is one of the newest and most important fashion notes.

The coat is made of very light greige velvety woolen, and it is trimmed with very dark brown astrakhan fur.

The asymmetrical collar and the flaring cuffs are other important details.

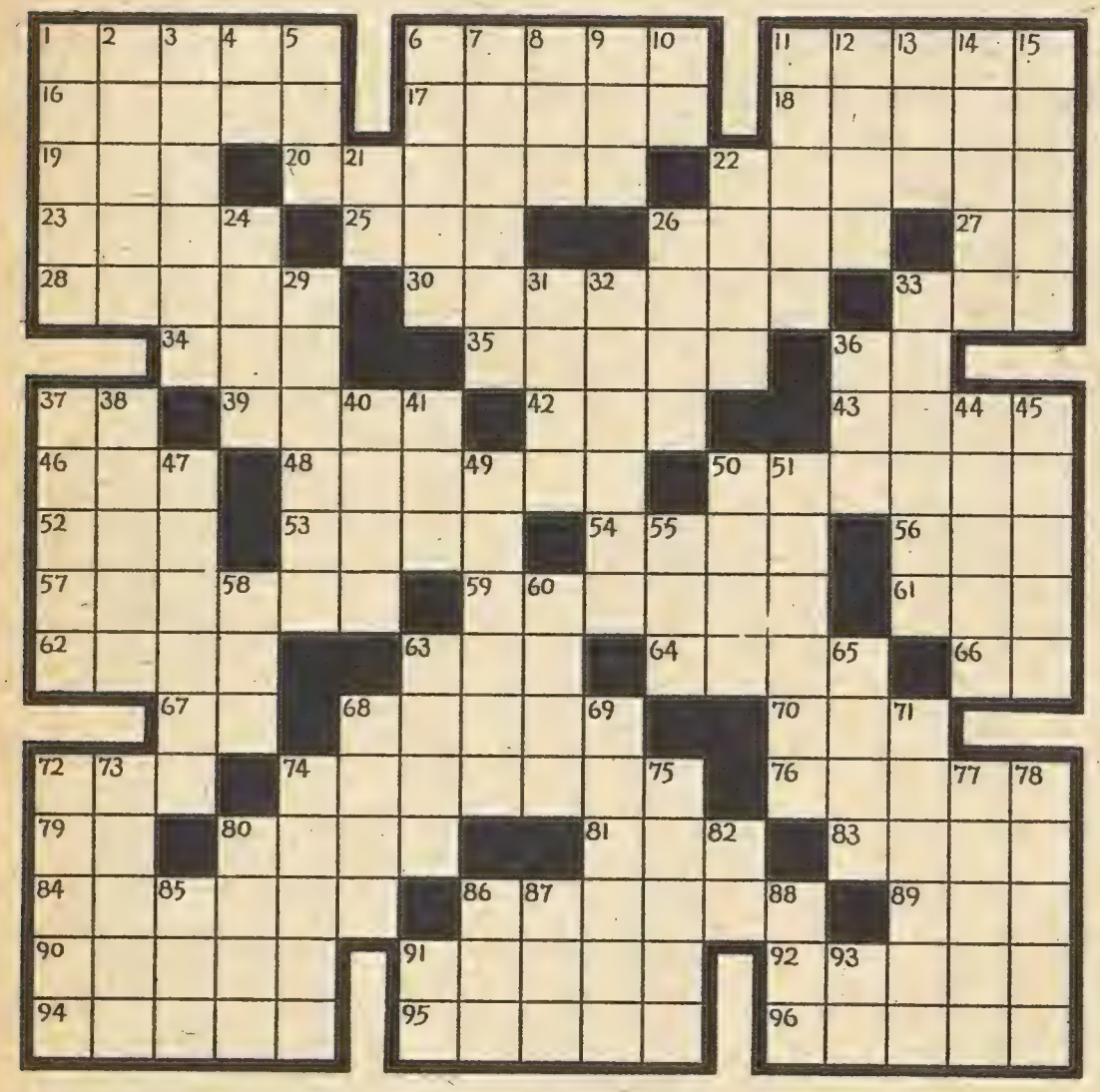
In direct contrast to this princesse line is the one illustrated in our second sketch, developed by Redfern in gray moiré, and showing the silhouette in stiff materials. The molded bodice of this dress is completed by a skirt flared in circular movement from the hipline and longer in back. This skirt is made very stiff indeed by the quilted embroidery. The vestee is also quilted and the detachable collar and cuffs are of mink, while the belt is made of quilted moiré.

The evening gown is of stiff velvet in a soft pink. The draped and flaring skirt has an irregular rounded hemline in the Cheruit manner, and is tiered, with an apronstring belt at the back. The bodice is very long and rounded in front. This type of formal evening dress in stiff material, with the modern princesse line, is the most exclusive of Paris evening modes for winter.

The fourth sketch shows a one piece princesse frock of very soft material, suitable for strictly morning wear. It is made of beige wool crêpe, and Cheruit gives it a belt across the back only and a scarf collar tied in a bow. The skirt is particularly smart, being gathered in back and flared in two side front godets. The fitted bodice buttons straight down with bone buttons.

An *Easy* Puzzle—

Familiar words clearly defined and the absence of unkeyed letters should make the solving of this one a comparatively simple matter.

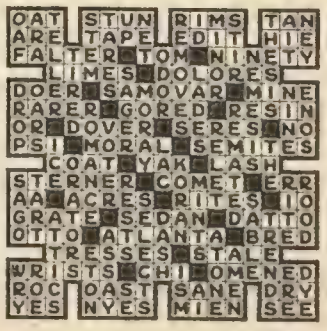


HORIZONTAL

1 Crippled
6 Species of poplar
11 Contour
16 Gone by (poetic)
17 To stop
18 Scraped with the forefoot
19 Sailor (colloq.)
20 Irrigates
22 Posted
23 English school town
25 Drowse
26 English nobleman
27 The sun god
28 Restore to freshness
30 Turn in the opposite direction
33 Beast of burden
34 Ocean
35 College officers
36 Measure of area
37 Business organization (abbr.)
39 Cubes
42 Before
43 Plucky
46 A youth
48 Inn
50 Line used in weather maps
52 Exist
53 Level
54 The Orient
56 Man's name
57 Withdraw
59 Tottering gait
61 Domestic animal
62 River in Germany
63 A metal
64 Distribute
66 Toward
67 Note of the scale
68 Minute orifices
70 Grassland
72 Owns
74 Integrity
76 Treats with brine
79 Man's name shortened
80 No
81 Female ruff
83 Dreadful
84 Re-cover an inner surface
86 Sharp pointed weapons
89 An eternity
90 An instant
91 Absolute
92 Skull cavity
94 Horse
95 Warms
96 Squander

VERTICAL

1 Tardier
2 Size of type
3 Mentally subnormal persons
4 Printer's measure
5 Atmospheric moisture
6 Thespian
7 Planted
8 Parity
9 Letter of the alphabet
10 Compass point
11 Lean
12 Greet
13 Pointed instrument
14 Equals
15 Collections of Old Norse tales
21 One indefinitely
22 Bulk
24 Require
26 Sea eagle
29 Salver
31 Change direction
32 Acquired by labor
33 A Semitic language
36 Gone by
37 Light colored; said of cigars
38 Rowed
40 Cavern
41 Evening
44 Victim of Charlotte Corday
45 Muse of lyric poetry
47 Hinders
49 Complete
50 Island
51 Purloins
55 Augment
58 Wrath
60 Possessive pronoun
63 Character of sound
65 Guide
68 Johnnycake
69 Thoroughfare
71 Foreigners
72 Stags
73 Watchful
74 Sharpened
75 Divisions of time
77 Fish
78 Meaning
80 A city in France
82 Suffix used to form the comparative
85 Recline
86 Pronoun
87 Edible seed
88 Compass point
91 Hush!
93 Hawkeye State (abbr.)



Answer to last week's easy puzzle

and a *Hard* One

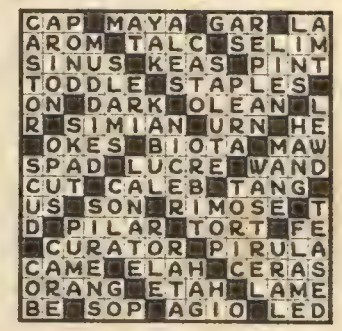
To set up resistance to even the expert solver's efforts we have included here a number of words seldom found in cross word puzzles.

HORIZONTAL

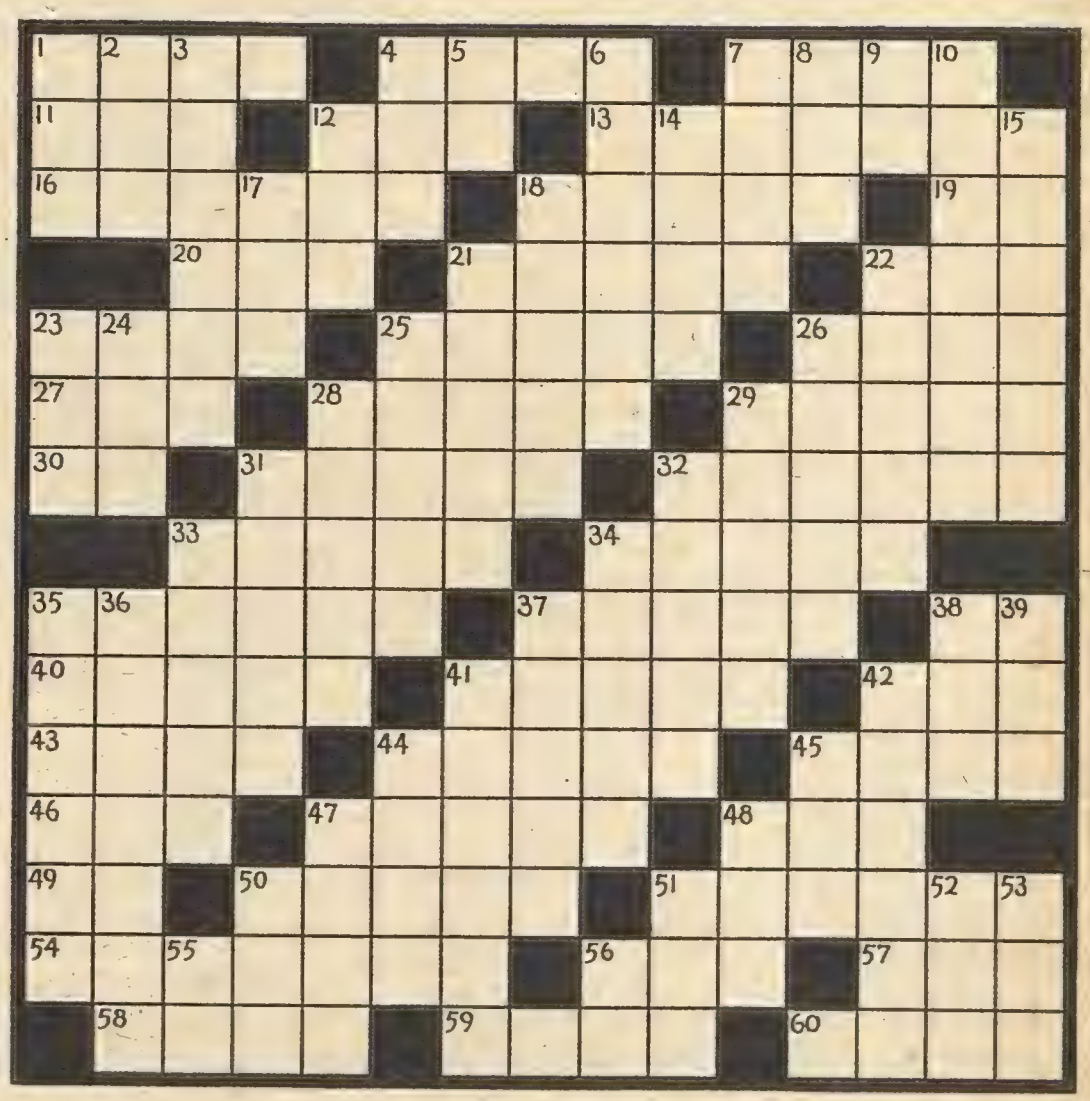
1 Cover as with an arch
4 A mineral
7 Drive down by a succession of blows
11 Expose for the sake of public notice
12 Early Chinese dynasty
13 More hirsute
16 Town in Judah (Joshua)
18 Adventitious sound attending breathing (plural)
19 French article
20 Old Dutch measure
21 Breathes convulsively
22 Jump
23 Hit lightly (baseball)
25 Skin of a calf's head (plural)
26 Woman's name
27 Siamese coin
28 Small insects
29 Daughter of Oceanus
30 The earth as a goddess (Greek myth.)
31 Assayer's cup
32 Edit
33 Whines
34 Pertaining to the kidneys
35 Plugs for stopping vents
37 Even
38 Exclamation
40 Nudges
41 Garments
42 Fastener
43 The holm oak
44 Refute
45 Administrative unit of ancient Attica
46 Spirit or soul (Greek religion)
47 Natives of a European country
48 Err
49 Printer's measure
50 A constellation
51 Government permit in Spanish countries
54 Supping
56 Equality
57 Preceded
58 Confine in a narrow compass
59 Pieced out
60 Boss

VERTICAL

1 American Indian
2 Starch yielding herb of India
3 Unmitigated
4 Cymbals used in Hindu worship
5 One
6 Iron frames used by printers
7 Lines joining notes (music)
8 One hundred square meters (plural)
9 Note of the scale
10 Abnormally regular
12 Hesitate in speaking
14 European mountain range
15 Meal
17 To grow thick, together
18 Badgerlike animal of India
21 Channel in a metal mold (plural)
22 Hourly
23 Bulge
24 American Indian
25 Boatswain's whistles
26 Relating to a knot
28 Slippers
29 Sand dunes
31 Species of mosquito
32 To face, as an embankment, with stone
33 Small speculator (slang)
34 Puzzle
35 Antlers of young deer
36 Controversialist
37 Divisions of the lungs
38 Pronoun
39 Individual
41 Revoke at cards
42 Last syllable but one of a word
44 Falling or driving of numerous particles
45 Accomplished
47 Projecting part of a cornice
48 East Indian weight
50 Away; prefix
51 Lowbred, presuming person
52 Roumanian coin
53 To say further
55 River in Italy
56 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet



Answer to last week's hard puzzle



P. & A. photo

Harvard fighting Yale to a scoreless tie at Cambridge, November 21, 1925. In the play above, Noble of Yale carried the ball to Harvard's three yard line before he was downed.

Unveiling the Mystery of What Goes On in Those Football Huddles

By

Hugh Fullerton

EIGHTY thousand fur clad, shouting, singing, excitement frenzied men and women packed, tier above tier of moving color, in a great bowl, gazing down upon a whitelined field of turf. A row of panting, crouching boys relaxed for a moment before tensing into action. A few yards away a huddle of mud, blood, and sweat stained youths, arms locked over each other's shoulders, heads close together.

Fourth down, twenty yards to gain, the goal line seemingly miles away.

The frenzied cries of "Hold 'em!" from one side, "Touchdown, touchdown!" from the other, cease as 80,000 pairs of eyes are focused upon that huddle of tired, bruised, desperate boys making their last gallant attack. The cry of a young girl, pitched to a scream, rises shrill, voicing the thought of 80,000:

"What are they saying out there?"

The scene described was the climax of the Yale-Princeton football game of 1927, a game which decided the championship of the East.

Princeton probably does not know today how close her team was to victory. It was leading 6 to 0. The young Tiger line had held and outplayed Yale's great forwards.

Checkmated, Yale's gallant team was commencing to feel the demoralization of discouragement, and was resorting to desperate football tactics. No wonder the girl and 80,000 of her fellows in the bowl asked, "What are they saying?"

The reply is that when Yale huddled, Johnny Hoben, the quarterback, started to give a signal. He said, "Signal!" and started to call the numerals for a forward pass. Three other players spoke quickly, "Let's try twenty-eight, —nine—seventeen. We upset Princeton with it last year."

Hoben again started the signal. Again someone interrupted with a suggestion.

The talk in that huddle reveals how close Princeton was to victory—and how much closer Yale was to complete demoralization. The Yale team was not permitted by the coaches to talk in huddle, to offer suggestions to the signal caller, or to argue over plays. In the emergency the rule was forgotten. Whether Hoben yielded to the judgment of others or not, he started again to call a signal.

The difference of opinion in the Yale team continued. Hoben, cutting the argument short, yelled, "Signal!" The Yale team turned to jump into position, but the whistle blew, and Yale was penalized five yards.

The argument and offering of suggestions in the huddle had taken more time than the rules allowed.

IT was fourth down as Yale went into huddle again. As the girl's voice rose in that squeal of inquiry Hoben alone was speaking.

The bruised, battered boy, both shoulders pounded until it was agony for him to lift an arm as high as his head, did not hesitate. His voice, clear, decisive, commanding, alone was heard as he snapped out:

"SIGNAL—Five—nine—here she blows!"

There was no argument that time. With only quick nods indicating that they understood, the Yale players leaped back into close formation. The ball was snapped back to Hoben. Scott went sprinting across the field behind Princeton's line at top speed, pursued by three Tiger players. From the other side came Fishwick,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Hey Dad! I'll Bet My Arm Is Bigger Than Yours

Thoughtless Boast Drives Home Cruel Fact of Skinny, Weak Condition

THERE'S a whole lot of you hard working "Dads" that have known for a long time that you were in bad shape physically. And it takes a good solid "jolt" sometimes to make you snap into the realization of just how skinny and underweight you really are.

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So, if you want to put on some good solid weight, look, act and feel better in every way, start using McCoy's famous weight building tablets today. Read this guarantee.

An Ironclad Guarantee of 5 Pounds in 30 Days or Money Back

If, after taking 4 Sixty Cent boxes of McCoy's Tablets or 2 One Dollar boxes, any thin, underweight man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—your money will be refunded.

Just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any drug store. Distributed by McCoy's Laboratories, Inc.; also distributors of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil—there is none better.

["SIGNAL—FIVE—NINE—HERE SHE BLOWS!"]

Continued from page sixty-seven

angling at top speed, crossing Scott's path and tearing on. Hoben, lifting his crippled arm, hurled the ball downfield, and Fishwick, racing at top speed, leaped, made a despairing catch, alighted, staggered, whirled, and raced on until, dragged down under a swarm of Tiger players, he fell almost at the Princeton goal line.

U. & U. photo

Charles Buell, famous Harvard star.

The play turned the game, changed a beaten, despairing team into an inspired one that could not be stopped; altered the confident, aggressive Tigers into a team panic-stricken and demoralized by the sudden turn of events.

"What are they saying?" probably is the most frequently asked of all questions among the twenty or more millions of spectators who watch the great college football games each fall. The surprising answer to that question is that the huddle is probably the one spot on the entire field where little is said.

Yale permits necessary suggestions during a huddle, allows its captain to advance suggestions to the signal caller, but permits no interference with the signal caller or his strategy.

Practically every coach in America designates one man to give the orders, either by calling numbers or by brief words, indicating the ball carrier and the point of attack. The majority of the coaches have drastic rules forbidding any other player to speak during the huddle. A few permit a linesman to inform the captain regarding the position of his opponent in order that the signal caller may know whether to send a play inside or outside of that position; but in every team argument and the offering of suggestions are sternly repressed.

Even those coaches who permit others to speak and warn the strategist, forbid the offering of that information in ordinary huddles, excepting in crises, and order those who have anything to say to say it during the time out periods.

THE conversation in the huddle usually runs something like this:

"That end is coming straight in."

"My tackle is playing outside of me."

"Their number three back is coming in before the play."

Then the sharp bark of the quarterback:

"Signal — Strong side tackle play."

Under the rules only fifteen seconds are permitted for one huddle, and time is too precious to waste.

Those who wonder, in crises of great games, what they are saying "down there" can take these tips:

Whenever a team talks in huddle it is usually a beaten team and the leader has lost control of his men.

Any leader who permits argument during the huddle or accepts advice or suggestions is a weak leader, and a team without a strong, compelling director is demoralized quickly.

And, if you want to know when a team is talking, arguing, fighting among themselves, watch their heads when they are in huddle. If eight or ten heads are bobbing up and down they are arguing and defeat is threatening.

Coaches differ greatly as to the value of the huddle. Unless a team possesses a dominant leader the huddle may mean disaster such as overtook Yale in the game on Soldiers Field, Cambridge, in 1925.

Yale had smashed its way to the Crimson goal line half a dozen times and failed to cross it. With one minute left to play the raging Bulldogs had battered their way to within a few feet of the goal.

Phil Bunnell was calling signals. Repeated disappointments had shaken the morale of the eleven. Bunnell snapped out a signal. The play, in the opinion of three Juniors on the team, was wrong. They wanted Bill Kline, the big, powerful plunging back, to carry the ball. Bunnell gave the signal again. Again the Juniors argued and stormed. Again he repeated his signal. The Juniors protested hotly as the seconds flew.

Again Bunnell signaled. The team, disgruntled, disorganized, shambled to position, a weak thrust failed to penetrate Harvard's line, and before another play could be run the whistle blew.

AS to actual words spoken, the majority of coaches still use numbers to designate plays, but they are simpler than in the days when a quarterback rattled off a string of meaningless figures followed by a key number and the real signal. The director of strategy says, "Play thirty-four nine," the first number being the play rehearsed a thousand times, the second the variation of that play, whether inside or outside of the point to be attacked. Many, however, have discarded numerical signals entirely and use "Strong side tackle play," "Weak side buck," or "Strong side end run."

The methods of the big college coaches vary a little in practice, but the principle is the same with all. Knute Rockne enforces absolute silence upon all excepting the director of play, unless during time out a player desires to convey the information that some opponent is playing his position in a peculiar manner.

Rockne used the huddle at first to gain momentum in jumping into a shift play and to conceal the next move. Always, during his huddles, two of his players watch the opposing team to see whether they can detect any player out of position, and if they do they are at liberty to convey the information to the signal giver.

Walter Steffen at Carnegie Tech varies the procedure by appointing his keenest observer and diagnostician to watch the opponents and to signal to the man calling signals what play to make.

Bob Zuppke at Illinois appoints two men as observers and strategists who may advance suggestions to the signal caller.

"Chick" Meehan, who has developed New York University's first great teams, is perhaps the strictest of all coaches. He permits no one excepting the quarterback to speak while the team huddles, and he includes the captain.

Dan McGugin, Vanderbilt's famous football mentor, insists that no one ever shall interfere with or suggest a change to the strategist. This, it might seem, would bar suggestions and information. He gets around it in this way: The quarter calls a signal for a play over tackle. Instantly the linesman who is to open the hole at tackle, shouts "A" or "B," indicating which side of the tackle the attack shall strike.

ONE would expect, naturally, that Army would be the least apt of all teams to relax discipline. But sometimes even soldiers question orders. In that last brilliant and desperate contest between Army and Navy on the Polo Grounds, there was an instance in which an order was questioned, and in which one embryonic general showed his power to command. The lad was a second year boy at the academy, but he talked like a second lieutenant already.

He was called into the game at a desperate climax to replace Quarterback Nave, who had been badly jarred, and it was his first big game.

Army had the ball. It was fourth down, twelve yards to go, the ball near midfield, and the issue undecided. With clear voice the boy, without ordering the team even into punt formation, called for a forward pass on the fourth

Princeton vs. Cornell, 1928.

down. The Army veterans thought they had heard wrong. Charlie Born, the veteran end, a major in the West Point corps, said:

"Fourth down, kid."

"Get back there and play that end," the kid thundered. "I'm running this team."

Born half saluted and turned back. Captain Harry Wilson, who had run back to expostulate, turned back to his position grinning.

The ball was thrown. The play

failed, but not one word of reproof was spoken.

The answer to the question, "What are they saying?" varies, and it is well that those who ask the question cannot get the exact answer, for lots of times it would not look well in print. When a team is winning, conversation is limited to quick words of commendation, an encouraging slap on the back—"Great work, old boy," "Sorry, Dick; I missed him or you'd have gone further."

But when things are going against a team the leader has his task cut out for him to suppress talk and argument and avert disorganization, and frequently the officials have their hands full in suppressing belligerency by threats of expulsion. A team feeling itself helpless is liable to start wrangling, and if the field leader cannot check them and restore order they break badly.

THE would-be reformers of football frequently urge undergraduate and unpaid coaches for football. They do not understand the psychological effect of a strong coach or the benefits of stern discipline. The very fact that a strict coach is watching affects games.

In spite of the suppression of conversation there never has been but one silent game played—the last one between Harvard and Princeton. The universities had decided to sever athletic relations. Roper, Princeton's coach, had been accused of unsportsmanlike methods. The feeling was bitter. Roper issued orders that any Tiger who spoke to an opponent during the game would be benched.

goat getting which was referred to politely as "psychology."

It was Harvard that developed this form of goat getting and the system reached its height in the days of Charley Buell, one of the cleverest and best of Harvard's field leaders. He was a handsome, smiling, superior sort of lad with an exaggerated "Hah-vahd" accent. He would assume an air of condescending superiority, walk up and down behind the line, rubbing his hands, nodding his head, smile pityingly at some opponent and say:

"So you are the new tackle? You look like an excellent player. I think I shall send the next two plays through you."

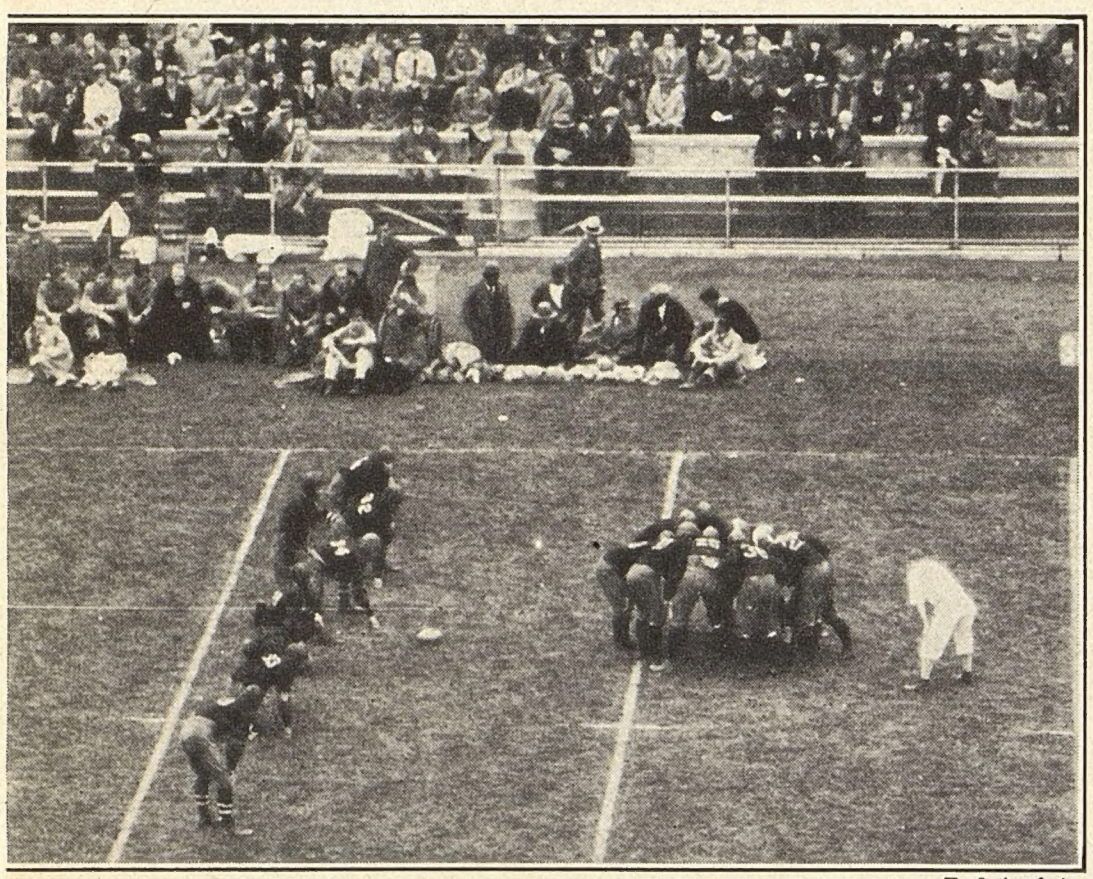
And he would, although he might switch and shoot the attack at some other unfortunate. He wrecked one Princeton team by those tactics, and the next year Princeton was coached to disregard whatever he said.

At the first play he started at his victim of the season before, using his most refined Hah-vahd accent, whereupon a husky Tiger straightened up and yelled:

"Time out a minute, Mr. Referee, while I kiss him."

The next three minutes was about the fiercest fighting I ever saw on a football field, and Buell's psychology lost all effect.

PRINCETON developed the art of talking to a high pitch at one time and used it effectively. In the Harvard game of 1920, when both teams were trying to upset each other by gibes and taunts, Duke Sedgwick, the famous Crimson tackle, was sent into the game in



P. & A. photo

Princeton's team is shown at the right in a characteristic huddle.

The officials warned both teams that the first player who said anything to or about an opponent would be banished. The game was played in grim silence, the silence of foemen fighting with gritted teeth.

The trouble between Princeton and Harvard was the outgrowth of talk on the field. Many years ago, cursing, threatening, and abusing opponents for effect was checked. In its place came a refinement of

a crisis. Princeton was using a flying end, a play now forbidden. The end would start twenty yards out and run in at top speed. As he reached the opposing tackle he would call out a number, the ball would be snapped, and with the momentum gained in a twenty yard sprint he would crash the tackle as a back raced through with the ball.

Princeton's battering ends were playing havoc with Harvard's tackles when Sedgwick came into the game. Hank Garrity and Ralph Gilroy started at Sedgwick, saying, "Big fellow, you'll get yours when that end comes galloping on this first play."

On the first play the end raced at Sedgwick, who turned, facing away from his line, arms swinging to meet the end, forgetting to watch the ball, and Garrity tore past him for twenty yards. Sedgwick never after that took his eyes off the ball, but the play gave Princeton a 14-14 tie.

Notre Dame's famous Four Horsemen were clever talkers, joking and ridiculing opponents all the time, and laughing at efforts to stop plays. The talk added much to their gains. The first time Princeton and Notre Dame played, all was good natured and sportsmanlike, but the kidding of the Tigers by the Western boys left a sting.

The following fall some of the Princeton boys retaliated and tried to anger the Notre Dame players by gibes at their religion—assuming, perhaps, they were all Catholics. It was old stuff for Rockne's men, who had been insulted by experts. The Catholics on the team made no move to retaliate, but appointed the three Protestant players to do the resenting—and they did it.

The result of the alleged repartee in that game was bad feeling, and relations between the two teams were not resumed.

There was a play, still remembered at Illinois, which almost ruined Wisconsin in 1914. Illinois had a back named Wagner who had a hard time learning when to cut in, but Zuppke finally taught him. In the next game, with a clear field and a touchdown in sight, Wagner remembered his teaching, cut in, and was tackled, losing the chance to score.

IN the final game of the season with Wisconsin, Wagner was sent into the game late. Pottsy Clark, who was calling signals, straightened up and yelled loudly:

"We will now have the famous cut in play by Mr. Fritz Wagner."

And Wagner, cutting in perfectly, reversed his field and boomed through for twenty yards.

Bankart, Dartmouth's famous linesman, now a prominent official, tells how Ralph Glaze once wrecked a Williams team. Bankart and Glaze were playing side by side and a colored boy named Marshall played opposite Glaze. Ordinarily Glaze was a quiet fellow who seldom spoke during a game, but he had an idea. Each time the teams lined up he would say in low tones to Bankart, "Let's both kick him on the shins." Marshall was so busy watching his shins Dartmouth scored two touchdowns through his position.

Talk still persists and always will, but personalities are punished by strict officials. Last fall, in an Illinois game, one player ripped out an oath, and the official, extraordinarily strict, said:

"If I hear any more of that blank blank blank language I'll put every blank blink blankety blanked blank who swears out of the game."

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["SIGNAL—FIVE—NINE—HERE SHE BLOWS!"
Continued from page sixty-nine]

The only noisy, boisterous, argumentative team I have seen in the last few years was Brown University's great eleven, the Iron Team of 1926. That was what Bob Zuppke calls a "Mexican army"—all generals—and they contradicted every theory of the coaches. They fought, wrangled, argued, and battled with each other, with their opponents, and even with the officials, and then won the mythical championship.

Oddly enough, Glenn Warner's old Carlisle Indians, in their triumphant days, were great talkers and kidders, especially Gardner and Exendine, the ends, who could talk an average end out of a game. Good old "Pop" Warner, now at Stanford, invented more football than anyone else, and in those teams he used the psychology method, although now he forbids his players to talk at all, except during time out periods.

The Carlisle team of 1907 ruined Chicago's eleven by sarcasm. "Wally" Steffen, now Judge Walter M. Steffen of the Illinois Superior Court, was at that time known as "the Wizard of the West," and he had the sophomoric idea that no "game" defense man would fair catch a punt. The Indians had been warned of Steffen's great speed in running back punts.

The first time Carlisle punted, Gardner and Exendine hit Steffen at the same instant and shellshocked him. As he was coming out of the daze and sitting up, Exendine stood over him majestically and scornfully said, "Ugh! Wizard of the West!" and turned away as if disgusted.

Yet they say the Indian has no humor.

A favorite trick before the reformation was for the defensive team to wait until the opposing quarter finished calling his signal and then yell "Signal!" trying to confuse the quarter and make him think his own players demanded a repetition. If it worked it would demoralize any team.

While officials now suppress talk designed to affect opponents, they permit players to try to inspire or encourage their teammates. Frequently a sharp word of warning, a pat of encouragement, or, better, a quick shaft of wit, will brace a player as nothing else will.

A few years ago Princeton had a fine player who was inclined to lag and grow careless at intervals, but who, when working hard, was magnificent. His linesman to the right knew this. Every time he slowed up and let down in his work the teammate would straighten up, glance anxiously across toward the bench, and whisper, "Better pep up, Red; coach is warming up someone to send in for you," and for the next five minutes the laggard would play great football.

AT one time persons who overheard Carnegie Tech players would hear at intervals a mysterious shout: "I'm unconscious!"

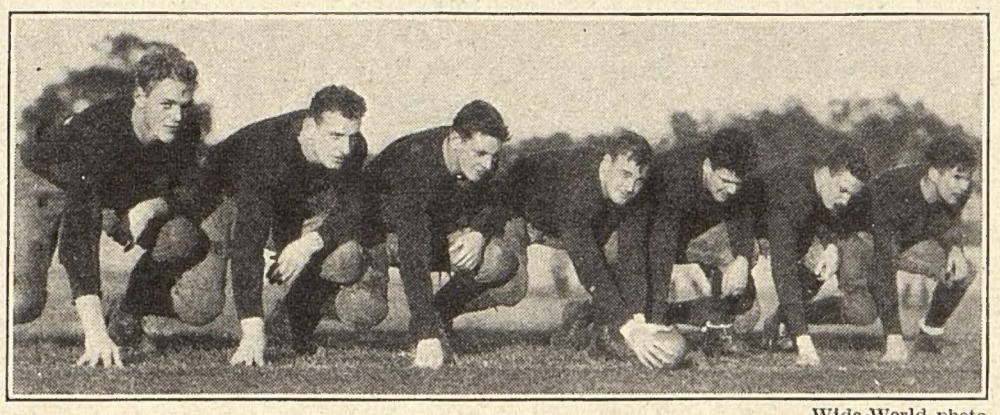
It came from a funny incident in a dormitory game at Tech. After one rush a boy remained down and seemed badly hurt. Doc Marks, the school physician, rushed to the boy, who looked up at him and said, "Carry me off the field, doc; I'm unconscious."

Sometimes players use drastic methods to spur a teammate. There is the case of Bill Clough, one of Dartmouth's great stars of 1903. He was a powerful, good natured lad, hard to rouse, and once roused harder to stop. He would take any kind of bumping good naturedly unless he thought it was intentional.

In an early season game someone kicked Bill in the face, and Joe Gilman, playing alongside of him, thought quickly and pointed out Clough's opponent as the one who had done it. Bill, thoroughly roused, tore the opposing line to shreds.

That gave Gilman an idea. In every game during the rest of the season he would kick Bill in the face, point at the strongest man on the other team, and Bill would proceed to annihilate that person.

One might be curious to know what the big professional football players say in a huddle. As a matter of fact, that is about the quietest place on the field during a professional game. The pros yell, gibe, taunt, and sometimes curse each other during play, but in the huddle, by common consent, only the signal caller speaks.



Wide World photo

Yale's famous hard hitting line of last year. Left to right: Fishwick, right end; Eddy, right tackle; Captain Webster; Charlesworth, center; Greene, left guard; Quarrier, left tackle; and Scott, left end.

There is one thing said on many fields that has turned many games. That is, "What's your name?"

Dartmouth was the first team I ever saw use this psychological taunt. In a Harvard game years ago, with the result in the balance, Harvard called one of its greatest heroes in to play in the third quarter. He was an outstanding figure that year, a great kicker, and it was certain he was summoned to drop kick a rather easy goal that meant victory. Before he could get into the lineup a Dartmouth man ran up to him and said: "What's your name?"

The star, excited and surprised, bellowed out his name in loud tones, whereupon everyone on the Dartmouth team doubled up and gave him a raucous laugh of ridicule. He was so upset he almost missed the ball.

IT is not always safe to try to kid an opponent. Knute Rockne found that out when he was a player. Notre Dame was playing Pittsburgh, and when Rockne lined up for the second half the Pittsburgh captain pretended to be surprised and asked:

"What are you doing back here again?"

"What's it to you?" snapped Rockne, nettled.

"Well," replied the Pittsburgher, "I'm going to knock a lot of brains into you this half."

"You and your whole team can't do that," Rockne exploded.

"No—nor the Notre Dame professors either," retorted his opponent.

I think one of the drollest things ever said, under the circumstances, was a remark by Stankard of Holy Cross in a game against Yale years ago. Stankard was a great player, and, playing end against Yale, he was smashing interference steadily. Finally he crashed past the interference and brought down a Yale back with terrific force. The Yale man, badly jarred, snapped angrily:

"You think you're quite a player, don't you?"

"Well," said Stankard quietly, "I usually do pretty well against these small colleges."

What they say down there usually reflects the sayer and his condition at that instant. Zuppke tells of a youth who cured him of making inspirational talks. Before an Iowa game Zuppke made a talk to spur his men to greater efforts. He told them that the eleven men who started would remain in the game until dead, and that no Illinois man with red blood would want to leave a game until he was dead.

In the third quarter Zuppke saw one boy so tired he dropped to the ground in each huddle. He sent in a substitute for the exhausted athlete.

The boy ran out on the field, bent over the prostrate player, put his ear to his chest, and in shocked tones called:

"Coach, he's still breathing."

And the referee penalized Illinois fifteen yards for talking before the play.

THE coolness of some players is remarkable. In that Illinois-Pennsylvania game when Red Grange ran wild and overwhelmed Penn early, the Penn team fought furiously in the third quarter, trying to turn the tide. After a fierce scrimmage, with two men knocked out, time was called, and Earl Britton, who had just carried the ball, scrambled to his feet, walked over to an official, and asked:

"Have you heard any of the Western scores yet?"

Then there was the conversation between the Callahan brothers when one was captain of Yale, the other of Princeton. Just before the game started they shook hands and the Princeton lad said:

"I had a letter from Aunt Jenny, and she said—"

The whistle interrupted and they were called to the center of the field to start the fierce fray in which the Tiger overwhelmed the Bulldog. As the game ended, Tim of Princeton ran over to his brother and said:

"Aunt Jenny said—"

"Aw, to hell with Aunt Jenny!" said the defeated Yale boy.

There is, in spite of gibes, goat getting, sharp repartee, and sometimes curses, a surprising amount of good natured badinage.

In the second half of the Michigan-Minnesota game last fall, Harold Hanson and Louis Gilbert crashed head on. Both dropped, stunned and bleeding. After an instant Hanson sat up and grinned over at his opponent.

"Rough game, eh, Looie?"

"Sure is, Harry," said the Michigan back; "but it's lots of fun."

How can anyone stop fellows like that, or men like Rubin of Dartmouth, who keep their heads and their tempers and their humor under all circumstances? Rubin was kidded a good deal by his fellows on the Dartmouth team about his religion. In the Dartmouth-Chicago game of 1925 Rubin was at guard and Josh Davis at center. Stagg was sending in a procession of centers to break Davis. Finally in came a fellow who was giving Davis a hard battle. A play went right over Davis, and as he arose he said:

"Rube, stop that Jew the next time."

Another play came over the hard driven center. Rubin had his own hands full and could not help Davis, but as they lined up he said:

"Josh, you take care of a few of those Christians and I'll handle all the Jews on that team."

If you want to know what is said out there, it is a hard guess, but one thing is certain: the huddle is the quietest spot on the field, but no one can entirely stop them from talking.

Theirs is the spirit of youth, irrepressible. The season is over all too soon for them.

THE END

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1—The turquoise.
2—Lake Michigan.
3—William James Mayo and Charles Horace Mayo.
4—John Milton (1608-1674).
5—A method of ending debate and securing an immediate vote on a pending measure.
6—Hatred of marriage.
7—On Mount Sinai.
8—Delaware.
9—Florence, Italy.
10—Prepared and salted roe of sturgeons and some other large fishes.
11—Damocles.
12—Frederic Remington (1861-1909).
13—John Adams.
14—Plutarch.
15—Pennsylvania.
16—Pansy.
17—The underground cemeteries where the early Christians held divine worship and where they buried their dead.
18—All were French explorers in North America.
19—A hater of mankind.
20—California.

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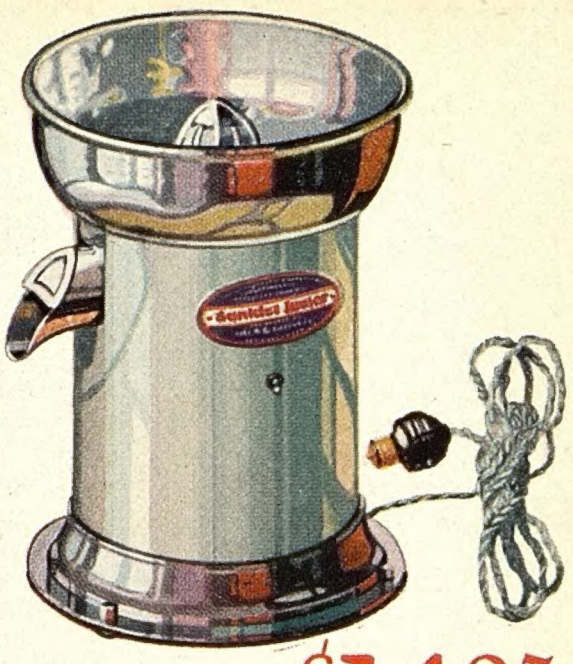

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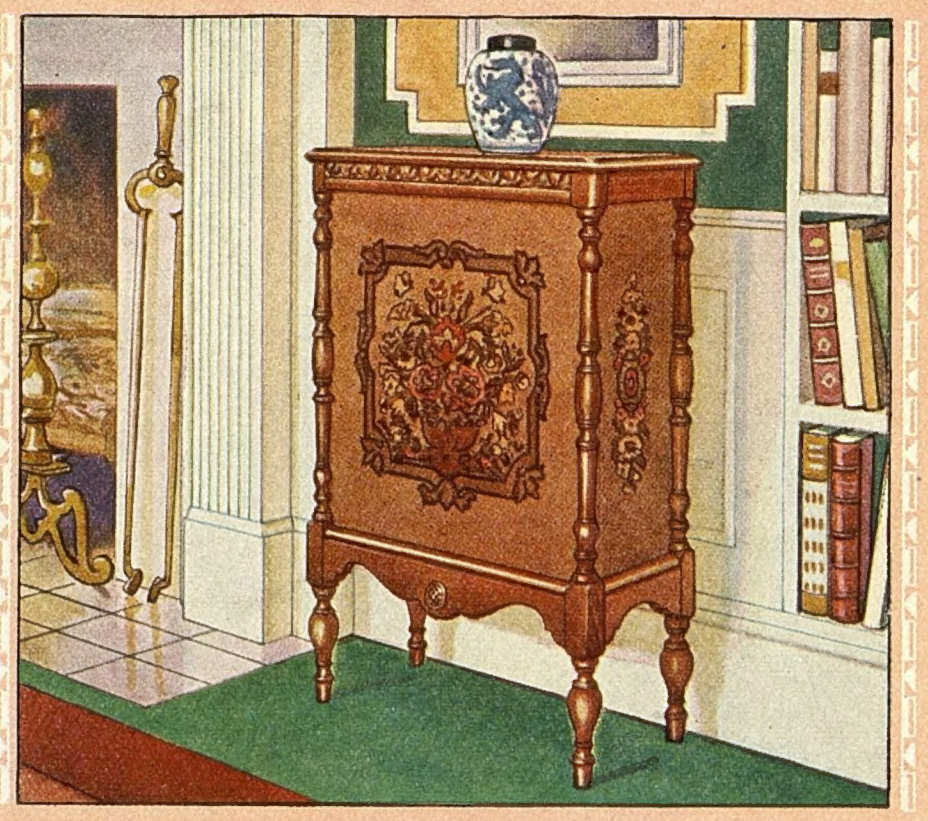

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